TRUE WEST

ALL TRUE — ALL FACT — STORIES OF THE REAL WEST

October, 25¢

The Man Who Found
$85,000,000!
By Tom Bailey

★

***SNOWDRIFT*--Lonest of the Lone**
By J. Frank Dobie

★

I Photographed Jesse James' Body

★

The Fabulous Ben Thompson

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"I call it a bad day if I don't make $25 before noon"

(This chair alone brought $4.50 with twenty-five minutes work and 32¢ in cleaning materials.)

by Harold Holmes

"Just a few months ago I made the big move. I gave up my job and started spending all my time in the little business I had been running on the side. It wasn't an easy decision, but, now I'm tickled to death I made it. Not just because I'm my own boss or because I have an excellent chance of making over $10,000 this year. It goes deeper than that.

"You see, this idea has caught on like wildfire in my town. Not a day goes by without my phone ringing with women calling for appointments. The beauty of it is that once a woman becomes my customer, she calls back year after year. Not only that, she tells her friends, too, and they call me. Before I know it I'm swamped with work. (And at $7.50 an hour net profit it doesn't take long before my bank account is really mushrooming.)

"Funny thing, but back last year before I started, I never realized the money there was in this business waiting for someone to come along and collect it.

Concentrates On Better Homes

"Just think: every house in town has furniture and most have rugs or carpeting. I concentrate on just the better homes and have more work than I can handle. You know why? Because women are fussy about their furnishings. Can't stand to see them dirty. That's why they call me over every year.

"The average job is worth $25.00 to me and takes a little over 2 hours. Out of this, after paying for materials, advertising and other expenses I net about $15.00 clear profit. This means I need just 3 jobs a day to clear $11,250.00 in a year. Frankly, since this will be my first full-time year I'll be glad to hit the $10,000 mark. But after that this business should grow larger each year until I have to hire men to help me handle the business.

Personally Trained

"Believe me there's nothing magic about it. I didn't know a thing about cleaning home furnishings before I became a Duraclean dealer. But after my application was accepted I was trained at their factory-training school and by a dealer in a nearby city.

"I was astonished by the short time it took me to become an expert. Actually, much of the credit must go to the Duraclean process, which is so safe it has earned the Parents' Magazine Seal.

"The portable machine you see is just one of the electrical machines I use. It manufactures a light aerated foam with a peculiar action chemists call 'peptizing'. It means that instead of being scrubbed deep into the fabric, dirt is gently ABSORBED by the foam, leaving the fabric clean all the way down.

"Women can't believe their eyes when they see how it works. Colors appear bright again, and rug pile unmats and rises like new.

"I don't have to soak rugs or upholstery to get them clean, which ends the problem of shrinkage, and means the furnishings can be used again the very same day. This alone has brought me a lot of customers.

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"One of the nicest things about being a Duraclean dealer is that whenever I need help—whether it concerns advertising, lining up local retailers as agents, keeping business records, almost anything at all—I can write or phone Headquarters and I get prompt, expert guidance. They maintain a staff of experts who are going "all out" to make my business a success. My services are nationally-advertised in famous magazines like McCall's, House Beautiful and many others. I also get a complete advertising kit prepared by experts. (There's even a musical commercial!) I get a monthly magazine full of methods to build business and I can meet with other dealers at Duraclean conventions. I'm also backed by insurance. In fact there are over 25 regular services I get under their unique System.

Operates From Home

"Maybe you too would like to break away from your job and make a fresh start in a business of your own. Do you need a shop? Certainly not. I operate from home. Need a lot of money to start? Not at all. Duraclean finances reliable men, after a moderate down payment, and furnishes enough supplies to return your TOTAL investment.

"You get everything you need: equipment, supplies, advertising matter, personal training, and regular help from Headquarters. To get all the details, just fill out the coupon. There's no obligation and you can *decide for yourself*. I'll say one thing: if you DO become a Duraclean dealer, you'll be glad for the rest of your life that you took time today to write."

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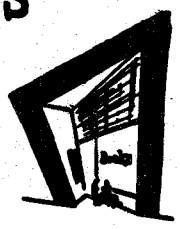

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September-October, 1959
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Whole No. 35

True West

All True—All Fact—Stories of the Real West

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Cover by TAYLOR OUGHTON

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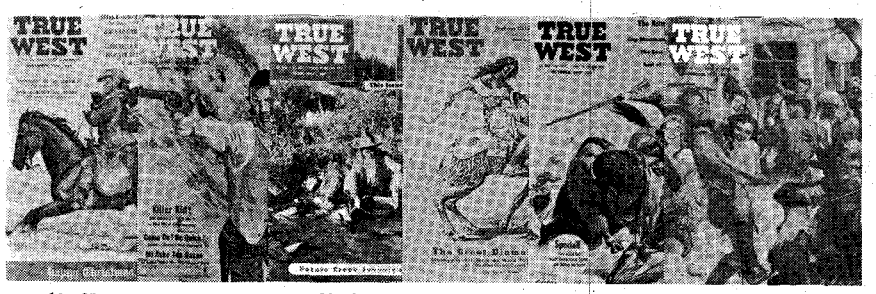

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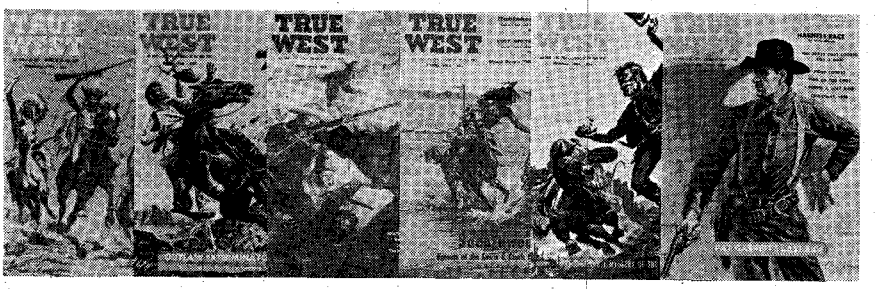

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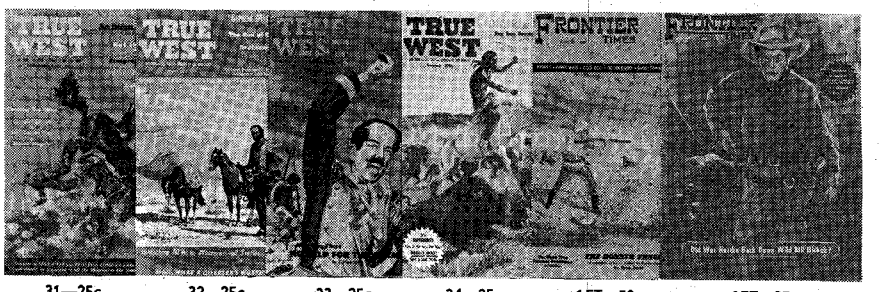

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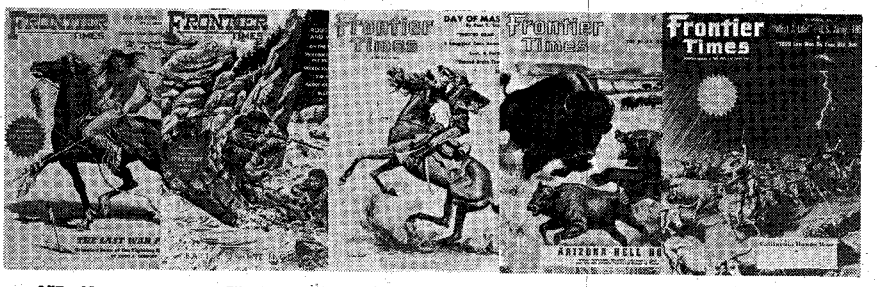

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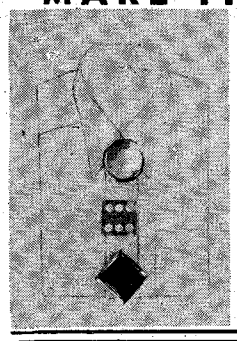

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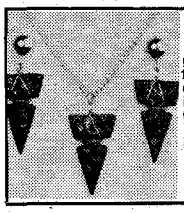

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Truly Western

Old-timers' Corral

Howdy, Joe Small:

This will be a sort of mixture of questions and comments—questions for information and comments on my opinions of *True West* and *Frontier Times:*

Way back in the April (1958) issue of TW, Dr. Walter P. Webb wrote, "Joe said that he wanted to have some sort of department on 'How They Did It' . . ." That was in his piece "When the Fifth Chain Pulls" in "Wild Old Days." Now I'm plum tickled to hear that you'd like to add such a department and I'd like to ask you—and the readers—what you think of a "How They Said It" branch of that department. I've noticed that besides such things as "fifth chains," whose uses are all but forgotten, names and expressions used by old-timers are being replaced by the jargon of video and "Western" stories—a jargon that would have been barely understood by frontiersmen.

In the last few years there has been a lot of interest in collecting all sorts of Western stuff—Indian relics, cowman's outfits, paintings, songs, books and everything else from thunder to breakfast, but very few have taken an interest in early-day lingo besides one or two city dudes whose books and articles on "Western lingo" and "cowboy words" are made worthless by their many omissions, and outright detrimental by their high content of plain bald-faced mistakes.

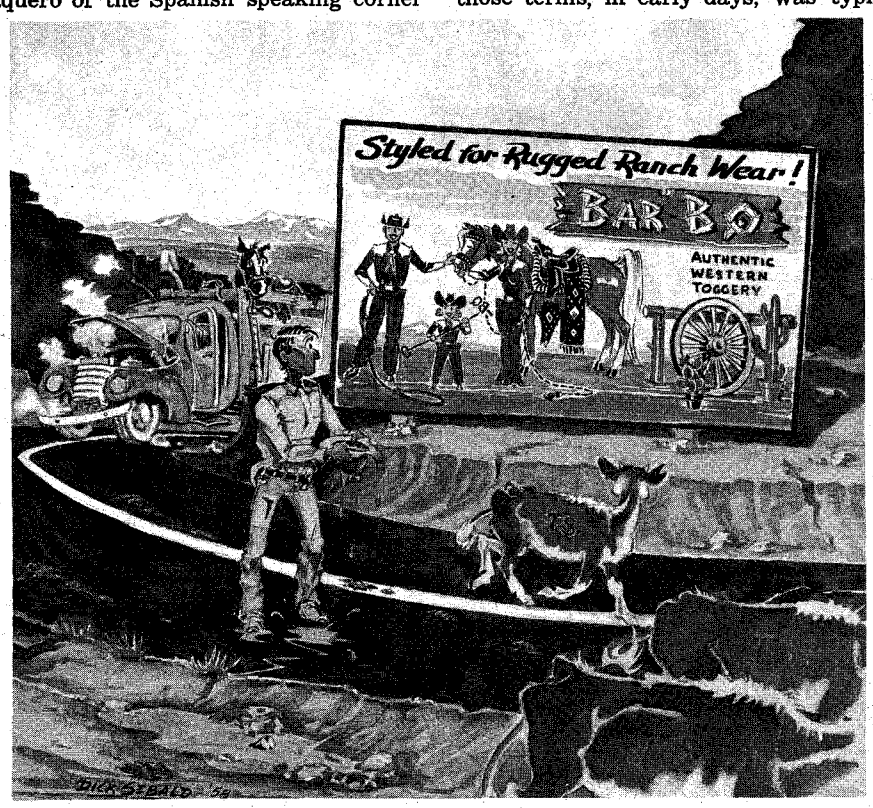
One of the biggest mistakes made by these romantic twentieth century writers is the blanket use of the word cowboy as a designation for a cow-range rider or cattle ranch hand, whether he be a cowhand in Texas, a cowpuncher of Montana, a buckaroo from Oregon, a vaquero of the Spanish speaking corner of the Southwest, a Hawaiian panielo, a gaucho rioplatense of Argentina, a huaso chileno of Chile, a llanero of Venezuela, or a resero from just anywhere.

To use the ambiguous term cowboy (which has been a name for cattle thief, border raider, marauder, murderer, wild-west showman, rode-ee-oh performer, and movie and TV actor) is to say in effect that there is no great distinction between a gardian of the cow country of the Rhone and a kumiss-drinking cowherd of Outer Mongolia; or that there's any considerable difference between the modern garden (Madison Square) variety of cowboy and the old-fashioned open range cow man.

In 1959, cowhand, cowpuncher, buckaroo and vaquero (plus the dudism, cowpoke) have become mere synonyms for cowboy and vice versa. But, in the days when Grampaw knew the use of a laprobe and had never seen a gasoline pump, a rider's outfit and rigging, his methods and customs, and his clothes and lingo—especially his lingo—made his sign as easy to read as the brands and ear-marks he put on stock.

When Grampaw was hiring ranch and range hands, he didn't have to see a big TEX branded on a feller to tell where he was from if the feller talked about "hosses" that "pitched," cows that "lowed," "wolves" instead of coyotes, "girts" instead of "cinches," rode a "rim-fire" saddle, used a "pair of bits" and wore "gal-leg" spurs. The evidence was as clear and sure as the fact that Texas was then the biggest State in the Union.

Grampaw knew in those days where a rider was from if he had the steady habit of saying orejano instead of long ear or slick ear or maverick. Each of those terms, in early days, was typical



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of one of the four distinct cow regions of the West—the young West of open range times, not the "Old West" of these modern "cowboys."

Years ago I began keeping notes on old-time Western cow talk and now have boxfuls filed in order and I don't know how many hundreds more to file. Do you think there might be others who are interested in the nineteenth century regional idioms of the Western cow country? Others who are as sick as I am of hearing of "cowboys" and "cowpokes," "gear" and "tack," "gunslicks" and "gunslingers," "bullets" (instead of cartridges), "hockey-on-a-shirttail" (palomino) horses, and the dozen and one other 1959-model bull-lonies which were unknown to Grampaw and his conocidos? I sure hope that there are, so we can clear up some of these ridiculous misconceptions before they become a phony part of our wonderful Western heritage.

Right here might be a good spot, too, to clear up the impression Mr. A. A. McCutchan (Eufala, Oklahoma) has about the "fifth wheel" of a wagon. Freight and ore wagons, prairie schooners and the wagons used on ranches for chuck wagons and all-around hauling had "sand boards" instead of "fifth wheels." Only buggies, carriages, city delivery wagons and special purpose drays were built with "fifth wheels"—circular or semi-circular metal plates upon which the front end of the body of a vehicle rested and which permitted the front-wheel assembly to turn right or left. The big wagons of freight roads, range and ranches were built with "sand boards," heavy wooden cross pieces faced with iron plates upon which iron-shod wooden "bolsters" rested. "Bolsters" were the supports that held the "beds" or "boxes" of wagons.

Mr. McCutchan seems to think that there is a semantic connection between "fifth wheels" and "fifth chains" (See his letter in August, 1958, TW), but the fact is that the fifth chain did not connect semantically or otherwise with the "fifth-wheel"—or "sand-board"—part of the running gears of a wagon. The chain which hitched the second span—or yoke—of a team ahead of the wheelers was the "draft chain." This chain forked into a Y and the ends of the Y were hooked onto the "stay-chain" hooks of the front "ex" (axle) of the wagon.

Some teamsters used a "draft rod" in place of the "draft chain." The draft rod was furnished also with a Y of chain links to be hooked onto the front axle. The long rod ran the length of the wagon tongue, to which it was fastened at its front end. Draft rods and draft chains had heavy rings in their forward ends, into which the "fifth chain" of the third span and the "stretcher chains" of the second span were hooked. "Stretchers," of which "stretcher chains" were a part, were special sorts of hitches to which "pointers" and "swingers" of a team were hooked. "Wheelers" were hooked to the "double-trees" of a wagon. "Leaders" were hooked to "lead bars."

All this sounds complicated, and it certainly is to the modern breed of writers who never saw a six-horse team hooked to a freight wagon in their lives. But in *True West* you want to get things exactly as they were—and, by golly, that's the way they were!

Let me know, Joe, what you think of this idea of mine.—W. I. (Bob) Robertson, P. O. Box 335, Carson City, Nevada.

(Continued on page 55)

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all the way

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THE GOVERNOR

STYLE 332
THE RODEO RIDER

MEL LAMBERT, one of America's most popular rodeo announcers, is noted for his ready smile and friendly western way.

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The Man Who

By TOM BAILEY

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

IT WAS going on noon when Ed Schieffelin and his old burro, Cactus, came onto the tortuous stretch of the Indian trail leading down to the San Pedro River. The trail, just a dim trace in the hard earth, was full of steep pitches and sharp turns with jumping cholla and greasewood growing on both sides of it. From the summit, where it plunged steeply toward the valley clear down to the valley itself almost, were a series of switchbacks where the path doubled back below itself so sharply that Schieffelin and the burro found themselves passing each other, going in opposite directions. When this happened the prospector could reach out and almost touch Cactus on the nose when she thrust it toward him, as she did occasionally, as if to say imagine meeting you here.

He liked to think that when she thrust her nose out like that it was to show affection for him, though there had been times during her more selfish moments when he seriously doubted she cared anything for him at all. Like when they were forty miles from nowhere and she ate his only sack of smoking tobacco, and again when he came in from a hard day scratching around in the hills to find the flour sack empty and part of its contents strewn over the ground. That time he swore he was going to trade her for a mule, but he never did.

When the light tapping of the burro's hoofs behind him stopped suddenly, he stopped too and turned around to see what was up. Old Cactus not only had a nose for Indians but sometimes she could see them farther away than he could. It was really their shaggy ponies that she disliked, more than the Indians themselves.

It wasn't Indians she saw this time, however; it was something a few yards off the trail that gleamed snow-white in the midday sun.

He walked over to see what it was and there in the bear grass lay two human skeletons. The sparse grass had grown up around them and up between the ribs. A hardy desert vine crawled across the breast bone of one skeleton while inside the rib cage of the other a family of mice had built a nest. The disjointed bones, bleached by many suns to a ghastly whiteness, were but slightly out of place here and there. They lay skull to skull, the leg bones pointing in opposite directions, as if they had gone to sleep in that position. There was no clothing, guns, cooking utensils or anything else to suggest how long they had lain there. Near the two heads was a small pile of ore, perhaps a foot high, the dissevered arm bones almost encircling it. Directly overhead, as though to mark the spot well, a tall yucca lifted a great cluster of drooping lily-white blossoms that swayed gently in the breeze.

It was not too difficult for Ed Schieffelin, who was not unaccustomed to coming upon desert tragedies, to picture in his own mind what manner of thing had happened at this spot. The two prospectors—and prospectors he was certain they had been—had stopped here to take stock of the ore they had found, or perhaps they had even camped there. They had become so absorbed in their own affairs of the moment that they'd forgotten to watch for Apaches, and the inevitable had happened. The Chiricahua Apaches took no scalps, so the bodies had not been disturbed. Only guns, tools and equipment had been carried off.

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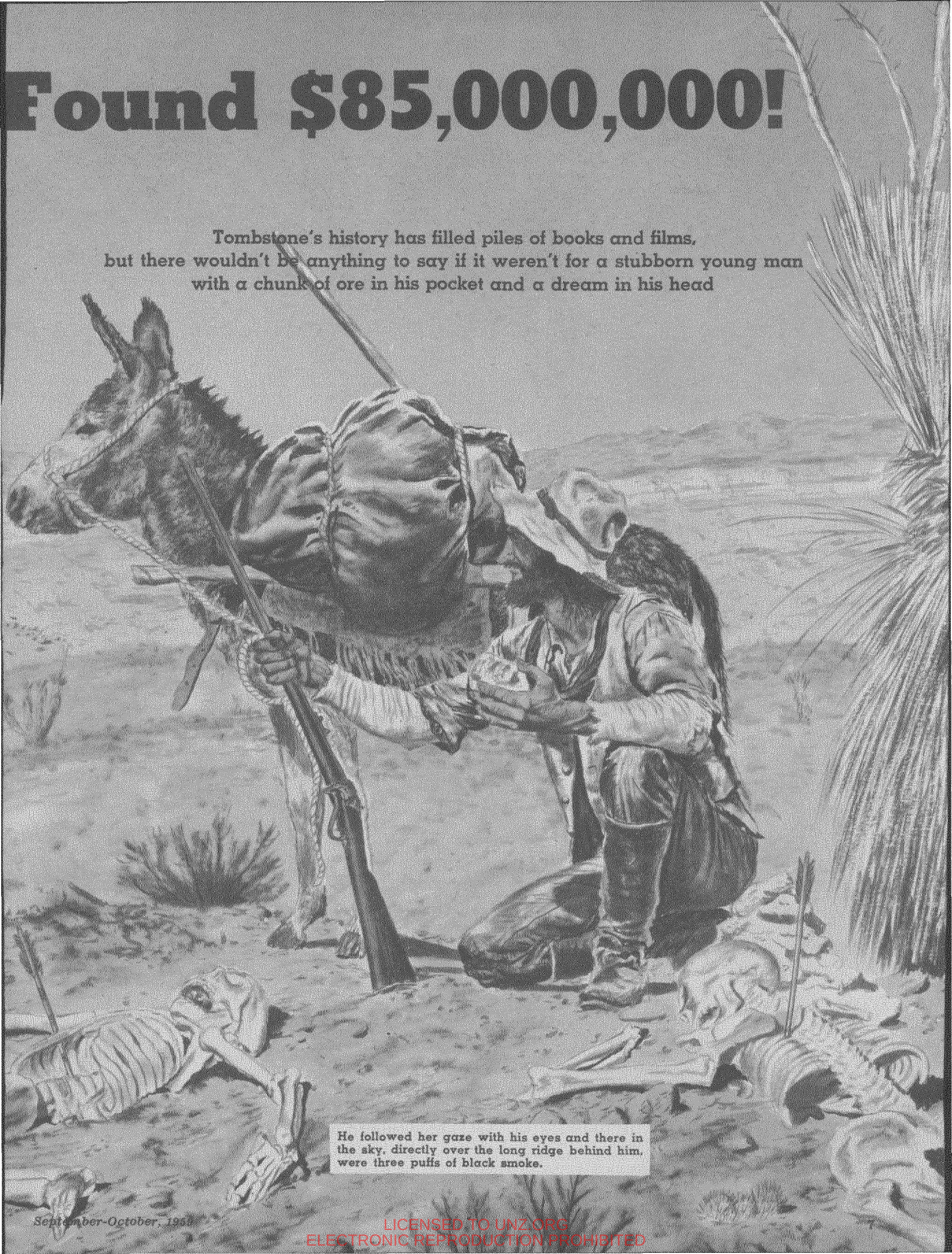
Found $85,000,000!

Tombstone's history has filled piles of books and films, but there wouldn't be anything to say if it weren't for a stubborn young man with a chunk of ore in his pocket and a dream in his head



He followed her gaze with his eyes and there in the sky, directly over the long ridge behind him, were three puffs of black smoke.

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Above: Ed Schieffelin turned from tramp to millionaire when he discovered the famous Tombstone mines at thirty-two. At right: Al Sieber, chief of scouts in Arizona's territorial days, commanded Schieffelin when the twenty-two year old prospector first went to the territory.

Kneeling beside the pile of ore, the prospector examined it piece by piece, as was his habit when he came upon any kind of ore. Each time he scrutinized a hunk of it through the little magnifying glass he carried, his excitement grew, for each piece was heavily shot through with silver! Finally his hands were shaking so badly that he could no longer hold the glass steady. For the first time in his life, he was to say later, he had the prospector's ague, a sort of malarial fever attended by the shakes that came on a man when he suddenly struck it rich.

Leaping to his feet like a small boy after finding a whole silver dollar in the street, he began shouting crazily at the burro. "It's the same ore, old girl! No doubt about it!" He dug into his shirt pocket for a piece of ore he had carried there for many months and compared it with the ore on the ground. "Danged if it ain't! They found it! They found it!" He was so excited he did not know what he was saying, and old Cactus stood drowsing through it all, grateful for the opportunity to catch a wink or two while she could. "But where, for Pete's sake? Where'd they come from?"

That was a good question and Ed Schieffelin looked down at the ground, as if hopeful there might still be a footprint or two after all the intervening months or even years, to indicate whence the two prospectors came. But tracks in the hard desert didn't last forever and you couldn't back-track a pair of ghosts.

THE piece of silver ore that matched the stuff on the ground, both in texture and composition, had been Ed Schieffelin's inspiration for months, the driving force that had sent him roaming across much of this wild land, looking for its source. Into this wilderness of cactus, yucca, Chiricahua Apaches, diamond-back rattlers and instant death he had come at the age of twenty-two as a civilian scout for a column of dragoons under the command of Al Sieber. They had established an army post at Camp Huachuca and fanned out from there in search of marauding Apaches. That had been back in 1870, and now it was the spring of 1877.

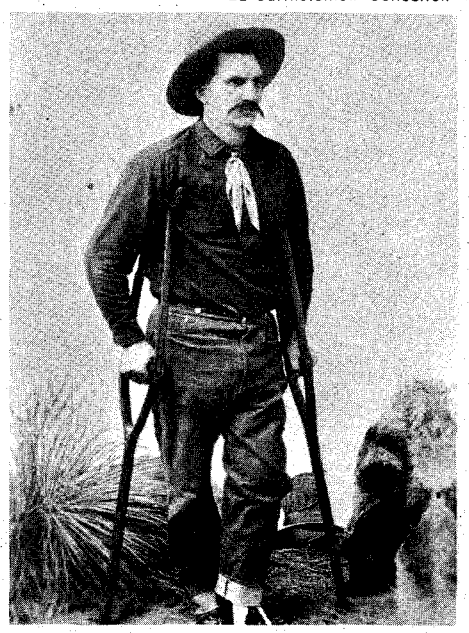
One day when Scout Schieffelin had ridden into this very same tier of hills his eye had caught the gleam of deep mineral stains on a stone that in the prospector's terminology was called float. He dismounted and examined it carefully. And he would always remember the thrill he felt upon recognizing the rock for what it was.

He turned to a companion and said: "Silver ore!"

"Ah, go on!" the man said. "Who'd be findin' silver in a country like this?"

Schieffelin dropped the float into his pocket and rode on, but his find went to his head like potent wine. That night he could think of nothing else.

Ed Bartholomew Collection



The next morning he resigned as an army scout and bought old Cactus, already seven and in the prime of life, for only seven dollars, and it had been the best investment of his life.

For a few months he had lived frugally at the cabin of George Woolfolk on Barbarcomari Creek, sleeping there nights and going out every day into the hills. He found the spot where he had picked up the float, but had never been able to trace the ore to its source. He later fell in with Bill Griffith, who came down from Tucson to do assessment work on the Bruncko Mine; Schieffelin's principal function at the mine had been to stand guard against Indian attacks while Griffith did the necessary work. For this chore he received a dollar a day and board.

One day as he stood around, up rode Al Sieber with a party of Indian fighters.

"Watcha doin' here, Ed?" Sieber inquired.

"Prospectin' mostly," Ed replied.

"Whar?"

"Over yonder a ways." He waved a hand toward the hills.

"Thar ain't nothin' over yonder," scoffed Sieber.

"I've picked up some mighty nice lookin' float."

"All you'll ever find in them thar hills is your tombstone," Sieber warned. "Geronimo'll get you if you don't watch out."

"I'll take a chance on that," Ed told him.

For more long months the search had gone on, the poverty-stricken Schieffelin living on beans most of the time. He never had in his pocket more than five or six dollars at any one time, and most of the time his pockets were empty.

And now at last his wanderings had brought him to this spot, where a couple of prospectors who had found the bonanza of his dreams had died for lack of caution.

JUST then he happened to look at old Cactus and her ears were slanted forward in the characteristic pose she assumed when she saw something in the distance. He followed her gaze with his eyes and there in the sky, directly over the long ridge behind him, were three puffs of black smoke.

Injun signals! Somewhere up there an Apache was manipulating a blanket over a fire of greasewood, sending a message to a war party in the valley likely.

Leaving Cactus tied to a mesquite, well out of sight of anyone above them, he worked his way up the hill through the brush and finally he saw the Apache he thought had made the signals, standing with a rifle cradled in his arms, peering into the shadows beginning to veil the mesa. The Indian made a fine picture there against the copper sky, but he made a better target, Schieffelin thought. He was about to pull the trigger of his old .40-.82 when a second warrior appeared, then a third. Two more rose ghostlike against the sky from the nether shadow.

It began to look as if Al Sieber's prophesy might come true. One Indian a man could take care of, but not five at that range. Glancing back at the valley he saw about twenty Apaches heading toward him, riding at a fast clip. This, he decided quickly, was no place for a lone white man. He headed back to where he'd left Cactus.

The Apaches charged up the steep trail, apparently to join their brothers above, and Schieffelin breathed easier. Obviously there was something going on back there to the west that interested them. He hoped they wouldn't see his footprints in the trail and change their minds.

Darkness came on swiftly, lowering its curtain on the scene and he stole away like a thief in the night. But high above the darkened valley an intense golden light, almost liquid, fanned out from the peaks and reached eastward, lighting his way. Cactus followed dutifully behind, threading her way through the thorny bushes with hardly a sound.

Every time the clicking of her hoofs behind him stopped, he stopped too and turned around. But now, with hunger

(Continued on page 36)

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I Photographed Jesse James' Body!

By J. W. GRAHAM

as told to O. C. Sheley

Lugging the heavy camera, the young man scurried to the funeral parlor to "shoot" the famous outlaw—minutes after Bob Ford put a bullet in his head!

Editor's Note: Mr. Graham was a youthful seventy-nine when he wrote out his story for O. C. Sheley of Independence, Missouri. After his coup of the James' photograph, he stayed in St. Joseph for seven years. Later he had studios in Kansas City; Sioux City, Iowa; Leavenworth, Kansas; Trenton, Missouri, and returned to Kansas City before semi-retirement in Buckner in 1908. He was ninety-two when the Kansas City Times retold his story in 1948.

I WAS a young photographer, twenty-six years old with six years experience when I started to work on April 2, 1882, as an operator for R. C. Smith, manager of the photo-studio at St. Joseph, Missouri, owned by James W. Porch, a rising young Democratic lawyer.

I went to work on Monday. But Tuesday, April 3, was the day I'd never forget—the day Jesse James was killed.

Early in the forenoon an excited man came into our gallery and proclaimed that Jesse James had been shot in his home in the southeastern part of the city. Mr. Smith and I could hardly believe that the notorious bandit had been living in our midst.

I said to Smith, "Now is a good time to make some money—by photographing Jesse's corpse and selling pictures of him." Smith said go to it.

First, I got an order from Enos Craig, the city marshal, for the exclusive privilege of photographing the body. Photographic dry plates had come into use a few months before, but double plate-holders were not yet on the market. Smith did not have a portable view camera, so I had to tote a heavy eight by ten studio camera, lens and single plate-holder for several blocks to Siedenfaden's undertaking establishment.

An immense crowd had gathered for blocks around Siedenfaden's, where the coroner had ordered the body taken and where they were now holding an autopsy. I worked my way through the mob, found the undertaker and gave him Mr. Craig's written order. He said O. K. but I would have to wait until the coroner, young Dr. Heddens, finished.

While waiting, I arranged some boxes for a camera stand in a back room. When the coroner was through, the undertaker and his assistants brought Jesse's body back there. The board on which the body lay was stood as nearly upright as possible. We tied a rope under his arms and around the board to keep his body from sliding.

The only light we had came from an outside door opposite the body. I made an exposure, and wanting to make another shot, asked Mr. Siedenfaden if there was a dark room where I could change plates. He pointed to a door, "In there."

I was so excited that as I hurried through the designated door, I took a step or so and fell, stumbling head over heels down a stairway, striking my wrist against the edge. In spite of the pain, I kept presence of mind and kept the plate-holder from damage. I changed plates and made another shot. When I took my outfit back to the studio, I developed the plates and found I had two good negatives, considering the light in which they were exposed.

Many people followed me to the studio, eager to get a photograph of Jesse. Our printer made copies. As the news spread over the country that Smith had the photos for sale, orders came in from all over.

I made transparencies from the two original negatives, from which I made dozens of duplicate negatives. Smith hired a lot of extra help, and for months we were sending out hundreds of prints every day.

ABOUT the second day after I photographed Jesse James, I got permission from the sheriff of Buchanan County to see if I could get the consent of the Ford boys to make photos of them, too. They said all right, so I proceeded to do so in front of their cell, in the balcony.

I had a long interview with them. They were very friendly and told me exactly all about the shooting. Bob did most of the talking. He said he had a sweetheart in St. Joe, and would like me to make a picture of her, which I did a day or so later.

Ford explained that the capture of Jesse James, for which a reward of $10,000 was offered, was all fixed up with the governor of Missouri, T. T. Crittenden. They were to get him alive or dead, plead guilty if dead, and be pardoned by the governor.

Bob said Jesse was lying on the bed, looking over the morning papers. He had taken off his belt and firearms, and they were laying on the bed beside him. Bob Ford was standing in the front doorway, his back against the west frame of the doorway.

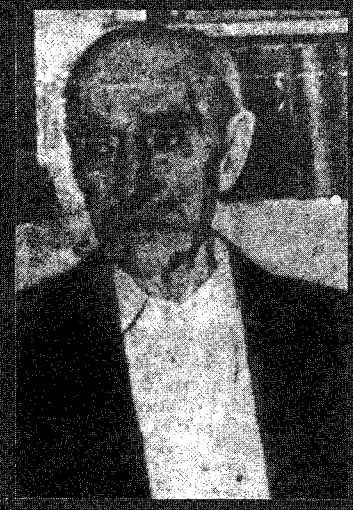
Charlie Ford was standing in the front yard, a few feet from the front door. Bob heard Jesse crossing the room, leaving his weapons on the bed. He tipped Charlie, "Now is the chance."

Jesse, so Bob said, stepped up onto a chair to adjust a picture frame that was hanging wrong. Jesse raised his hands to straighten the frame; Bob turned half 'round, pulling his gun at the same time, and fired from near the front door. Jesse had apparently heard the motion of Bob and started to turn around, but the ball got him in the back of the head, and Jesse James was fatally shot.

The negative of the Ford boys has been lost. I was allowed to keep the

(Continued on page 34)

J. W. Graham, the photographer.



Jesse, minutes after his death.

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Some rivals just don't appreciate a helpful attitude. Joe Gillespie mixed cunning and skill to become a winner in

Grandfather's 1,000 Mile Race

By ORA NIEGEL

I SAT on the corral fence in the shade of the big livery stable, watching Grandfather Joe Gillespie tussle with a colt he was breaking to lead. Though Grandfather had long since quit breaking horses to ride, he still liked to gentle and break them to lead himself. Before long he had the colt following him about the corral with only a slight pressure on the lead rope. Then he led the bay gelding into the barn and returned to sit on the barn doorsill, wiping his brow with a large red bandanna.

I moved quickly to sit beside him and beg for a story, the story of Grandfather's great 1,000 mile race from Chadron, Nebraska, to Chicago, Illinois. The vigorous old man helped himself to a generous chew of Star before beginning his story:

THAT was a great race, by golly, a great race! The greatest test of horseflesh and human endurance of all time. Proved a lot about horses, and people too. Proved that if you take care of your horses, they'll take care of you. Proved that some men will do most anything for fame and money.

Anna didn't want me to go; said a man with a family should stay home instead of galivantin' off on a 1,000 mile race. But seems like when I heard of it I couldn't keep from going. Everybody said my size was against me. Hundred and eighty-five pounds is a lot of tallow for a horse to carry so far. I didn't care so much for the $1,000 purse as for the fun of taking the trip and seeing Chicago and Buffalo Bill. Of course, that prize Colt .44 looked pretty good to me.

We were each allowed two horses, and I decided on Billy Mac and Billy Shafer. Billy Mac was a fine horse, but Billy Shafer was the best horse I ever owned, by golly. It was really Billy Shafer that won the race for me. Pensioned him off when he got old, I did, and when he died I buried him out there under the willows by that little creek.

The starting time was five o'clock in the morning on June 13, 1893. Everybody in the country was in Chadron to see us off. We galloped off in a bunch when they shot the signal gun. The dust was so thick we couldn't see the town behind us, so we slowed down to a shack that's easy on a horse and man and covers a lot of miles.

We took it easy that first day. Nobody tried to get ahead, just let our horses harden up and get ourselves used to the saddle a bit. We all knew that the first day didn't count for much anyhow. A route was all mapped off for us, with eleven towns where we had to stop and have our horses inspected.

We carried bacon and biscuits enough to last for three days. That would see us through the badlands. After that we could get provisions along the road. We camped in the edge of the badlands that first night by a small water hole. Sure was a pretty night, by golly, with the stars so close and bright, and just us nine men and our horses out there on the edge of nowhere.

I thought maybe someone would try to ride out ahead the next day, but no sirree, that bunch of guys rode so close you'd think they was scared. And pretty soon I found out they were. Toward evenin' Doc Middleton let the cat out of the bag when he asked me how much longer it'd take to get to the next water hole. There weren't none of them fellers knew how to get through the badlands. They were letting me lead 'em.

Course, if you didn't know the way you might ride for several days without finding water, and when you found it, it might be poison. Then you might come out where you went in. I tell you them badlands is bad. Knew them like a book, myself, though.

Just for fun I took those guys the long way around, by golly, so it was after dark when we made camp by a spring in a little box canyon.

THE next day I spent a lot of time thinking. Why should I lead this bunch of Hoosiers through here just so they could maybe beat me later on. Let 'em find their own way, I sez.

That night I took my blanket over to one side away from the others. John Berry wanted to know why I was getting so exclusive.

"You mangy coyotes snore too loud. I'm gonna get fur enough away so I can't hear you," I told him.

I sleep sound, so I put a burr in the back of my shirt, so when I went to sleep and rolled over on my back I'd wake up. Well, the burr worked all right. I almost cussed when I rolled on it, but I remembered in time. I got up, rolled my blanket and started to saddle up. Then I looked over toward the campfire. Rattlesnake Pete was a sittin' there as calm as you please watchin' me.

"Just as well go back to bed, Joe," he said. "We're not 'agoin' to let you go anywhere without us."

The others were sittin' up and cussin' me out, so I unrolled my blanket and went back to bed. I knew when I was outnumbered. It was then I decided to beat the skunks if I possibly could, by golly.

After we got out of the badlands, it was every fellow for himself and the devil take the hindmost. Davy Douglas was the first to drop out. He got saddle sick and decided the game wasn't worth the candle. At that time I was riding neck and neck with Doc Middleton and Rattlesnake Pete, with the others close behind.

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I camped in the open with my horses nights, but the other guys generally stayed at small hotels along the road. Bets were high and I wasn't much favored to win because of my weight, so I wasn't giving anybody a chance to get at my horses.

One of Doc Middleton's horses sprained a tendon and he had to leave it at Sioux City. He was in the lead, but with only one horse, Rattlesnake Pete and I soon passed him. Two days later John Berry caught up with us and took the lead. I couldn't see that, so I tied one horse to the saddle horn of the other, and held on to the rear horse's tail and ran behind. I beat John into Fort Dodge that way.

It was cloudy when I made camp the first night out of Fort Dodge and a cold wind was blowing. I was so cold I could hardly sleep all night, so I got out as soon as I could see and started on. I wrapped my blanket around me Indian style, because I hadn't brought a coat in order to save weight. Pretty soon it started to rain. By golly, that was the coldest rain I ever saw in June. It rained pitchforks and bull yearlings until the ground was knee-deep in mud; sticky, gooey mud that almost pulled the horses' shoes off. Somewhere in that sea of mud John Berry got ahead of me again, but Pete was still close behind. That's the way it was when we got to Iowa Falls. John was starving himself to keep down his weight and I threw away the blanket as soon as the sun came out. I rolled up in the saddle blanket at night.

I heard that Pete had to leave one of his horses and was drinking heavy and pouring whiskey down his horse's neck to give him strength. They both went down the drain.

WHEN I got to Manchester I decided to rest my horses for a spell and have their shoes looked at. All that mud had been powerful hard on their feet. Billy Mac was showing signs of giving out, and I had made up my mind to take both horses all the way, win or lose. I had to favor him considerable from then on and Billy Shafer took the brunt of the work. While I was waiting for my horses I wandered around town a bit to see what excitement I could dig up, and by jiggers I found a circus, a little one horse, one ring affair. They had a mule that couldn't be rode, so I rode him, by golly. Nearly broke their hearts.

The Humane Society in De Kalb, Illinois, had ruled that all riders would have to have a carriage escort from there to Chicago to see that we didn't override our horses for the last seventy miles.

Berry was only an hour ahead of Smith and I, but he had ridden one horse nearly to death and left it before he got to De Kalb, so old Poison was in fine shape. Berry took his escort and went on with Poison.

Smith and I figured we didn't need an escort, so we went to every livery stable in town and rented all the carriages, while our horses were being inspected. Then there were no carriages available to escort us so we started out on the last lap alone.

Smith soon fell behind, and when I rode into Chicago close on Berry's heels, I found that he had already been pronounced the winner. There were a lot of people thought I was the rightful winner, though, because he finished with only one horse, and I brought both of mine through.

The upshot of it was that they decided to split the purse between the four of us that did finish, and Colt's gave me the .44 because they figured I was the rightful winner. Buffalo Bill Cody shook my hand and said he was sure pleased to see a man in such fine shape at the end of such a ride. We had covered 1,040 miles in a fraction less than fourteen days of the hardest riding I ever did or hope to do.

End of the race at 1,000 Mile Tree! Joe Gillespie is shown here (standing by his horse, Billy Shafer) with Smith, a challenger.

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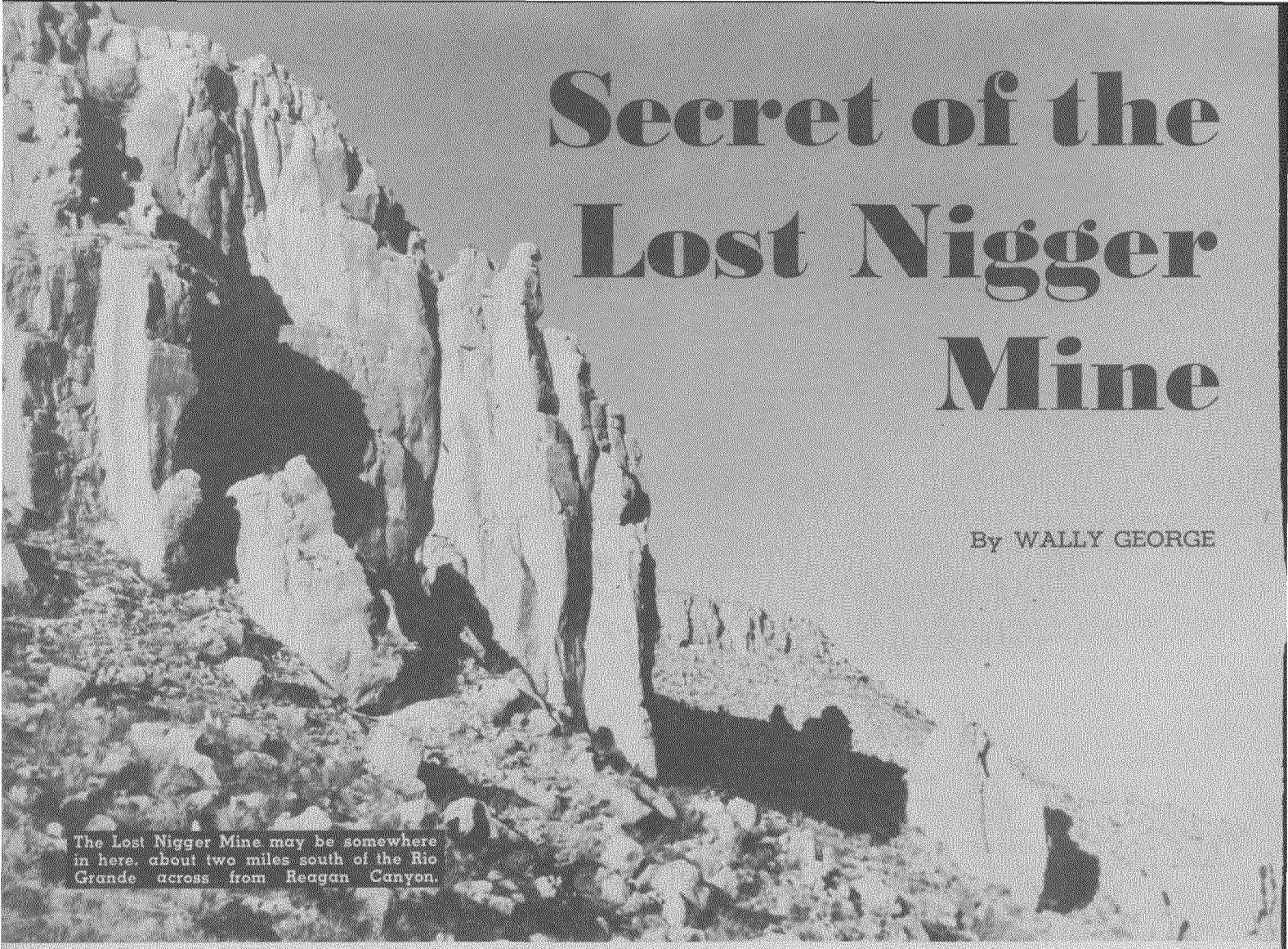
Secret of the Lost Nigger Mine

By WALLY GEORGE



The Lost Nigger Mine may be somewhere in here, about two miles south of the Rio Grande across from Reagan Canyon.

NIGGER Bill Kelly found a gold mine—and that was his bad luck. He knew it was bad luck, but there it was. What could he do now?

He disappeared.

That was in 1887. Since then men have spent time and money—over $50,000—trying to find either Nigger Bill or his gold mine. The gold mine has been found twice and lost each time, but Nigger Bill has never been seen again. It is bad luck gold.

Bill was a horse wrangler. Half Negro and half Seminole, he came to Texas from the Santa Rosa Mountains of Mexico and hired out to the Reagan brothers' outfit in Dryden. The Negro was not very smart, but he knew that the Reagans were doing a shady cattle business down on the Rio Grande. Running cattle from Mexico into Texas was not considered illegal among cowboys, but the government inspectors looked at it differently. For such an operation a lonely range was needed, away from inspectors, and the seventy-five mile stretch of canyons and cactus south from the Southern Pacific railroad to the Rio Grande just below the Big Bend of Texas, was and still is the loneliest country in Texas.

The Reagan outfit was camped on the Rio Grande in the mouth of a big canyon—known today as Reagan Canyon. A string of horses had got loose across the river in Mexico. Lee Reagan and Nigger Bill had been looking for them several days, but with no luck. Each day they would cross the river and search out all the draws and gullies within a day's ride of camp. Then one day Bill found something.

He was leading his horse through a narrow crevice—too narrow to ride through—when he came to a place where it widened out. There was water in the gorge from a recent rain, and under the water Bill saw glimmering yellow flecks. Looking around, he saw the yellow metal in veins along both sides of the narrow cut. Gold is where you find it, and Bill had found it.

When Lee Reagan saw the excited Negro clattering up the small hill toward him, he knew that Bill had found something, but he thought it was the string of horses. It was evening and Lee was getting tired of the whole affair. He wanted to find the horses, and cannot be blamed for what happened when Bill Kelly reined up beside him.

"Did you find the horses, Bill?" Lee asked hopefully.

"No suh—I found a gold mine!"

Lee was in no mood for playing games with half-witted Seminole. "I asked if you found the horses, Bill," he repeated.

"No suh, I said I found a gold mine. It's right close to here, and. . ."

"We ain't paying you to hunt gold!" shouted Lee. "You're supposed to be hunting horses."

"But it's only about half a mile from here, Mr. Reagan," pleaded the Negro. "I can show it to you. . ."

"Did you bring any gold with you?"

"No suh. I heard that if you're out alone and find gold, and try to take some of it out, you're sure to die before you get home."

That was too much for Lee. With a snarl he reined around and started his horse for the river and camp. Bill shrugged and dropped in behind. He could come back later—he thought.

BILL needed to interest someone in his gold mine. That weekend the Reagan outfit went to town—to Dryden. Bill hopped a freight into San Antonio, and there he looked up a man by the name of Lock Campbell, a railroad conductor. Mr. Campbell had befriended Bill several years before, and Bill knew that he was interested in mining and prospecting. He left some samples with Campbell. This proves that Bill had either returned to the outcropping, or he had lied to Lee about not having any gold with him. He probably had reason to lie.

Campbell promised to have the samples assayed. Bill returned to Dryden, rejoined the Reagans, and they all headed back for the river country. Two weeks went by. Then one late evening a cowboy rode into camp with the mail and he had a special delivery letter for Bill Kelly. Never before had there been a letter for Bill. Everyone knew he could not read.

The letter was not delivered to Bill that night. It was opened—through accident or otherwise—by Jim Reagan. It

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"Now you see it; now you don't" — the gold mine and its discoverers all seemed to vanish from that desolate stretch of earth

was from Lock Campbell in San Antonio, and concerned the samples left by Kelly for assaying. It was gold, all right—it was some of the richest gold ore ever found in the Southwest. According to the assay, it was worth over $75,000 to the ton! Ore worth $20.00 is considered profitable.

Bill Kelly had himself quite a gold mine. But when the letter came for Bill that evening, he was not in camp. Jim Reagan thought there must have been a mistake, so he opened the letter and read it. The news did not stir him up as might be expected. It still seemed somehow beyond the imagination of the Reagans that there could be gold in this God-forsaken limestone country. He passed the word to the rest of the boys, and they all had a good laugh.

LATER that night, Bill returned to camp. In the tent of the cook he had a whispered conference. No one knows exactly what was said, but when the morning sun came up, Bill was long gone on a borrowed horse. There were rumors that Bill feared for his life. The cook was a friend of Bill's, and he heard the Reagans plotting to find out from Bill where the gold mine was, then kill him. The cook told Bill, and Bill left.

Some say that Bill disappeared—that the Reagans killed him and dumped his body in the river, then made up a story about his leaving in the night on a stolen horse.

As a matter of fact, the body of a Negro was fished from the river about that time, but he was not identified as Bill Kelly.

The next morning, when the Reagans were told that Bill had disappeared, they went after him. After all, he was riding one of their horses. They had no trouble picking up his trail, and were not more than four hours behind. The trail headed down the river for a few miles, then veered toward Dryden. When it suddenly turned back to the right toward Shafter Crossing the Reagans were surprised. However, they still believed he was making for Dryden.

Shafter Crossing on the Rio Grande is one of the few places in that country where the river can be forded. It never occurred to them that Bill was headed for Mexico. Instead, they decided to cut overland and catch Bill at Dryden. When they reached Dryden however, Bill had not been there. They had lost the trail. By the time they back-tracked to Shafter Crossing, Bill was probably well into Mexico.

He was seen one time after that. About two days later he showed up at the big Huerfanito Ranch in northern Coahuila, looking for a job. The Stillwells were operating the Huerfanito at that time. There have been reports through the years that Bill brought to the Huerfanito several samples of high-grade gold ore, and tales of a fabulous gold mine. He was around three or four days; then one night he again disappeared.

And that was the last time he has been seen by any man.

THAT could have been the end of the tale of the Lost Nigger Mine but it was not even the real beginning. Bill Kelly had come on the scene, found a gold mine, and disappeared. The story was yet to come.

Back in San Antonio, Lock Campbell was an excited man. After plugging away at peanuts all his life, he was at last on the threshold of making a million. Dozens of times each day he would take the gold ore samples out of the safe and look at them. Every day he awaited news from Bill, who was supposed to get in touch with him. He had sent Bill results of the assay—$75,000 a ton. Why didn't Bill answer?

Lock Campbell got worried. He was not a young man any more. After a week's waiting he left San Antonio and headed for West Texas. Nigger Bill had told him the general location of the outcropping. When he found that Bill had disappeared, he began prospecting for the gold. He knew to look in a small canyon on the Mexican side of the Rio Grande, between three and ten miles from the river and almost directly across from Reagan Canyon.

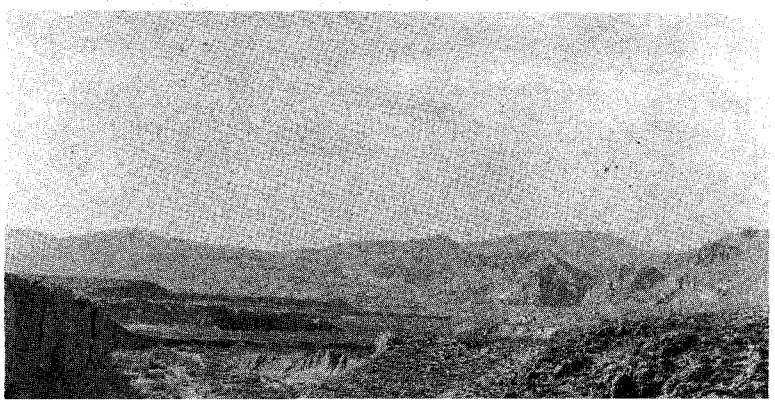
The country was too rough, and Campbell failed. For two years he searched for the gold. He hired professional prospectors from California, and from Colorado and the other mining states—but with no luck. The country was too rough. Too wild.

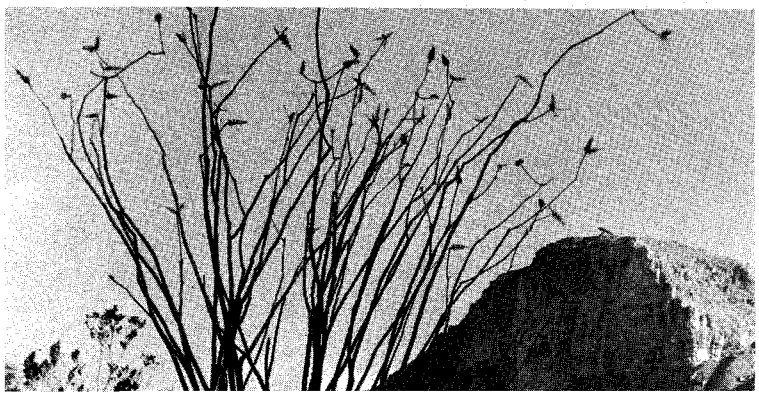
Mexican bandits were another problem. Law enforcement was—and for the most part still is—unknown on either side of the river through that stretch of territory. Bandits were to be a major problem for another thirty years, continuing to cross the border in organized raiding parties till after 1920.

Campbell hired one very qualified prospector, but the man was too afraid

(Continued on page 53)

Below left: Five miles from the Rio Grande, up from Reagan Canyon—a heck of a place to lose a gold mine. Below right: The mouth of Reagan Canyon—beautiful country, but wild and impassable. The Rio Grande is less than a hundred yards to the right.





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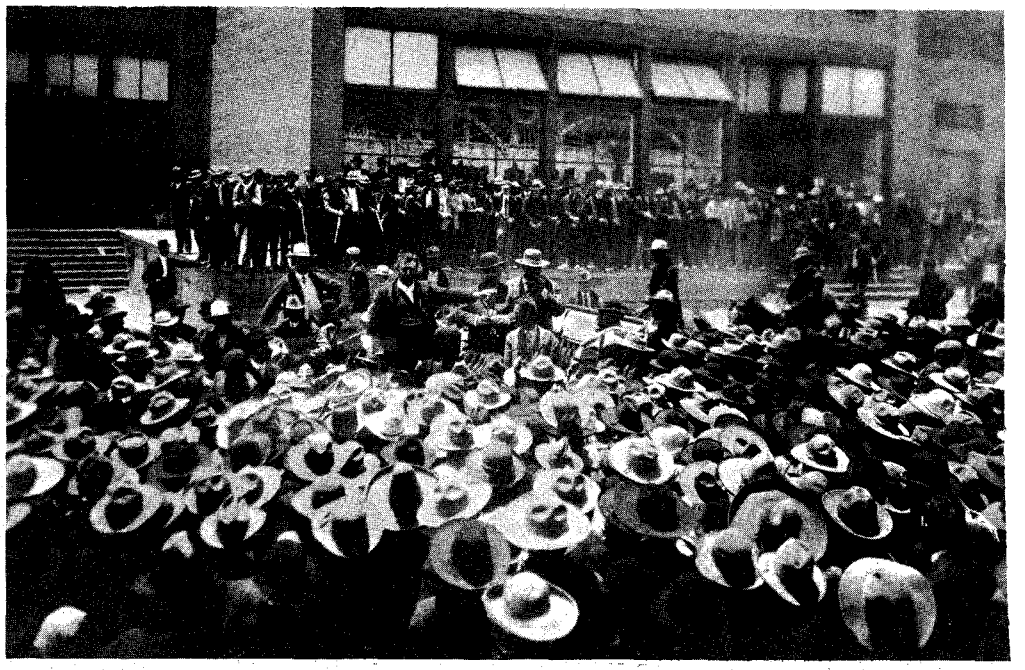
He gambled and fought his way up from hardrock miner to copper baron. Now the Wizard of Wall Street threatened his empire.



Copper King Bill Greene makes an impassioned speech from his Locomobile to rioting miners inflamed by mescal and red rabble-rousers in the plaza at Cananea, 1906.

Portrait of camera-shy Colonel William Greene from August 6, 1911, issue of the Bisbee (Arizona) Daily Review, from state department of library and archives, Phoenix.

"I'M GOING to kill him!" the hardrock miner said, coldly and simply.

The hatred dug into Bill Greene like a thousand maggots eating his soul—his hatred for Tom Lawson, the man who, more than any other, had reduced Greene from a super millionaire once rated at fifty million dollars, to almost certain poverty.

Bill Greene sat in Bisbee's Bon Ton Saloon, the telegram crumpled in his horny fists. Disaster stared at him from the yellow paper; his copper empire was crumbling to so much worthless red dust on the New York Stock Exchange. Greene pondered this black day in 1907. Already he had put up twenty million dollars in collateral, but it wasn't enough.

Those who watched Bill Greene stagger unsteadily out of the Bon Ton saw only a shell of the fightingest and gamblingest man in all Arizona. A man who no longer smiled the widest, warmest smile in this broad land, hiding an agonized heart that had all but lost its zest for life. For a month now he had fought and begged and borrowed to save his mining empire—until he could borrow no more. Now he had made up his mind; he would exact the only frontier justice he knew—kill Tom Lawson in cold blood.

Greene boarded the Southern Pacific train for New York. The whole country watched him in awe, this greatest of all copper barons, the man who rose from a three-dollar-a-day hardrock miner to become the undisputed king of them all.

Fightingest

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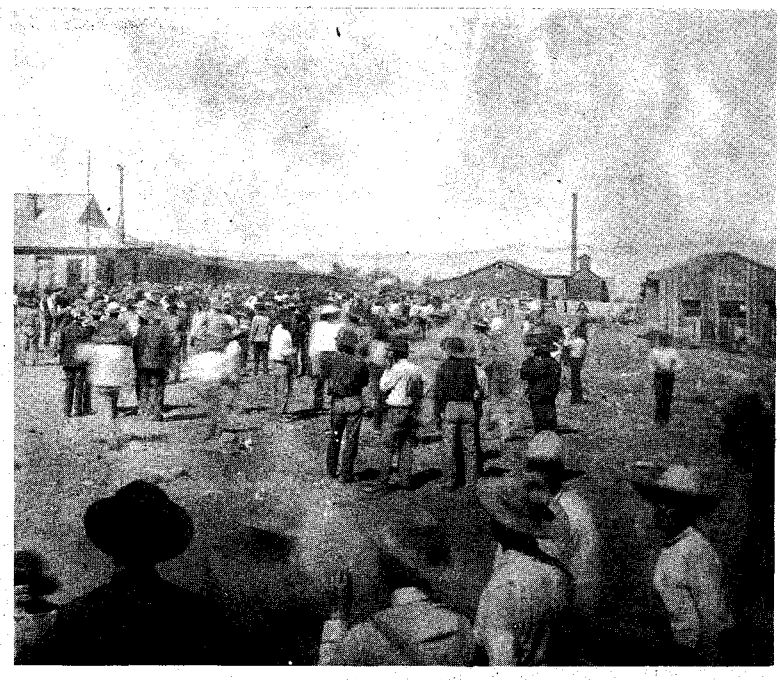

Above left: Bisbee miners marching up railroad to rescue Americans from Mexican strikers at Greene's Cananea mines. Officials believed Colonel Greene averted a massacre. Above right: Mob attacks Metcalf's lumber yard during Cananea strike. Metcalf and his nephew were killed; their lumber yard burned by Mexicans protesting low peso payment.

Would this rough Western miner, who had already killed men and who had never been bluffed, the man who got a special ruling from the President of Mexico, the man who rode boldly down Cananea's blood-soaked streets while his armed enemies waited for him as he put down a revolutionist-inspired riot with murderous gunfire, the man who wore his desert boots into Wall Street and bucked the millionaires on their home grounds and won (and lost). Would he dare go to Boston and shoot down Tom Lawson?

All his life Bill Greene had been a gambler. He gambled fortunes on the turn of a card at faro and with the roulette wheel. He gambled with copper mines and with the friendship of those who knew him. And he gambled with his life.

On the train ride to New York Bill Greene wondered, with a wry laugh, whether he was the king of them all, or whether he was assigned to oblivion. He thought, too, of another day, of another notch on the butt of his six-gun . . .

THE day Greene cut through the Mules above Bisbee and brought his sorrel mare dashing up Tombstone's lawless Allen Street. Jim Burnett, who had caused the death of Greene's daughter, was just leaving Honest John Montgomery's O. K. Livery, when Greene ground his horse to a sudden halt.

"This is it, Jim!" he barked, drawing his six-gun.

"For God's sake, Bill! Don't! Don't—"

Four slugs ripped through Burnett's body. A silver dollar would have covered the gaping hole where the bullets tore away the flesh. Bill Greene rode out of Tombstone, toward the border.

Bill Greene never had learned to back away from a fight. He had been like that ever since the age of eighteen, when the six-foot, strapping chunk of man left Westchester County in New York, to go west with a government surveying party in 1877.

Here he got his start underground, working in the copper mines around Prescott and Wickenburg. He moved on. White men were coming to Apache-infested Bisbee territory because mineralized ground had been turned up three years earlier. In August, 1877, civilian scout Jack Dunn had come across some copper outcroppings in Brewery Gulch slashed in the Mules, above the town. Bill Greene was coming to tap the treasure chest of the Mules.

A decade passed before Greene made his fabulous strike. In those ten years he worked underground, fought, drank, gambled—and dreamed. During his rides across the Mexican border into the Cananea Range he came upon worked-out mining properties. They intrigued him. He decided to gamble in copper.

He secured an option on a mine belonging to the widow of General Pesquieras, a long-time Governor of Sonora. The mine had been turned down by the Phelps-Dodge Company, but Bill Greene was a gambler.

He went down into the workings day after day, digging deeper and deeper—until the day his dynamite charges made the muck run red. He brought up twenty per cent ore. Then he went north, to Jerome, Arizona, where he urged his friend George Mitchell, boss of the United Verde, to throw in with him.

Together they dug out the ore, then bonded the mine to a Detroit syndicate. They got enough for a fresh start. But when news drifted back to them that the worn-out mine was going to be a real producer, Bill fought to get it back. The syndicate thumbed their noses at the hardrock miner.

Greene borrowed train fare from Mitchell, and made the slow, long journey to Mexico City, where he called on his good friend, Porfirio Diaz, President of Mexico. Greene told him his troubles. Diaz promised the return of his mine.

That was Greene's big start. He hauled copper to Nogales, where he sold it to an ore buyer. He used the money to buy supplies. But with success almost within his brawny grasp, Greene realized he was too poor to handle it. He needed big money—Wall Street money. Greene went to New York.

In New York, Greene rented a black suit, shiny black boots, plug hat, diamond stickpin, a white bosom shirt and tie. He registered at the Waldorf Astoria, as "Colonel" William C. Greene. His fabulous career got started in earnest now. He had chunks of native cop-

(Continued on page 51)

Man of the West!

By GEORGE JONES

Photos from Ed Bartholomew collection

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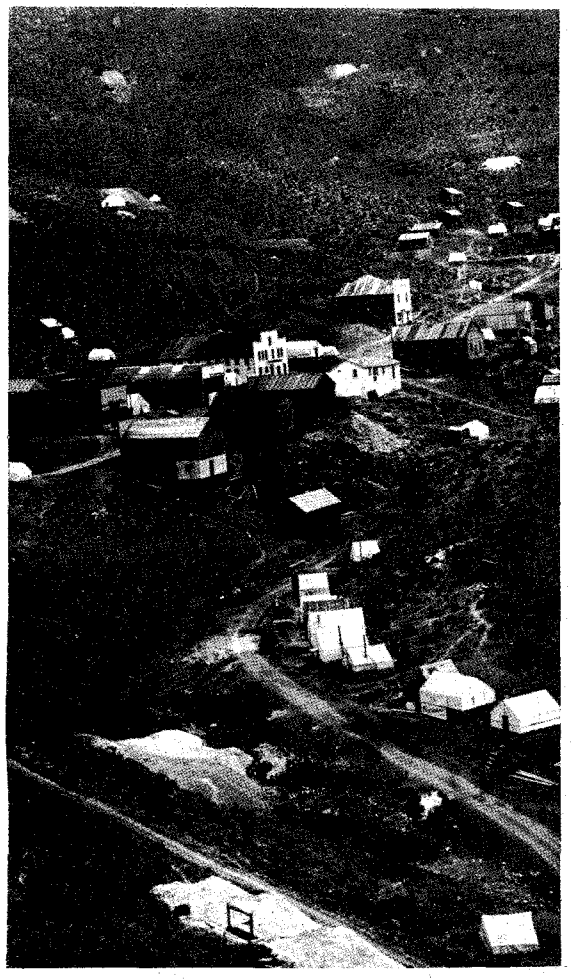

Civic spirits and real estate ran high in the booming twin towns. Then one day, a frothing crest of flood-waters rode through the canyon . . . marking the end of

Seven Troughs' Bonanza

By NELL MURBARGER
From Desert Magazine

Above: Seven Troughs, Nevada, about 1908—before it was washed down the canyon by an avalanche of nature on the loose. Below: Arrival of the U. S. mail "stages" at Mazuma, Nevada, about 1908. Fifteen autos in service on the Lovelock-Seven Troughs' run were raced on holidays.

DURING the first decade of the present century, mining journals were top-heavy with news of Nevada. From a dozen camps came tales of incredible riches and of treasure even more spectacular that seemed to be awaiting the next round of shots. Tonopah, Goldfield, Rhyolite, Hornsilver, Rawhide, National, Fairview—all these camps were gleaming like the aurora borealis on a cold night, and over between the Stone House Range and the Trinity Mountains lay the four great camps of the Seven Troughs' District.

Barely eight miles separated Vernon on the south, and Farrell near the district's north boundary; and between these points lay the towns of Seven Troughs and Mazuma. Sheep had ranged this vicinity for many years, and it was a cluster of sheep watering troughs around a spring that gave name to the new mining district, to one of its towns, and to the canyon in which that town and its sister camp of Mazuma were located. The latter name, needless to say, had its origin in the popular slang term for "money"—and a most appropriate title that must have seemed when all the news issuing from the Seven Troughs District was "Big Money" news!

During the first two days of work on a claim near Seven Troughs, more than $3,600 in ore had been taken from a hole only ten feet deep, said *Tonopah Bonanza,* on January 19, 1907. This

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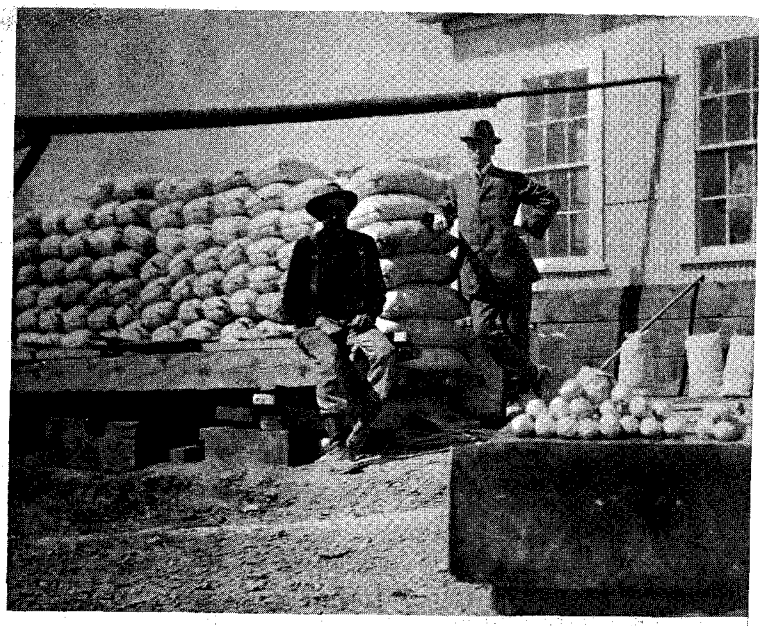


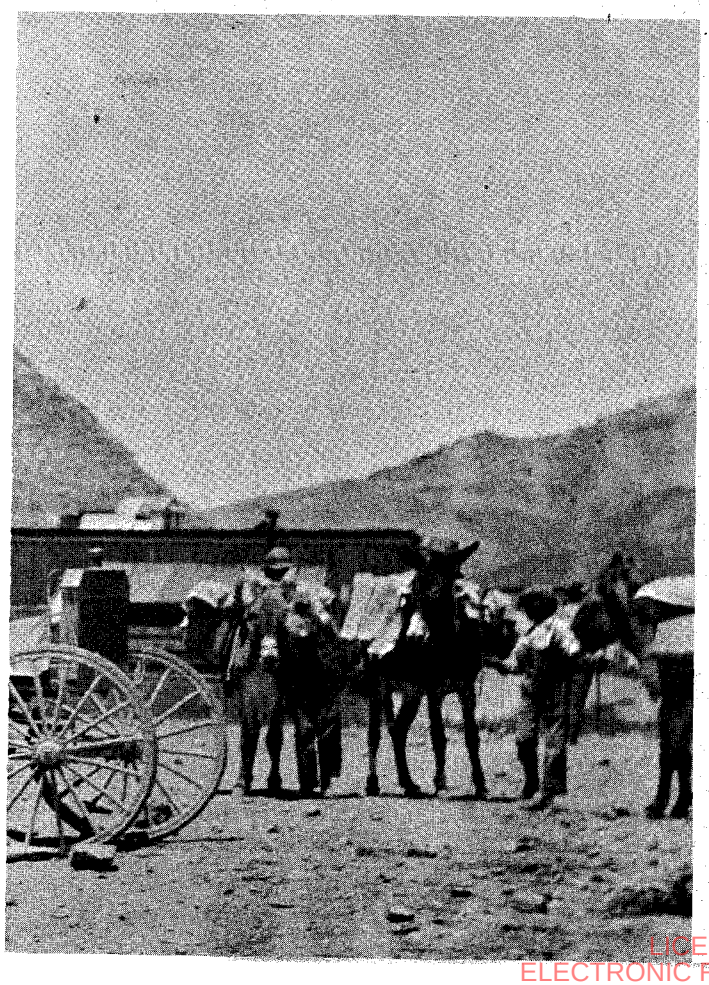
Above left: Looking up now-barren Seven Troughs' Canyon; a bustling area just little more than fifty years ago—the site of a rich gold and silver rush. Above right: Matthew Gillespie, superintendent of Darby Reduction Company Mill in the Seven Troughs' area, stands beside sacked gold ore. Seated man is unknown. Below right: the houses in Mazuma were carried down the canyon in a flood that swept away homes, hopes and lives. This photo taken January 4, 1909.

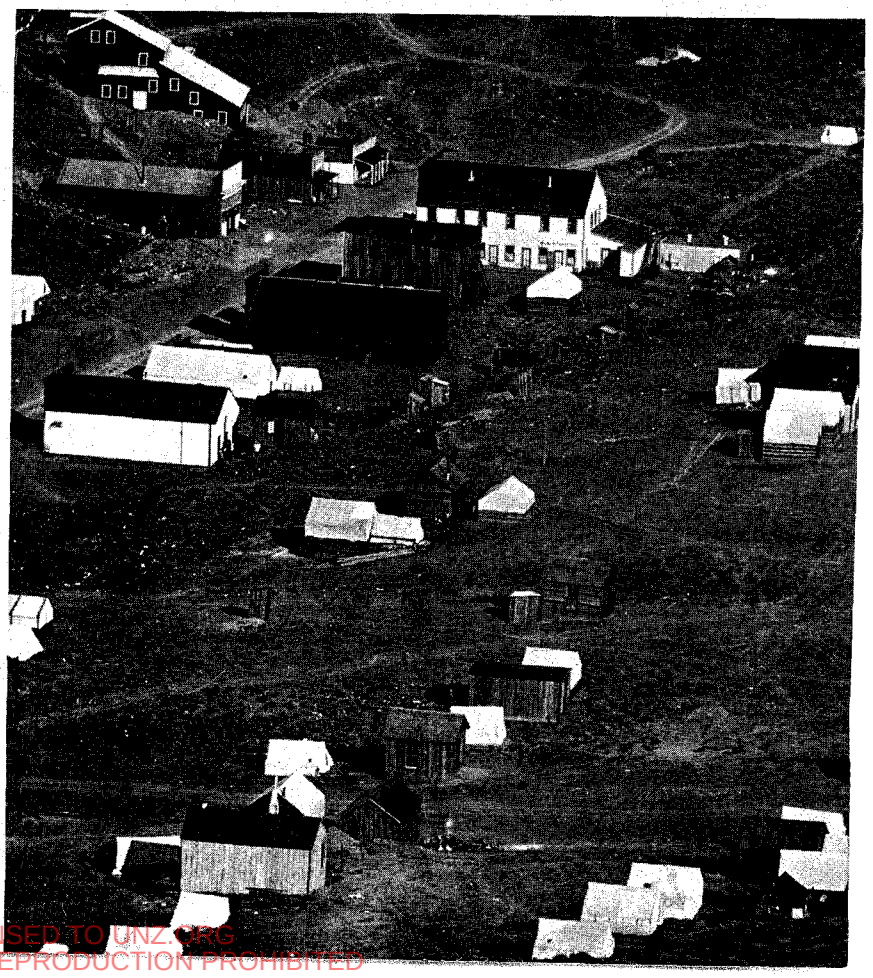
made a great story until December of that year when ore worth a dollar a pound was found in the Wild Horse Mine; and this discovery was eclipsed by two-dollar-a-pound rock from the Little Hero Tunnel, northwest of Farrell!

But the Little Hero and Wild Horse stories dwindled to mediocrity on March 7, 1908, when *Seven Troughs Miner* reported that the Kindergarten Mine had hit an ore shoot running $100,000 in gold to each ton of rock; and even this report was put in the shade on October 3, of that year, when *Seven Troughs District News* revealed that the Wihuja Company, operating the Stoker Lease, had tapped ore assaying $125,000 a ton! When the Wihuja began storing its unmilled ore in the vault of the Vernon bank for safekeeping, everyone felt the ultimate had been reached. Even the state which had cut her teeth on the fabulous Comstock and grown fat on the "jewelry rock" of Goldfield, seldom had heard of raw ore being stored in a bank vault.

It was a nice touch—and Seven Troughs boomed!

No one knows who was first to find gold or silver in these hills, nor the year of that discovery; for although prospectors were ranging over this vicinity as early as the 1860's and claims were located, no excitement attended these initial efforts and no camps were established. Likely the first really important strike in the district was that made by W. A. Stautts and Jack Bishop in the late autumn of 1905. Other important strikes soon followed. In June, 1906, Johnny Mackedon and Billy Kavanaugh located a group of claims soon purchased by L. A. Friedman for $50,000. This ground became the great Fairview Mine. Another of the first mines of the 1906 era at Seven Troughs was located by Tommy Owens, Joe Therien, and Frank Crumpacker. Purchased by Friedman for $75,000, these claims became the rich Kindergarten. Where Friedman had acquired $125,000 to buy the two mines isn't quite clear, since oldtimers in the Lovelock vicinity remember him as a sewing machine agent. Ev-





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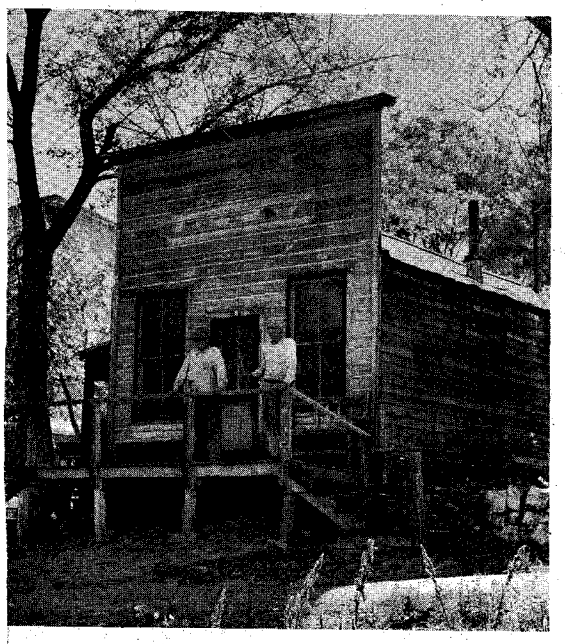
At right: Business was good in Lovelock, Nevada, before the Seven Troughs' tragedy and merchants prospered. Here a stagecoach leaves Lovelock in 1907. Below: Ed Green (left) and Link Nickerson, standing on the porch of the old Vernon Bank building. They helped the author reconstruct the scene.



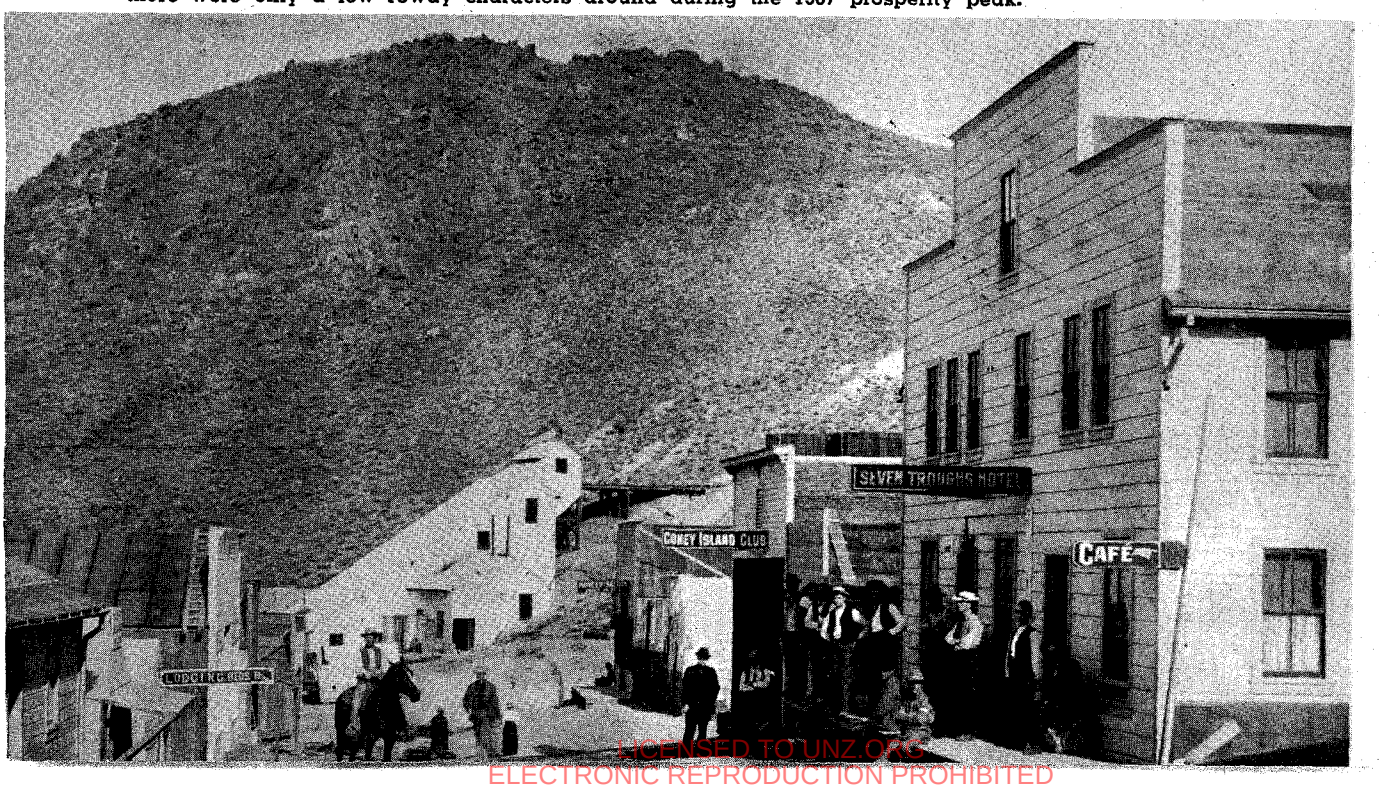
eryone agrees, however, that Friedman was a "sharp operator"—and sharp operators have clever ways of acquiring outside capital.

With four towns founded and nearly 500 men employed in local mines and mills, the district settled down to a steady and well-ordered growth. Building lots in Vernon, which had sold for $75 each in the fall of 1906, by the next summer were bringing $1,500. Each of the four towns had its post office, and both Vernon and Mazuma had banks. *The Vernon Miner,* published by J. R. Hunter, made its bow January 4, 1907. Six months later, Howard W. Cherry launched his *Vernon Review.* On the heels of the *Review* came the *Seven Troughs Miner,* edited by Roy D. Karris; and in September, 1908, was born the *Seven Troughs District News,* published at Mazuma, by Howard N. Riddle. The district by this time also embraced two public schools, about thirty stores, half a dozen real estate and brokerage offices, and about that many lodging houses. The local miners' union had a membership of 200 men, and wages ranged from four dollars a day for muckers, to five dollars for engineers and timbermen.

BUT despite their phenomenally-rich ore and then-high wages, towns of the district were not dedicated exclusively to work. Baseball teams of Mazuma and Seven Troughs played each other and Lovelock and Mazuma's gay blades supported a lively athletic club which collected a purse of $100,000 as a bid for the Jeffries-Johnson championship boxing match. Vernon's smartly-uniformed brass band played for ball games, parades, drilling contests and civic functions, and the Seven Troughs Minstrels were considered "tops" in entertainment —their performances at the Miner's Union Hall in Mazuma drawing heavy attendance from miles around. Holidays were roundly observed; each Fourth of July finding residents of the district gathered at Mazuma for patriotic oratory and song, foot and horse races, tugs-o'-war, ladies' nail-driving contests, boys' pie-eating bouts and competition in hardrock drilling and mucking. Boxing matches, dancing and the firing of giant powder, brought such events to thunderous conclusion.

Except that Labor Day celebrations were held at Seven Troughs rather than Mazuma, they followed the same general pattern as that marking July Fourth.

The main street of Seven Troughs was more peaceful than in most mining towns; there were only a few rowdy characters around during the 1907 prosperity peak.



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At left: Students, teachers and parents all turned out for the Seven Troughs' tent school graduation ceremony, May, 1908. There were two public schools in the district. Below: This double-armed cross marks the graves of four-year-old George Keheo and Ronald Keheo, nineteen months, who drowned in the 1912 disaster.

One notable exception was the barbecue and drilling contest which featured the Labor Day observance in 1908. The affair took place at Friedman's Kindergarten Mine, where hundreds of persons—one newspaper reported "nearly 5,000"—were served a barbecue dinner for which special chefs cooked two fat beeves, gallons of beans, and a barrel of coffee, and local bakeries produced 400 loaves of bread.

After gorging themselves to repletion, contenders and spectators squared away for the hardrock drilling contests, in which one man of a team held a piece of regulation drill steel and gave it quarter turns while his partner hammered the steel with quick, sharp blows. The winning team was the one which, in fifteen minutes, managed to sink its drill deepest into a block of granite.

On this memorable Labor Day, the Vernon team, composed of Drillers Henderson and Nomes, sank their steel to the depth of thirty-five and one-sixth inches—an achievement that came close to matching the world's record for hardrock drilling. Then came the Seven Troughs boys, Ray and Martin, and when their steel had chewed into the granite for fifteen minutes and the hole was measured, it was found they had beaten the Vernon team by seven-sixteenths of an inch, thereby qualifying for the first prize money of $250.00.

As betting on the contest had been lively, and the crowd was keyed to high pitch, the judges' decision was greeted by wild cheering from the Seven Troughs and Mazuma contingents, and equally loud jeers from the Vernon sector. Cheering and jeering led to hot words, and words to blows—and, seconds later, that entire assemblage was embroiled in a wild free-for-all—with 500 men tossing haymakers and hammerlocks and garnishing them with plain slugging, biting, kicking and gouging. After general exhaustion brought the clash to a halt, members of the competing teams arranged for a return match the following day, with a $200 side bet at stake. When Henderson and Nomes bettered their original record by drilling to a depth of thirty-six and seven-eighths inches, the earlier losers were mollified and everyone went home happy.

Another contest that evoked an unusual amount of interest was the automobile road race.

In the early months of the Seven Troughs boom, all freight consigned to the new camps was hauled from the railroad at Lovelock in wagons drawn by heavy draft animals, while passenger traffic and the mails were shuttled over the road in four-horse stagecoaches driven by such experienced "whips" as Charlie Brumfield. The thirty-mile trip from Lovelock was made with one change of animals at "Halfway House"—a small wooden station and corrals located at a good spring of water on the west slope of the Trinities. Stages required about five hours to cover the distance; wagons, longer.

Before the Seven Troughs strike was a year old, however, automobiles began encroaching upon the scene. Although low in horsepower and having the general appearance of a lightweight top-less buggy, they were well-suited to the bad roads and inexperienced drivers of that day. Their mechanisms were simple enough that almost any smart boy could repair them with materials commonly at hand; high wheels provided adequate clearance beneath their vitals, and their solid rubber tires were invulnerable to sharp rocks and other hazards of the road.

By averaging better time than was made by even the speediest horse-drawn stage, the gas buggies soon captured the

(Continued on page 44)

Commerce and conviviality caused quite a lot of traffic in the booming mine area. Charlie Brumfield was driving this stage from Lovelock to Vernon in 1907.

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SNOWDRIFT—

Honest of the Lone

SNOWDRIFT, they called him, but it was not the heightened greyness of his coat that made him famous. Whiteness is against a wolf for the same reason that on Indian-threatened frontiers no man wanted to ride a white horse. White makes too clear a target at night. Night was when Snowdrift operated mostly, night and dusk and dawn. For the comparatively few men who ever saw him one glimpse was enough to identify him. The handicap seemed to sharpen his intelligence; it illuminated his achievements.

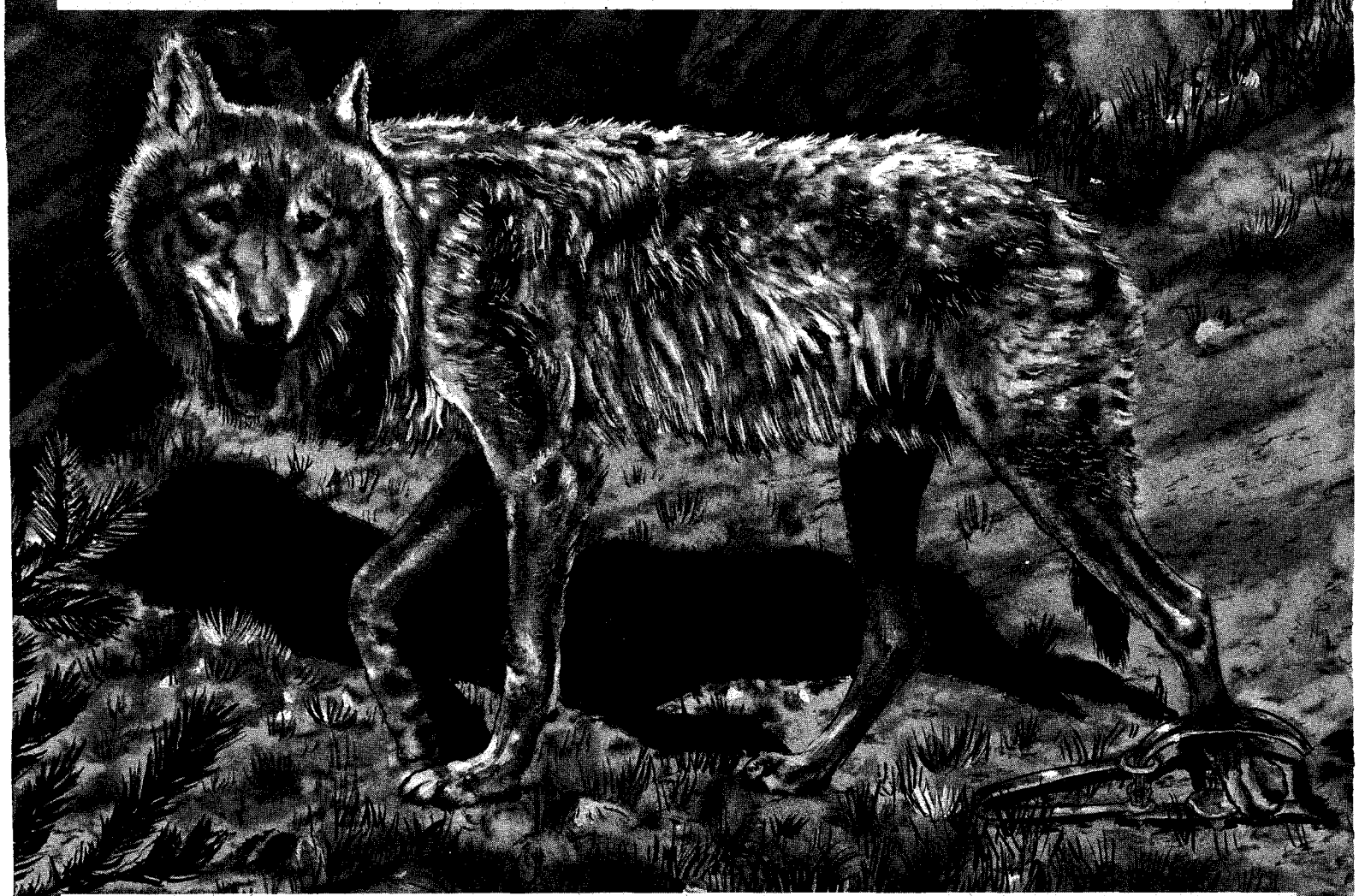
Considering the odds against him, the limitations of his species that individual daring and cunning surmounted, one inclines to rank him above every other wolf in Western history except, always, the Custer Wolf.

His most familiar beat was over a wide front seventy-five miles long between the Belt Mountains of Montana and the Bear Paws. It took him through the Highwood Mountains and across the Missouri River, which he swam whether it was high or low, churning with ice or clear. In the frozen dead of winter he walked across it. To go the length of his range, he had to cross two railroad tracks, the rights of way of which were fenced with sheep- and wolf-proof fences he had to pass through.

He was known to cover 125 miles in twenty-four hours. When he was bound for far places, he travelled in a long, sweeping trot that approached a lope, and it was tireless. He had longer legs than nearly any other wolf. Not once, but again and again, he made a kill fifty miles from where he had made one the preceding night. Often he would travel forty miles from one kill before making another. Ranchers knew him for 300 miles around.

He had been caught in a trap while young and lost a claw from his left front foot. The missing toe made his track distinct and tracks always make a record for those who can read.

He began depredating on cattle about 1917 and during the next thirteen years killed perhaps 1,500 head, two a week being a conservative average. During the years of his killing and keeping free, between 150 and 200 other wolves, counting pups, were cleaned out of his territory; indeed, it was absolutely cleaned of wolves until only he was left. Rewards up to $500 were offered



He knew men better than they knew themselves and shunned leadership of other wolves, but for thirteen years, the crafty killer remained King of the Montana renegades

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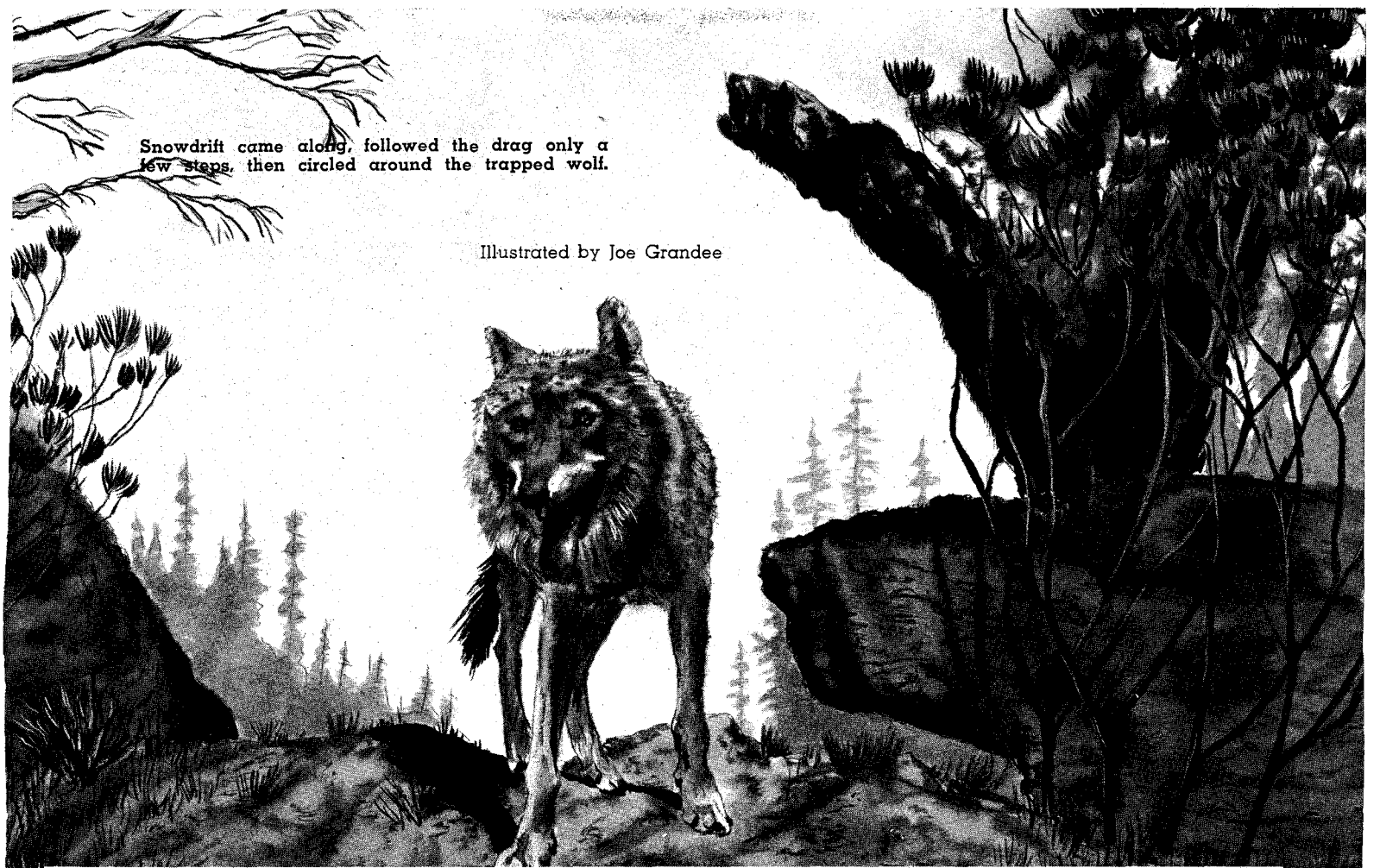

Snowdrift came along, followed the drag only a few steps, then circled around the trapped wolf.

Illustrated by Joe Grandee

for his scalp. Dozens of trappers from Montana, other states, and Canada tried for the reward and the reputation that getting him would bring. Ranchmen in his wide and shifting range habitually carried rifles, hoping for a shot at him.

The individuals who sighted him at anything like close range were almost invariably not looking for him and were as much taken by surprise as he was. He always seemed to know when a man was on his trail. Then he took to the mountains, coming down only for beef.

Headquarters of his realm was Stanford. Here sportsmen from as far away as New Jersey came with their hounds to hunt him down. When they got a first-hand view of the millions of acres of canyons, peaks, and ridges that made up most of Snowdrift's range, they usually lost their dream of swift execution. He turned on a pack of five Russion hounds that had run themselves down after him and killed the isolated leader. The other hounds made for their far-behind master. The idea of running Snowdrift with hounds died.

Yet he bore none of the scars that usually mark fighting leaders. He did not want to lead a pack. So far as known, he did not once gang up with other wolves to run a deer or antelope into a snow bank for capture. He relied on his lone self. He wanted liberty above all else, and he knew that he could maintain it only in loneliness, without obligations to, attachments to, or connections with any other individual of his kind, be she winsome or be he ever so cunning.

DURING all the years of his hunted life no man ever saw Snowdrift with another wolf. Always he ranged alone. Yet he was no celibate. The ordinary male wolf stays with a bitch in heat for two or three weeks. When Snowdrift, as tracks showed, got with one, he did not dally long before satisfying himself and cutting off to go his lone way. In undisturbed nature, wolves pair off and remain mates for years, even a lifetime, the male helping to guard dens and feed the young. Snowdrift never guarded anything but his life and liberty, never fed anything but the buzzards and scavenger coyotes following him afar off for his leavings.

Early in 1923 Barney Brannon, noted hunter of predatory animals, learned by sign that Snowdrift had mated with a female known as Cripple Foot. Barney turned his attention to her, hoping to intercept Snowdrift. He knew she would pup in about two months, and at the end of that period he became convinced that she had a den along Dead Man's Coulee, in the Little Belt Mountains. For two weeks he rode hills and cuts, laying under snowbanks, crouched behind rocks, trying to see Cripple Foot or her trail. Then one night snow fell and the next morning Barney struck the track he was looking for. He followed its twistings for five miles before coming to a craftily concealed hole in rocks under fallen logs.

When he dismounted to inspect the hole, he left his rifle in the saddle scabbard. As he leaned over, Cripple Foot charged to the mouth of the opening. He kicked in dirt and stones to drive her back. She came on and he hit her on the mouth with a big rock. As she backed down, he stuffed his chaps and coat into the hole to bottle her up. He always carried a short-handled shovel on his saddle. With it he dug a hole straight down to the tunnel. As soon as it was made, Cripple Foot tried to come up but was killed with one shot. Barney got two pups and was about to leave when he heard a whimper in another compartment of the den. There he found four others. The den was on a conspicuous mound. Cripple Foot had been using the pile of logs over it as a lookout, well concealed for spying over the country before leaving to hunt.

At this very time, as it was later learned, Snowdrift was in the Bear Paws, away north of the Missouri River. He was never known to enter a den. Sometimes wolves den in old prospect holes. Bob Kennon used to dig at likely places, bring in bones from kills at other places and scattered them about the prepared ones, making everything favorable for occupancy. A few times this ruse worked on females about to pup. No blizzard could drive, any more than a female could attract, Snowdrift into a hole. His self-sufficiency had no limitations.

A biological survey man kept a pet female wolf that had lured many a male to death. One winter she came into heat in Snowdrift's range. The trapper chained her out and ringed the ground around her with traps. If Snowdrift sensed her he went the other way.

Like other males of the canine family, he left his "sign" on bushes and trees and revisited them to see if a female had responded. Many traps were set at these "markers" of his—traps smoked over burning sagebrush, dipped in sagebrush tea, rubbed with beef tallow, handled only with smoked gloves. Never was he known to come to a bush or tree where a trap had been set. One trapper found that he had used the bleached skull of a dead horse for a marker. The trapper sprinkled scent just west of the skull and set a trap east of it. In the night Snowdrift scratched about the skull a little but avoided both trap and scent.

NO MAN who followed Snowdrift ever figured him out well enough to "take roundance" on him. One of his

(Continued on page 48)

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Ben Thompson when he was City Marshal.

A candid portrait of

THE FABULOUS BEN THOMPSON

By JACK LAFFERTY

BEN THOMPSON'S first brush with fame came in 1858 when, in a moment of childish displeasure, he emptied the contents of a shotgun into the southern exposure of a north-bound playmate, and soon after became the youngest person around Austin, Texas, to be tried, convicted and pardoned.

All this happened to Ben at the ripe old age of sixteen, and with a start like that he couldn't miss. In fact, so well did he demean himself in his chosen career of gunslinger in later years that Colt expert Bat Masterson gave his considered opinion that Ben was faster and deadlier with a gun than men like Wild Bill Hickok, Wyatt Earp, Billy Tilghman, Charlie Bassett, Luke Short and Clay Allison.

Had any of these gentlemen ventured to engage in smoky argument with the pride of Austin, Masterson was practically certain that they would have been leading the procession at the funeral.

Ben was a foreigner. His father, a retired officer from Queen Victoria's navy, brought his son and the rest of his family to this country when Benjamin was only a boy, but it took the youngster but a short while to become thoroughly Americanized, and to regard a .45 as an uncontrovertible argument.

This first peccadillo of Ben's occurred even before he was apprenticed to a printer to learn a trade he never used. But his talents were not the sort that could be hidden under a bushel and when, six months after this youthful escapade, he shot and nearly killed a Negro, he was arrested, tried, and sentenced to the juzgado. This was not so much, the judge was careful to explain, an inhibition of boyish enterprise as it was because he had endangered a valuable piece of property belonging to someone else.

However, these childish pranks marked him as a likely lad, and as Texas in those days was an unregenerate commonwealth, with more card than gospel sharks, it was but natural for the boy to seek the company of gun-toting gamblers who patted him on the back and told him that he'd go far if he just kept on like he started. In a land where the value of two pairs before the draw and the proper handling of a Peacemaker were regarded as indispensable parts of any gentleman's education, Ben had his Ph.D. before he was twenty, and set out to see the world.

Kissing his mother good-bye (a thing all gunmen do in their reminiscences) he conferred the honor of his presence on New Orleans.

AS WE have seen, Ben was a man of impeccable gallantry, in whose eyes women were sacred, and the Cresent City soon gave him an opportunity to show his chivalry, and to instruct the gay young blades of the town in some new and constructive deviltry.

When Emil de Tour insulted a young lady on a Canal Street bus, her somewhat doubtful virtue rendered her no less worthy of protection, and Ben swung from the floor. A hard right to the miscreant's jaw laid him on the deck, where the boy from Texas danced a fandango on his features.

Monsieur de Tour, after he had recovered sans teeth and looks, wanted blood and challenged Thompson. Ben, looking at an encounter with deadly weapons as anything but a social event, stipulated that he and the Frenchman continue their dance in a pitch-dark room armed with butcher knives.

From this sanguinary encounter, Thompson emerged unscathed to a New Orleans ready and willing to "reward" a man who could invent such an original and effective revision to the code duello. But Ben (who took one look at the arrangements and shied away from ropes ever after) didn't stay for the necktie party. Dyeing his face with walnut juice to keep from being recognized, he paddled across the Mississippi so fast he looked like a water-skier, and took off for the Lone Star State.

Home again after his travels, our hero rapidly received recognition as a man whose dexterity with the pasteboards merited an opponent's close attention, and there was no doubt in anyone's mind that he had a gay and brilliant future. Card practice was always available, and to keep his hand in at his other accomplishment, he took part in several excursions against the Comanches, many of whom he used as clay pigeons, much to their detriment.

Thus affairs stood—with Ben a well-thought-of member of Austin's inner circle, grouped around the city's gaming tables—when the Civil War broke out.

Duty called, and Ben and his cards volunteered in the service of the South where, from retreat to reveille, he dealt monte, raked in the dinero and manipulated his six-shooters with his usual lethal dexterity.

During this period of youthful endeavor, our hero added at least four notches to his gun-butts, the last one in Austin where he had gone to recruit a company for military service. Skeptics,

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The bartender Mark Wilson cut loose with a shotgun.

Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

among whom a certain Mr. Coombs was prominent, were unkind enough to say that the troop looked more like a co-operative conglomeration of road agents, gathered to rob stagecoaches and loot supply trains.

True though the words may have been they wounded Ben's sensitive feelings, with the result that Mr. Coombs shortly led quite a number of friends to the cemetery.

What really broke Ben's heart, however, was the base injustice with which he was treated afterwards.

He was locked up!

But Austin looked after its own.

Good women worked over hot cook stoves to prepare dainties for the distinguished visitor to the town's bastille. (He was such a nice young man—and so courteous!) Other good ladies supplicated the governor with tears in their eyes for his release. (Ben was always so good to his mother!)

Finally through surreptitious aid of friends, Ben and five companions headed for Matamoros and the court of Maximilian, who was reputed to need first class fighting men.

THOMPSON, according to his own somewhat biased account, was promptly promoted to lieutenant, then captain, then offered a majority within three days, all because of his marvelous valor. On the fourth, having been decent as long as he could, he and a boon companion went on a spree and killed eleven Mexican policemen.

He wasn't promoted for that, but according to Ben's account, when he was brought before his commander, General Mejia, the next morning that worthy pressed Ben to his bosom. The sixth morning, when Thompson found it necessary to kill a man that he had missed the night the policemen were slaughtered, the General hauled off and gave him $2,000 in gold—just like that!

But it was too late for Maximilian. By the time Ben got through committing the homicides and being rewarded for it and he and the General had reached Queretaro, the unfortunate emperor was in the hands of his enemies and headed for the firing squad. So the pride of Austin, afraid that he would meet the same fate, picked the fastest horse he could find and high-tailed it out of there for Vera Cruz and the protection of the French veterans at that place.

Thompson made it all right, only to succumb to a severe attack of yellow fever, lying in the hospital for months before returning to Texas.

There he met a surprise.

He was arrested and tried for killing Coombs. The jury acquitted him without ever leaving the box, a state of affairs eminently satisfactory to Mr. Thompson, who stepped out of the courtroom into God's sunlight a free man.

But luck was against him.

Within a few weeks he was mixed up in another shooting and, despite the fact that he only maimed his victim and threatened to shoot anyone that swore out a warrant for his arrest, he couldn't win. Massed military might was used to throw him into the bull pen, and he was given four years in the penitentiary. He served two of these before being pardoned.

Thoroughly disgusted with Texas, where law had taken the place of license, Ben headed up the trail to Kansas where, after some vicissitudes, he became half owner with Phil Coe of the Bull's Head Saloon in Abilene. Coe was eventually killed by Wild Bill Hickok while Thompson was nursing a broken leg in a Kansas City hospital. After he recovered, Ben went first to Ellsworth, Kansas, another wild and woolly cow town, and then to Leadville, Colorado, and Pueblo, New Mexico, before he returned to Austin and opened the Iron Front Saloon as an oasis for the arid.

FROM this point on, Ben's career grows still more involved, and even his biographer, an Austin lawyer—the Honorable W. M. Walton—is a little hazy on some points.

As proprietor of the Iront Front, Ben fell out with the owner of a combined vaudeville theater and saloon down the street and, one thing leading to another, two of the vaudeville man's minions were appointed to kill Ben the first time he entered the door. It became noised around town that the vaudeville man was thoroughly organized for Thompson. The latter, after hearing this rumored time and again, decided to inspect the arrangements that had been made to usher him from this vale of tears.

"Zeno," said Ben to a friend of his, Zeno Hemphill, "just fall in behind me when I go through that door, and stay a few feet back when I get into that honky-tonk. If you see anything that don't look right, holler."

Ben ambled through the door that led from the street to the barroom and took a quick look around. Seeing nothing alarming, he continued his leisure-

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The old Spanish tailing dumps—tangible evidence of the painstaking work done by miners who lived centuries ago.

Lost Spanish Mines of the Burro

By LESLIE J. REAGAN

MY favorite hobby, keenly shared by my wife Joan, was prospecting the hills and valleys of East Texas. Then our son Russell was born and our mineral hunting had to stop for a time. We missed our trips, for each had been rugged but wonderful adventure. Finally, three years ago, when Russ was only four months old, we decided to shoot the works and really go prospecting.

After careful planning, packing and repacking, we headed West with Russ safely tucked in his crib behind the front seat of our station wagon, well surrounded by suitcases, bedding, Geiger counters and prospecting equipment of all kinds. In a two-wheel cargo trailer behind the wagon we lugged clothes, dishes and other essentials.

We had previously picked Arizona as our final destination, but kept an open eye and an open mind for any likely locations along the way. Since there are no Federal lands for mineral filing in Texas, we really began looking the country over after we had crossed the New Mexico state line.

Approaching Lordsburg, New Mexico, the Pyramid Mountains to our left and the Burro Mountains to our right caught our fancy and we decided to stay for a few days and look over the mineral possibilities.

Our first move was to find a good motel and an approved baby sitter. For these necessary item we dropped by the Hidalgo County Chamber of Commerce and met their very charming manager, Mrs. Marguerite Codding. She not only gave us the needed information but offered her assistance in any way possible in our search for minerals.

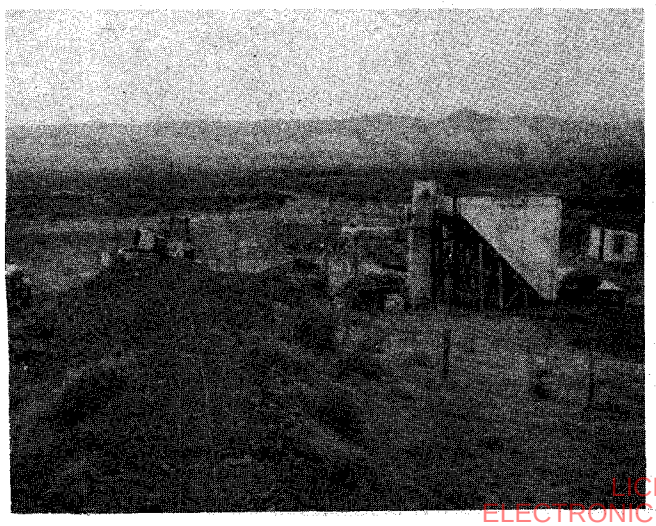
After proceeding to the motel, we found that Russ was out of boiled water—and now started a series of events that provided us with our biggest laugh, my wife's greatest embarrassment, a new partner and a co-ownership of seven lost Spanish gold mines!

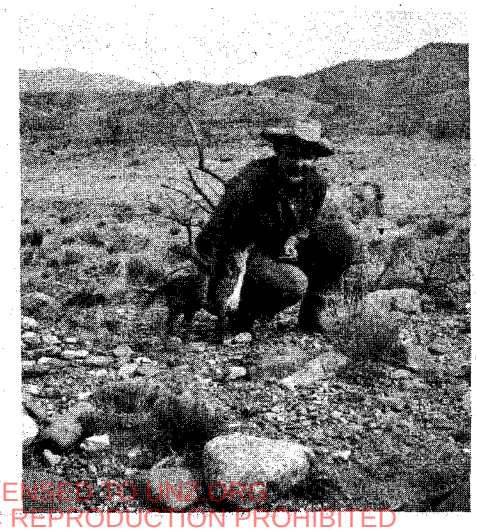
Since the weather was wet and cold, I left Joan and Russ in the motel room and made a dash to the cafe for the water. At about the time Joan figured I'd return, a knock came at her door. Thinking it was me kidding her, since we didn't know anybody in Lordsburg, she piped, "If you haven't got sense to come in out of the rain, just drown!"

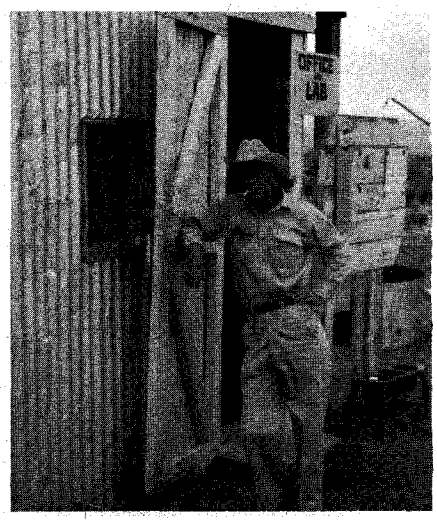
A moment's silence followed, then again the knock. "Stand out there and freeze, you dope!" cried Joan. The third time the knock sounded, she dashed to the door, pulled it open with a "Les, you nut . . ."

That's as far as she got before going speechless. A neatly uniformed police of-

Below left: Mill and ore car tracks of the Three Bells Mining and Milling Company—dream come true for three twentieth century prospectors. Below center: Joan Reagan, the author's wife. Below right: John (Chick) Bailey leaning against the Three Bells office building. This police officer on leave led the Reagans to the discovery of the seven Spanish mines.







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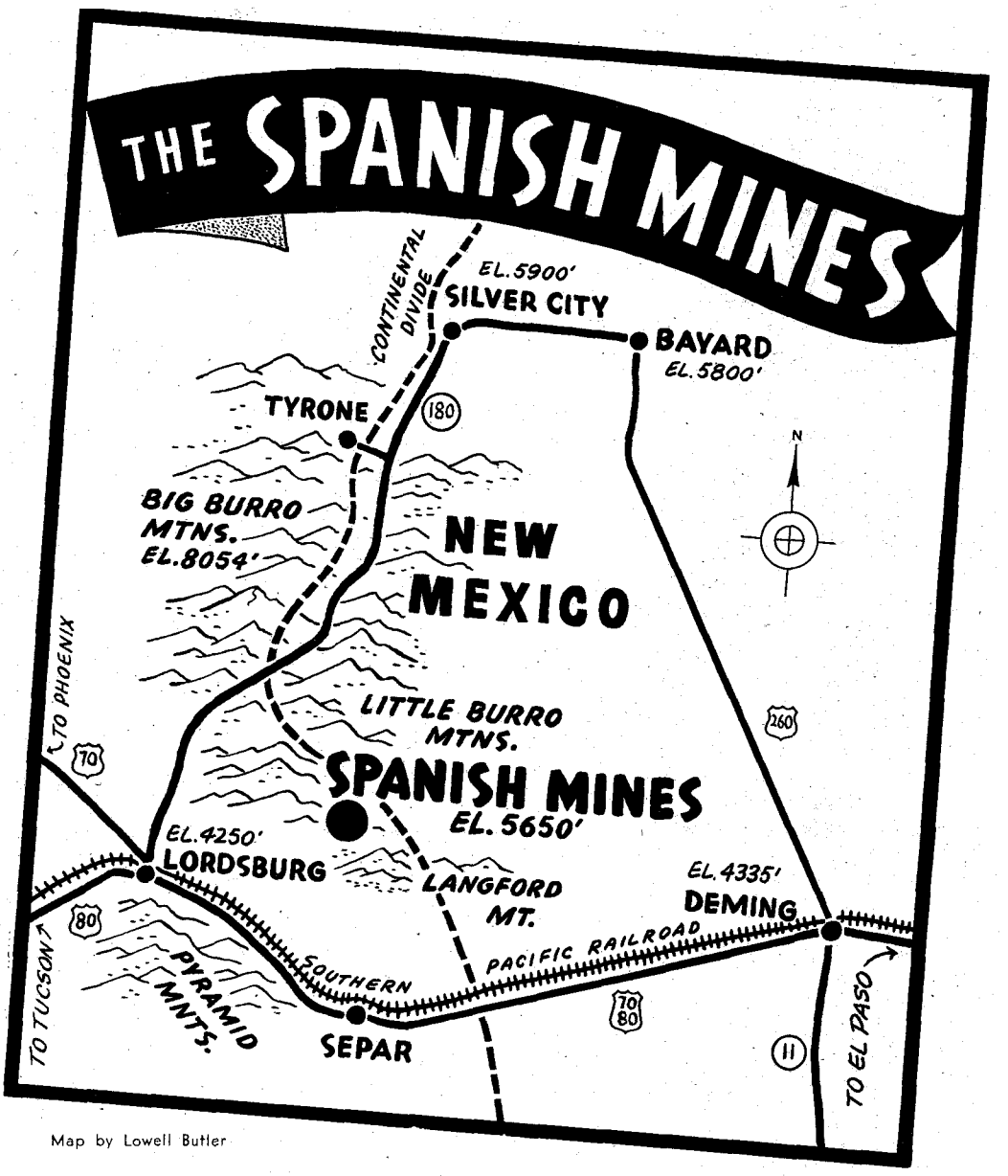
Here's one for your cynics who think all lost mines are pure figments of disordered imaginations

Mountains



Map by Lowell Butler

ficer stood on the threshold. At this interesting moment I drove up and, for the first time in my life, found Joan red of face and at an utter loss for words.

Grinning, the officer introduced himself as John Bailey of the Lordsburg Police Department, explaining further that Mrs. Codding had called him since he too was interested in prospecting. We—or rather I, since Joan was still too embarrassed to talk—invited him in. He showed us various samples of lead, gold and silver ore, and some thorium samples that set our Geiger counter into spasms.

Fortunately John had some time off coming to him, so early next morning we took off in his pickup and headed out across the desert to the Burro Mountains. Day after day we knocked on rocks, listened to our Geigers click with radioactivity, and prowled the ledges, canyons and peaks.

After a week of this we were convinced that we need go no further in our search for minerals. This area offered plenty of minerals for the filing and taking.

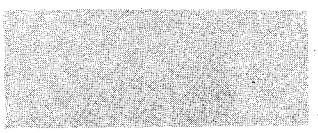
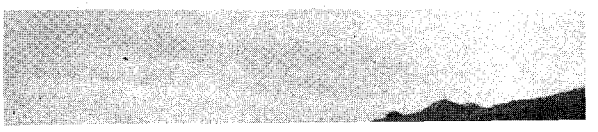
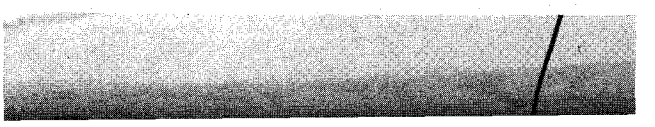
THEN John pulled his big surprise. We were heading across the desert one morning when John, with his now familiar dry grin, asked us if we would be interested in seven old Spanish mines he had found.

"You kidding?" Joan and I asked in unison.

"Nope," he said, pulling off the road into a very steep and sandy arroyo. Shifting into low gear, we began a long slow climb. I expected the truck to bog down any minute, but John is the best

(Continued on page 41)

Below left: The Author. Below center: More of the old Spanish tailing piles in the rugged desert country between the Langford and Burro Mountains. Below right: Three Bells' hoist house, office, warehouse and water tank. The trio's thirty-nine claims contain gold, silver, lead, thorium as well as copper and molybdenum.

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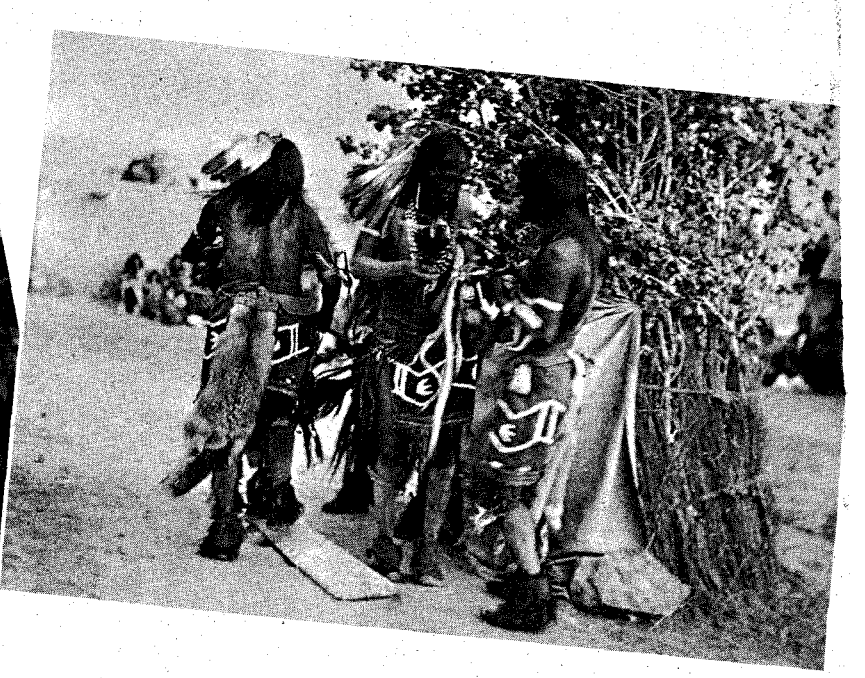
At right: Hopi snake dancers play three roles in the centuries-old ritual. One group, like these two men, fondles the vipers and holds them in their teeth as they dance. Below: Hopi dancers with armfuls of snakes beside the "Kissa," sacred depository for dozens of rattlesnakes.



Coronado's men were awestricken by it in 1540 . . . four hundred years later, white men are still thrilled and amazed when red men send a message to the underworld in the

HOPI

Snake Dance

By ROBERT E. CALLAHAN

Photos author and Mullarky Photo Shop

IN the back country of Arizona, seventy miles from white habitation, lives today a clan of Indians who for centuries have conducted an annual ceremony in which they tease, fondle and play with rattlesnakes, as children play with Christmas toys. The weird ritual forms an exciting link with the colorful past of the American Indian.

Long before white men emigrated to America, there were more than three hundred Indian tribes on this continent. Trails led from one tribe to another; crossing and recrossing, winding through forests and underbrush, over rolling plains, across the blistering desert, through native villages of grass huts, skin tepees, bark lodges, mud-packed hogans, adobes and other native Indian homes. Each tribe created its own native dances and symbols and spoke a different language. However, with the aid of the universal sign language, trading went on between nearly all tribes. In the main, there was also peace; although raiding and sporadic warfare occurred between the Plains tribes and between the mighty Iroquois and their neighbors of the Eastern forests.

With white emigration came the oxen and mule-drawn wagons, which cut deeper and wider trails through the Indian country. A railroad spanned the continent in 1869, and each succeeding year saw a heavy increase in westbound travel. Belatedly, the Indians went to war to protect their wondrous heritage, but the tide of white settlers and soldiers was irresistible.

Upon the inevitable defeat of the Indians, the government moved the evicted red men from place to place. Reservations were created on lands unwanted by the settlers. Roads were built, and today automobiles can reach everywhere in Indian country except in certain portions of far-flung Navajoland.

The Hopi Snake Dance is a magnet for white tourists. The Snake Dance

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At left: A young Hopi boy trying to soothe the reptiles with a long wand of eagle feathers. Small lads sometimes take the place of their dead fathers in the Snake Clan. Above: In mid-August each year, Hopi Indians communicate with the underground spirit world through the snakes and pray for rain.

is a ritual and prayer for rain, and gratitude for whatever crops of corn and beans harvested that year. The ceremony is performed in five separate Hopi villages.

Several days prior to the ceremony, the Antelope Priests spend their time in the underground Kiva in which they make prayer sticks carved of cottonwood and decorated with paint, fuzz and fluffy feathers. Then, during the following four days, they comb the surroundings in search of snakes.

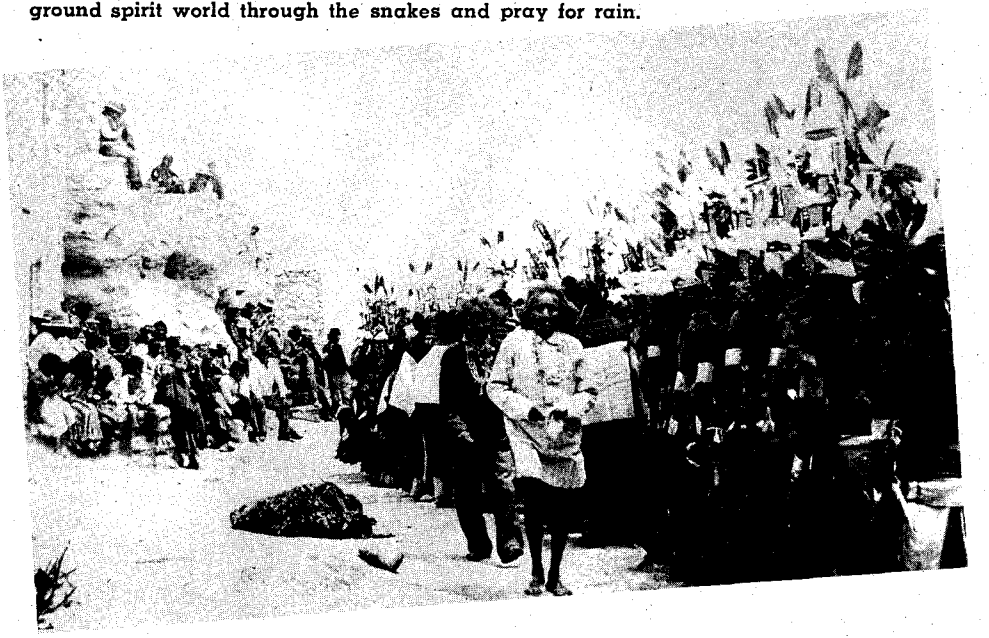
If a snake is coiled and shows fright or fight when found, native tobacco smoke is blown toward its head, followed by gentle stroking of the reptile's head and body. A strand of soft eagle feathers attached to a stick is used for this operation, which causes the snake to relax and be easily captured.

Upon return to the village with their catch, the priests mix native shrubs and roots into a salve or liquid. This is given to each dancer at the end of the ritual, and is so carefully guarded that only the Hopis could reveal its curative power.

Some years ago we formed a friendship with Charles Loomis, noted historian and writer. His wife was an Indian and she was responsible for our first view of the Hopi Snake Dance. Since that memorable day we have made many trips into various Indian reservations. Recently we returned again to the land of the Hopis. Modern highways led us to the edge of the reservation; hard gravel roads took us on into the picturesque locale of this article.

AS WE approached the village of Hota Villa, the fiery August sun beat down upon a hundred brown, ancient, weather-beaten Indian homes perched high on the mesa along the edge of precipitous cliffs. The adobe houses had odd-shaped doors, peepholes, and wood

(Continued on page 47)



Above: The snake ceremony is the same as Don Pedro de Tovar saw in 1540. Cameras are verboten—the only known photographs of the rites are these taken in 1914. Below: Turkey feathers, corn shucks and quills make headdresses for the wooers of snakes. Their moccasins are made of rabbit fur and fox skins dangle from their waists.

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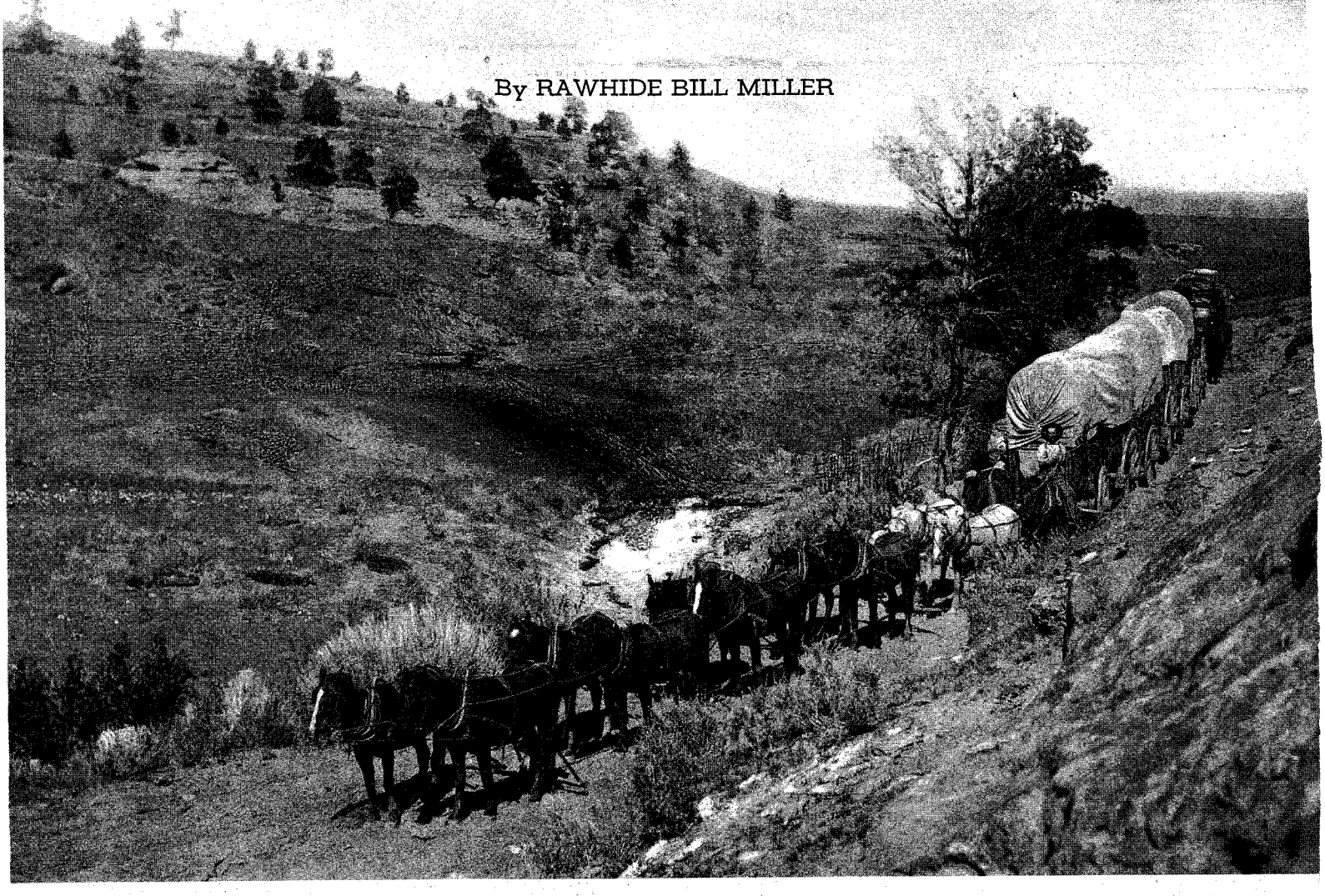
Phantom Pack Train

By RAWHIDE BILL MILLER



The landslide gathered momentum, roaring like thunder in the mountains above the mule skinner and the runaway wife, when Old Molly's bell chimed warning of death ahead

WEIRD and chilling tales of ghosts and spectral doings often come from long gone mining camps, such as "Happy Hollow" where I lived five of my early years.

The Hollow got its name from the deep V-shaped gorge, with the mine adit near the bottom on one side, and the buildings on the other. What was called the "cookhouse" really housed everything except the mule barns, blacksmith shop and assay office. On the ground floor were supplies enough to run through a white winter, when drifts would sometimes top the ridgepole, and we'd have to tunnel our way out. The second floor carried the kitchen, dining room and living quarters for my father, mother and four boys, of which I was the youngest. The bunkhouse was on the third floor, with two-stage bunks around the sides and narrow cots between, with accommodations for thirty men.

We had no telephone, wagon road nor conveniences of any kind. I would have come to life in Happy Hollow if a doctor had been near, but Mother carried me to San Francisco, where I got my first slap on the posterior and yielded my initial yowl.

Everything we ate or made use of came in by pack train—twelve to fifteen mules lined out over a narrow trail by a skinner named Mike McSween. Mike was Irish to the bone, rough and ready for anything, and considered the best trail packer around. For a fight or frolic they could aways count on big Mike. He was especially known for never abusing a mule, and though he would cock a wicked fist in a brawl, he was never known to pickhandle a dumb animal.

Mike did have a handy vocabulary of original cuss words, and a special blast for each mule in the train. "You lazy, lollylaggin' Lena. Get that load goin' or I'll rock E to sleep, an' I'll not be usin' a cradle. (Mike would use E for you or thee at times.) Your mother was a homeless mare. And your father? He was nothing but a damn jackass. No wonder you're a useless son! No, by the saints, you're a daughter. Well, anyhow —you're plain lazy, an' useless; but there might be hope if I'd build a fire beneath that belly of yours."

So Mike would rail on at Lena, or it might be Nellie, or Jack or Joe. He had a pleasant foghorn voice that carried to the far end of the string, and each mule would start when his or her name came charging through the air, then settle into a regular gait again. They seemed to know Mike was merely passing the time.

Sometimes a white winter would last three months or more, and come spring and a thaw, there would be slides and avalanches from the sudden rush of snow water, and Mike's orderly routine

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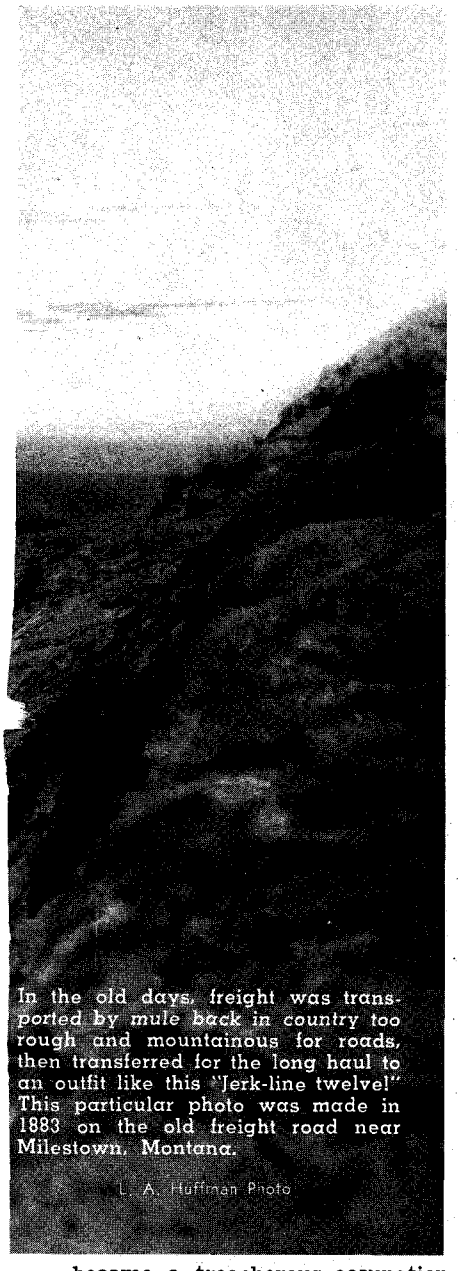

In the old days, freight was transported by mule back in country too rough and mountainous for roads, then transferred for the long haul to an outfit like this "Jerk-line twelve!" This particular photo was made in 1883 on the old freight road near Milestown, Montana.

L. A. Huffman Photo

became a treacherous occupation for a few weeks.

Mike had a bell mule named Molly—a wise and gentle animal who always led the pack train. Molly was almost white in color, and stook out like a drum major heading a band. Early mornings, she would walk to the forward hitching rail, while the others fell in line according to their regular trail positions, waiting quietly for Mike to saddle them and load their packs. Occasionally one would get spooky from the cold, and Mike woud hitch him with the halter rope, which ordinarily looped about an animal's neck, or tied back to the saddle. At the store in La Porte, Mike would have some help putting up the loads; but he always insisted on throwing each diamond hitch to secure the pack, to be sure the load would make the run without shifting.

When the mules were all loaded, Molly would lead out with the other mules tailing her in usual order. Mike riding Penny, his sorrel mare, would be last through the gate. Come a rest period, Mike yelled "Whoa" and the train stopped like an engineer applying air brakes.

THEN one spring in the late eighties there came a sudden spread of warm days which brought an early thaw. Supplies at the mine were at low ebb, and Mike skied below for his pack train mules, where they had been out to pasture all winter. He ran them into La Porte on the Marysville road which was being traveled, and then by Port Wine heading for Happy Hollow.

Mike chirruped to his pets, calling them by name and cussing them gently as usual. Everything looked propitious for a fast clearing spring, with half the snow-drifts melting and washing to the creeks without undue violence. This year we'll have it good, thought Mike. No washaways in the trail to be built up. Just a nice, pleasing approach to summer.

But somewhere in the general scheming of things a different plan had been worked on, with a poised accumulation of sludge, huge boulders and three snags thick as a man's body. This mass of debris was cocked and ready to be triggered by some unforeseen sluicing out of a log or the undercutting of a key rock which would bring it thundering toward the trail just ahead of Molly and her following mule train.

As Mike told it: "I heard the roar and rumble of an avalanche breaking loose and tearing down the mountain. Molly and half the pack mules were around the toe of yonder hogsback, and I couldn't see them hit; but next minute, quick as powder, their bodies were bucking end over end below the trail. God, what a terrible day that was for my babies." He always cried a little when he repeated the happening, until the word was passed: "No more talk about the avalanche. Let Mike try and forget." And they did.

While the trail was being patched, Mike filled out his pack train with new animals and gear; but he never found a new Molly. He would have to make the best of it with a big bay mule from Strawberry Valley named Jumbo. He packed in all summer and got the train well mannered on the trail, so he could whistle and sing to while away the time but he was never heard to carry on and cuss in the old familiar vein. Somehow when he ran his eye down the line of ears, he just couldn't bring himself to the old spirit.

THAT next winter had been the worst in Hollow history, with snow way over the roof ridge, and a stoop-over tunnel for the men to reach the mine. We had a full working crew, and supplies ran thin by the time Mike showed with his first pack train of food.

Mother and Father had been quarreling for a month, and I knew something would happen, though not a word of explanation was given me and I asked no questions. But the evening when the pack train arrived, I got the answer. Mother walked out to the mule barn and had a long talk with Mike. I could see him with a long face, shaking his head, and gesturing with his hands in making some point. Mother wiped her eyes frequently, and now and again would stomp her foot like she did when something made her steaming mad.

I watched them from my window, and finally went to bed, wondering, as only a small boy can. Then in a few minutes I heard Mother saying to Father, "I'll not spend another day in this hell hole. I want some life and happiness. I'm going out with the pack train tomorrow morning. I've already told Mike I'm leaving.

Father was a studious, mild mannered man, with kindly blue eyes and bushy beard. Years before he had been a government engineer on Mississippi flood control work, then became interested in mining, and bought into the Happy Hollow, using most of his surplus capital. Now his place was on the property, and he wanted his family with him. When he answered Mother, his voice carried a sternness I had never heard before.

"Your duty is with your family. I'll not have you taking the children away. If you insist on going, well, I can't hold you against your will."

I could hear Mother crying, but when she finally spoke, I knew her decision was unchanged. Her thoughts were her own, and I only learned them from her lips forty years later.

"The children can stay with you, but I shall leave with Mike in the morning. This is no place for a woman—one woman and thirty men. Think of it, and maybe you'll understand."

"But I have to remain with my responsibilities. Our money is tied in this mine. It's our living, and we may make a fortune, if values increase."

Mother was obdurate with a resolution forged and tempered through a tedious winter. Apparently she had remained silent until the time came for action. Now the pack train was here, and she would go out with the empty saddles next day.

When Mother came to me to say good-bye, she cried bitterly in her unhappiness. "I hope God will forgive me for this. I doubt if YOU ever will." But I did—after years of indecision.

As she left the room, I could hear Mike in the yard below, softly cussing in Spanish (though I never knew for years what he said, nor in what language). As he adjusted their gear he was saying over and over, "Maldito mulos de carga" or literally as I recall it, "You damn pack mules." He seemed to ease out the words so Mother wouldn't hear.

I peeked out the window and saw Mother awkwardly mounting a sidesaddle on an old black mule called "Ben." Then she waved me a hand and headed up the long trail, riding behind Mike, and the last figure through the gate.

THE morning sun grew hot and mercilous in the Hollow, and I wondered how Mother was standing the grind toward La Porte. They had been on the trail about four hours, when suddenly we felt the impulse of a slide gathering momentum. I was in the kitchen with Wong Lee and Sam Hoy when dishes on the high shelves began to rattle to the floor, and the Chinamen rushed from cooking dinner to the yard where they each lighted a joss stick, and knelt in supplication to their gods.

Father ran up from the assay office near the mine adit and stood with me near the gate, his arm around me protectively, and both of us staring blankly up the winding trail.

Gradually the road and reverberation of thundering debris came to our ears, but we could see nothing of what was happening around the tortuous turns in the creek bed. We could hear the crashing of trees, snapped off by the terrific impact of mammoth boulders, and a muffled boom as the mass ploughed together and came to rest in the creek bed. We could do nothing but wait and hope.

My eyes were hot with resentment

(Continued on page 34)

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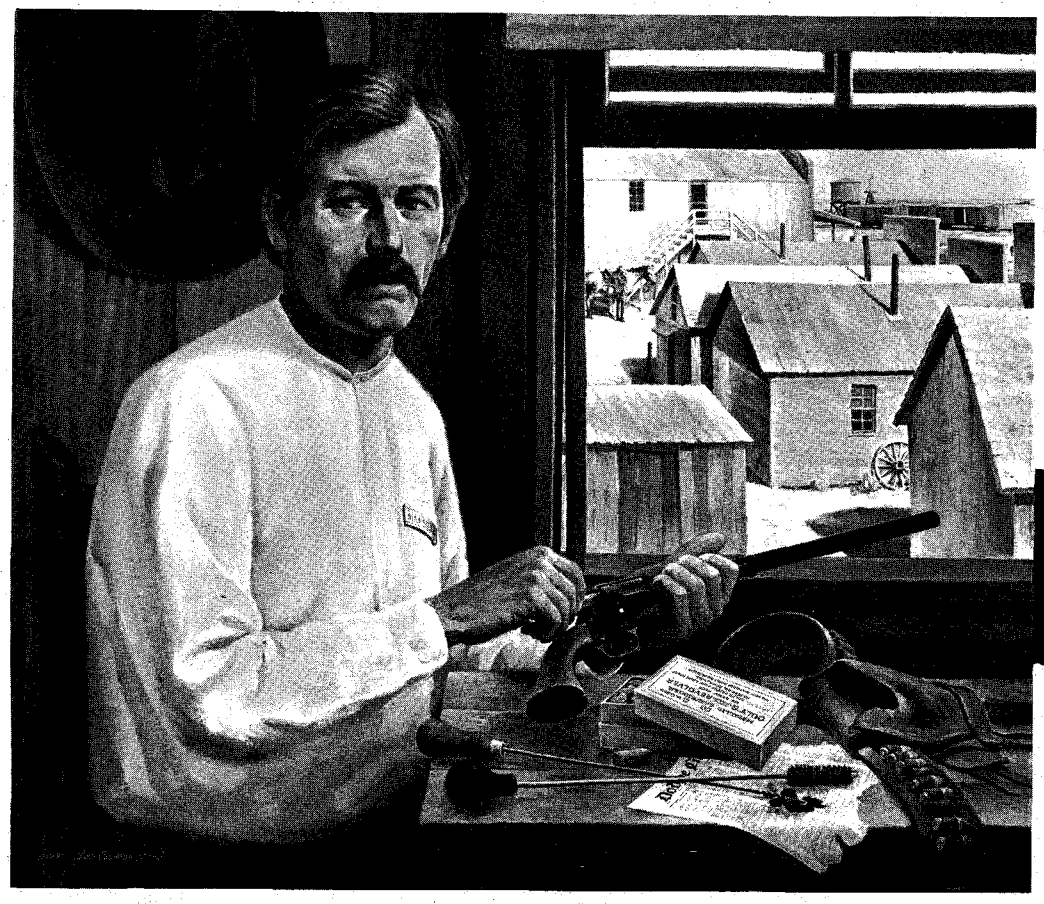

"The Marshall of Dodge City." The portrait of Wyatt Earp was painted by Ben Carlton Mead for the M. H. Fitzpatrick Collection.

Wild Old

MORE ON WYATT EARP

By GEORGE D. WOLFE

In 1876, Colt issued a limited number of Buntline Specials with hand tooled holster and adjustable stock (two of which are pictured here). Ned Buntline (Ed Judson)) first saw them at the Philadelphia Centennial and purchased five—four of which he presented, with considerable fanfare, to prominent frontier peace officers, and one which he supposedly kept for himself.

Colt turned out about thirty of this model. They had sixteen-inch barrels, .45 caliber (although one or two may have been altered to .44's), and retailed for about $26.00. They did not sell any too good and a few were still carried in the inventory many years afterward. One is believed to be in the Ulrich Museum.

Wyatt Earp, Bat Masterson, Bill Tilghman and Neal Brown were presented Specials by the flamboyant Buntline. At least two of the recipients altered their guns to their own personal specifications.

Masterson never liked a long barrel and his Buntline was cut quite short, to possibly four-and-a-half inches. Earp's barrel was cut to about a foot in length. Earp, as almost everyone knows, cherished his long barrel for its terrific propensities in laying out bad actors—Texas cowboys, if you please.

The guns seemed to have had adjustable rear and front globe sights. Wyatt Earp unhorsed for keeps George Hoyt at Dodge in August, 1878, with the Buntline when Hoyt had galloped to several hundred yards distance, after trying to kill Earp. For the record, Earp shot from a kneeling position.

The speed with which Earp could draw his Buntline Special was said to be amazing. He could kill a coyote with it at 400 yards.

Wyatt Earp was officially appointed Deputy U. S. Marshal, Tombstone District, Territory Southeastern Arizona, by Marshal C. P. Drake in 1880, and was duly a U. S. Deputy Marshal for around two years, until he entered Colorado Territory in the late spring of 1882.

The fact that Earp was indeed an accredited marshal, with some prominent government officials backing him, as well as powerful Wells Fargo, kept him from being thrown to the hyenas in Denver when he sought safety there.

In spite of his hazardous occupations, Wyatt outlived every member of his family; he died in Los Angeles, California, January 13, 1929, at age eighty-one. His father Nicholas Earp died in Colton, California, in 1907. Wyatt had four brothers, James, Virgil, Morgan and Warren, and a half-brother, Newton Earp. James was seriously wounded in the Civil War, but lived until 1926 when he died in Los Angeles; Virgil died in Goldfield, Nevada, 1906; Morgan was killed in Tombstone, Arizona, and buried in California; Warren was killed in a Lordsburg, New Mexico, poker game in 1906; Newton died in Sacramento, 1928.

Wyatt Earp had no children.

Peace to his ashes . . . a real man and much maligned.

HIGH-GRADE RACE

By FOREST CROSSEN

SOME of the best high-grade gold ever produced in this Western country came out of the mines at Sunshine, Colorado," declared Jay Church. "I went up to the camp in 1880, when I was six years old, and I saw all the big mines operating. A lot of interesting things happened with that high-grade, but nothing as exciting as a race one Sunday for a lease . . ."

Sunshine sprang up in 1874, after two prospectors found some rich gold float (surface ore). They staked out a claim and called it the American Mine. In a surface cut ten feet deep and twenty feet long they took out $17,500 worth of high-grade.

This caused an excitement (rush or stampede), and miners poured in. Sunshine became a prosperous camp, and by 1910 the production was rated as over $8,000,000.

"In the early eighties," Jay continued, "Bob Kenney and another fellow had a lease on a block of ground in the Inter-Ocean Mine. They were working it through a separate shaft. The lease read that any time the company produced $15,000, all the ore below the surface belonged to the company, all that on top to the lessors.

"In this way, if the men struck a good streak, the company could cancel their lease by paying them $15,000. It wouldn't take the company long to take out high-grade worth that much and more. The trouble was finding it; there was a lot of development work to do. The company was letting these two partners, who were poor men, find the ore for them.

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"Bob and his partner struck a lot of wonderful good ore. They didn't dare make a shipment, for the company would find out at once. So they left it down below, hidden. They had it all picked down and ready to hoist.

"You can't keep news like that secret. Word of a strike always leaks out. The company heard about it and sent word for them to stop work. The superintendent was coming up from Boulder with the money. Bob and his partner got this word late Saturday.

" 'The company thinks it's got us,' said Bob. 'We don't work on Sunday, but we'll fool 'em. They can't get any money on Sunday—not $15,000 in cash. And it's got to be in cash. We won't accept anything else.'

"His partner nodded, breathing hard. 'As soon as it's light in the morning, we'll start hoisting that high-grade. It's ours. We'll get a man to drive the horse.'

"They were using a horse on a whip to do the hoisting. The horse pulled a cable straight out over a pulley in the gallows frame on top of the shaft, then backed up to lower the bucket down the shaft.

"At daybreak the partners started to work. Bob stayed on the surface and his partner went down in the bucket to load the ore. Up came the first bucketful. Bob dumped it and let the bucket down, the horse backing up.

"It wasn't long before somebody up at the mine discovered what they were doing and struck out for Boulder as tight as a horse could jump. Bob saw him go and yelled the news down to his partner.

" 'Get that bucket down here,' the partner yelled back. 'We're going to get our high-grade out o' here.'

"The partner filled that bucket like mad, rang to hoist. The man whipped up the horse and out he went—on a run. Bob stood there by the shaft, ready to grab the bucket.

"It came jumping up and stopped, for the horse was well trained. Bob grabbed that big iron bucket and dumped out the high-grade. He yelled for the driver to turn the horse around and run him back to the shaft. Bob let down the bucket by hand. He was a big strong man—he had to be to handle it.

"Again the partner filled it and they hoisted. Bob stood there on top, chewing tobacco, dumping that bucket, letting it down by hand. The partner shoveled in as fast as he could.

"By this time nearly everybody in Sunshine was there, watching, yelling encouragement.

"Along late in the forenoon here came a team from Boulder, covered with foam, coming a-larrup. There were two men in the buggy, and they yelled for Bob to quit work.

"Bob kept on.

"The team came running up and stopped. The superintendent jumped out and ran over to Bob.

" 'Stop work!'

" 'Not till you've got the $15,000 . . . in cash.'

"The bucket was coming up, fast.

" 'Stop work,' the super yelled, 'I've got the money.'

"He ran to the buggy and pulled out a new canvas sack. 'It's here—$15,000.' He dragged out a handful of twenty dollar bills, then a handful of gold pieces.

"Bob reached out to dump the bucket.

" 'No you don't,' yelled the super. 'Stop that horse!'

"Bob had to give in. The horse stopped, the bucket still in the shaft, still below ground—the company's property.

" 'How in the world did you raise the money?' Bob demanded.

"The superintendent smiled, for the first time. 'Do you know Madam ——? She let us have the money. They do a lot of gambling down there.'

"Bob sagged against the gallows frame over the shaft. He was all in. 'Beaten by a gambling outfit.' Then he looked at the pile of ore around the shaft. 'But we got most of the high-grade up—and it's ours.' "

Days

LADY'S MAN

By VERNE OSTRANDER

MY Irish friend Johnny Hogan was one of the old-time buckaroos, a great horseman, gambler and lady's man. We rode together for years and got to be real pals. Tuscoroa, Nevada, was one of our main hangouts. It was a red-hot mining and cattle town; saloons, dance halls and gambling joints were open twenty-four hours a day. Johnny sat in many a fast poker game which sometimes wound up in a shooting scrape or a knockdown-and-dragout fist fight. He was equally adept at either, but—like any husky Irishman—enjoyed the fist fights best.

We worked and played and traveled together, making different cow and horse outfits. One ranch I remember well was the old YP outfit, where we hired out to break horses. They used to give dances at White Rock, so of course we attended.

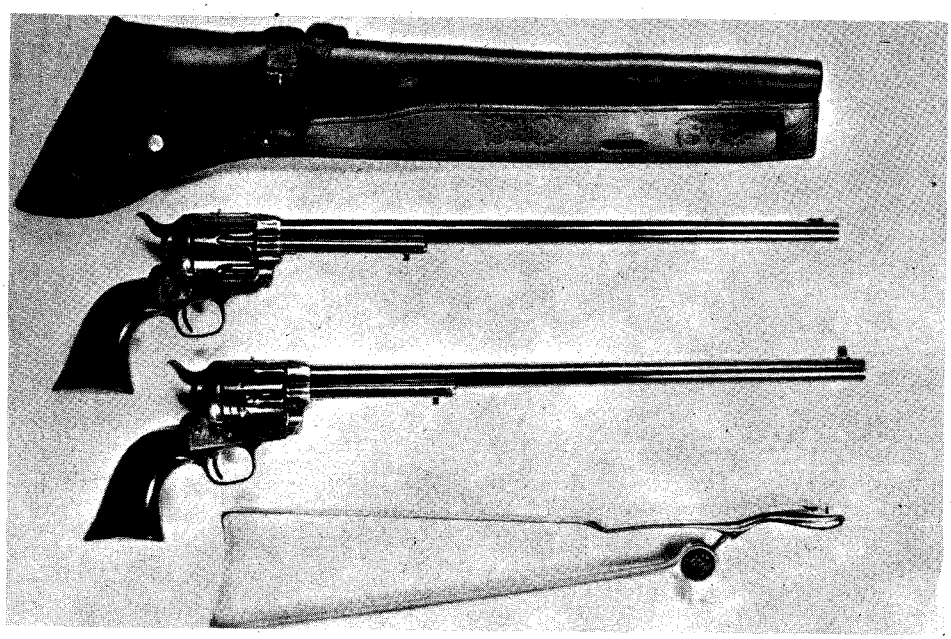
True to form, Johnny got in trouble right off. He was a good dancer and had a fine time, particularly with a certain rancher's daughter. This annoyed the fellow who'd brought her to the dance. He got madder and madder and finally made the mistake of taking a punch at Johnny, who promptly floored him with a single wallop. The dance ended up in a free-for-all, as most dances did in those days of few girls and many men. The affair resulted in real bad feeling between Johnny and this fellow, who was a horse breaker and trainer of race horses for a big cattleman. I tried to keep Johnny away from town as much as possible. Both men packed six-guns and if they met again there'd sure be a shoot-out. I was plenty relieved when finally the enmity between them appeared to simmer down.

Johnny up and surprised me one day by marrying an Indian girl, the daughter of an old Piute chief. The chief owned a nice ranch, with a lot of cattle and horses, but still he wanted more horses in exchange for his pretty daughter. Johnny got the horses, somehow, and the old boy was satisfied. Things jogged along pretty smooth for awhile and I figured Johnny was settling down to be a family man. I might have known better. He still loved to gamble.

A Mexican named Ramon something-or-other ran a saloon and gambling joint near Edgemont, Nevada, and one Sunday about thirty of us buckaroos gathered there for a good time. Things were going full blast when here come this tough guy, Johnny's enemy, the one he'd fist-whipped over the rancher's daughter. He rode up on a race horse, tied him to the hitch-rail, and headed for the bar. After tossing off a couple of drinks and looking things over, he sat in the same poker game with Johnny. He wasn't much of a poker player and Johnny began beating him in nearly every pot.

(Continued on page 59)

Colt Buntline Specials with holster and stock. The four famous gunmen given Specials by Ned Buntline altered length of barrel to suit themselves.



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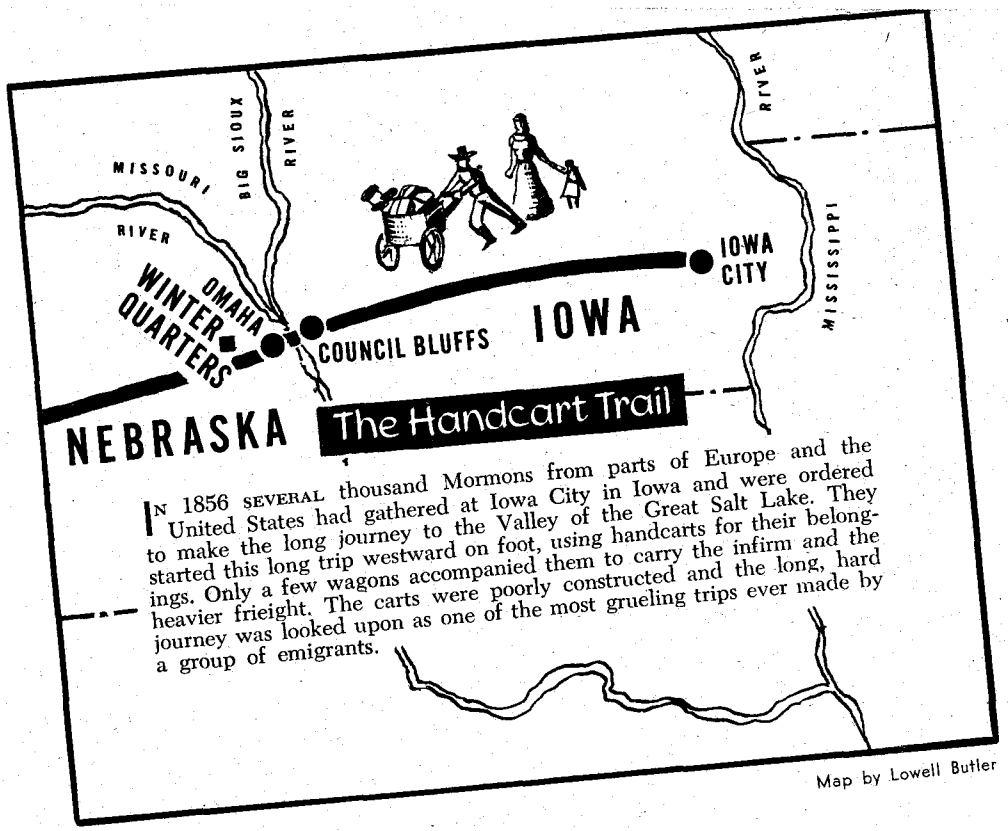

Map by Lowell Butler

This handcart group sculpture tion in Salt Lake City, Utah.

The strangest—most daring—frontier movement in western history began when thousands of "Saints" loaded their worldly goods on heavy carts and pulled them 1,400 miles to "The Promised Land"

The

Editor's Note: Many tales have been told about the hardships of brave pioneers who migrated westward over burning plains and icy mountains. Our nomination for the greatest migration of them all was undertaken under extremely adverse conditions by about five thousand members of the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter-day Saints (Mormons).

IN 1856, Church President Brigham Young was anxious to build the population of Deseret. He was even more concerned about keeping the Mormon promise of asylum in "Zion" to European members of the denomination. Money was a problem—funds of the Perpetual Emigrating Fund Company were running low and Salt Lake City coffers were depleted by the crickets' invasion of crops.

Young had devised a plan whereby emigrants could sail to America, make their way to Iowa City and there each family would be assigned a handcart in which to carry their belongings. The 1,400 miles to Salt Lake City would be traversed by foot.

"Let them gird up their loins and walk through and nothing shall hinder or stay them," Young said. He figured the trip from England to Utah could be made for less than $12 per family.

Mormons in England, Scotland, Wales and Scandinavia were enthusiastic; about 1,300 families signed up for the plan in Liverpool. Had they been able to foresee the tragic struggle ahead, many of them would have stayed where they were.

The city-bred Saints, used to the grey skies of northern Europe, faced hazards never dreamed of in the populous region of their homelands—burning desert heat, blinding snow storms, hunger and thirst—as they trudged across arid plains and waded ice-encrusted rivers and streams.

Families with children, single men and women and old folks arrived at the terminus at Iowa City, and were set to work building strong two-wheel handcarts from native oak and hickory. To make the wheels last longer they were bound with iron rims.

The carts were just large enough to hold a few cooking utensils, supplies and a minimum of personal belongings. Each adult was allowed seventeen pounds for his possessions and each child, ten. Four to five persons were assigned to each cart. Ox-drawn wagons carried extra supplies. A small herd of milk cows followed.

Five handcart companies, numbering around 3,000 people and pulling 662 carts, crossed that year.

The first company left June 9, the second on June 11, and the third, three weeks later. In spite of hardships and many deaths, the Saints arrived in fairly good condition at Emigration Canyon, overlooking Salt Lake City, where they were welcomed by the entire population.

MEMBERS of the fourth and fifth company did not leave Europe until May. By the time they arrived in Iowa City, there wasn't enough seasoned lumber for handcarts, so they made them from green wood. This made the carts heavier than usual.

On July 15, 500 emigrants started west. On July 26, 576 followed. Although July was late in the year for such a journey the Mormons believed they would run out of food and money if they delayed.

The fifth company marched across Iowa, singing happy Mormon hymns. They woke, slept and ate under the semi-strict regulations of their leader, Captain Martin. A bugle called them in the early dawn. Breakfast was cooked over hurriedly-built fires, and the day's walk began.

The Saints followed the trail blazed by Brigham Young ten years earlier. The hot summer sun beat down upon them. Dry, hot choking dust swirled up constantly. Mosquitoes swarmed about their heads. For the first few days, the children thought it was fun to run out and pick the gaily-colored flowers. After a week of dreary trudging, they tired of this game.

Crossing the Chariton River, they were caught in a downpour of rain. Wagons and carts cut deeply into the

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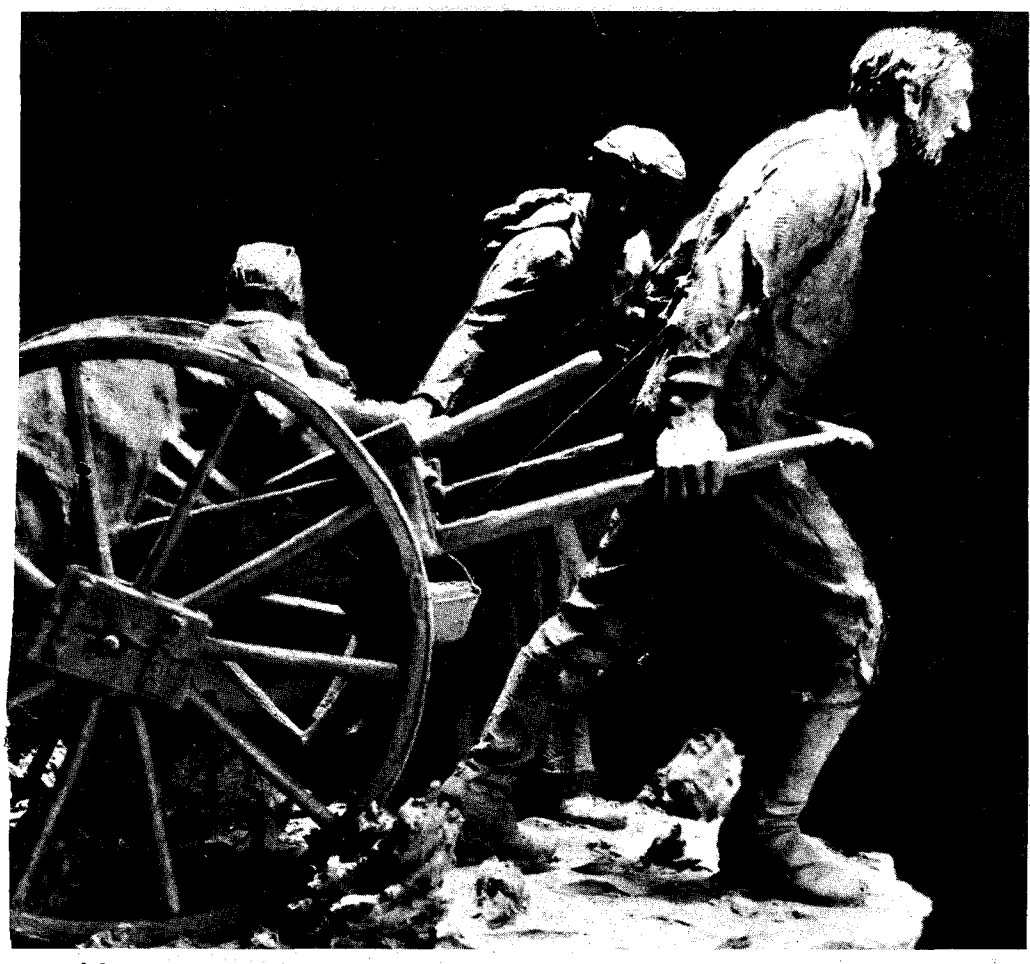

s a celebrated work—the original is in the west hall of the Bureau of Informa-
culptor is Torlief Knaphus, a Norwegian, who came to Utah some years ago.

Handcart Saga

By FRED HARVEY

mud. The Saints pried, pushed and pulled. On reaching high ground, they halted for a well-earned breathing spell. So far things were going well for them.

Before crossing the Missouri the emigrants stopped to repair their warped carts. A debate in camp arose . . . should they stay or continue? Captain Martin thought they should stay over until spring. "Play it safe," he cautioned, "I's a long way and late in the season."

The majority were for going through, and the majority ruled.

Each mile seemed longer now. They trudged across Nebraska country in tortuous heat. Boots worn beyond repair, feet swollen and blistered, they struggled valiantly across the savage prairie. Children cried to ride the wagons. Old folks were lagging, but no complaints came from their lips. They closed their eyes to failure and went on, hoping and praying for the strength to keep on.

The Mormons continued to sing their hymns, but for some the spontaneity was gone. Others still had faith; the Lord would see them through. One of their favorite songs was the handcart hymn:

For some must push and some must pull
As we go marching up the hill,
As merrily on the way we go
Until we reach the valley, oh . . .

They crossed the Elkhorn, the North Loop, the South Loop. Food was becoming a serious item. One night a herd of stampeding buffalo came through their camp. When they awoke, many of their animals were gone. To make matters worse, they had to unload the wagons and put whatever supplies they could salvage on their weakened green handcarts.

WESTWARD again. The extra heavy pulling was a severe strain. It was tiresome, hard, nerve-wracking. Could they endure more? Was the struggle worth it? Sickness and death were becoming common. At the end of almost every day, coffins were made for children and the frail ones. The emigrants were plagued by "the American disease," which may have been some form of dysentery. Their morale was hitting bottom and there were still hundreds of miles to go. All they could see was raw plains, loneliness and desolation.

It seemed impossible, yet each hour found the Saints nearer their goal. They dragged their weary bodies on. The will to live was great, but how much could they stand? There was more soul-stirring and tragic drama yet to be staged.

Chimney Rock, Scott's Bluff came into view. Days later, they crossed the North Platte River. In the shimmering distance lay Fort Laramie. It was October 8.

They still had some 500 miles to go, the most hazardous yet. There were cold, high mountains to cross. With winter coming on, it looked extremely bad for them.

At Fort Laramie, the Saints traded personal possessions for buffalo robes and bedding. When they left the fort, rations were cut. Pioneers passing them on their way east commented on the Mormons' ragged appearance and predicted they'd never survive.

To make the food supply last, rations were cut again. Three-quarters of a pound of flour was the allotment. The trail became tougher. The forced marches were harder to bear. The handcarts crept at a snail's pace.

Gone were the laughter and hearty songs. Some occasionally intoned hymns to summon lost spirit. They were watched by sunken eyes staring vacantly from gaunt, pinched faces. Exhausted in mind and body they pushed ahead mechanically. When one man fell, others lifted him painfully to his feet. No smile of thanks lighted his face; no sign of recognition, yet they all understood. They might be the next to fall—or die.

As strength ebbed, many had to throw away belongings to lighten their load. Now with cold weather and snow falling, the Saints realized their costly mistake. Raw, biting winds blew icy blasts. With heads bent against the freezing winds, they staggered on. Westward—ever westward.

One day, the emigrants awoke to a foot of snow and had to break new trails. The going was slow, painful—shocking to their numbed minds. They stopped and camped at a patch of willows. The next morning fresh snow covered the entire countryside. Some of their animals had drifted from camp, but the Saints were too exhausted to look for them.

DEATH hovered over the determined pioneers now like an ominous cloud. Each day's dead were wrapped in blankets and consigned to a common grave with the prayers of the survivors. At times the ground was too frozen for digging. The men buried their dead in snowdrifts.

One woman found her husband dead beside her in the night. She didn't cry; she was already past tears. She lay beside him all through the icy night, staring dry-eyed in the darkness. In the morning, she turned what little energies she had toward the care of her three children.

Captain Martin and a volunteer finally rode out ahead to find help. The migrants prayed with them before they left. They would get through; God willing.

Meanwhile news had reached Brigham Young that troubles had hit the last two parties. They should have arrived by then. He sent out a call for men. Supplies, wagons and volunteers were ready to leave almost before the word had spread throughout the colony.

Young said, "My home and all I have will be open to our new brothers and sisters. I know that your hearts and

(Continued on following page)

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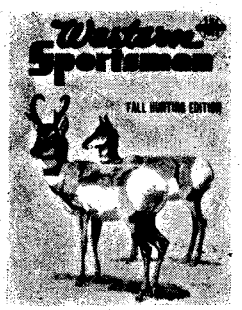

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homes will be ready to take them in when they arrive."

It was a four hundred mile journey to the surviving emigrants. The weather grew worse. Time was short. The rescuers pushed their teams.

At Fort Bridger they stopped. A cold, raging blizzard from the north struck them. While they were there, Captain Martin and his partner rode into the fort on two exhausted animals.

"You've got to get through at once," the captain said. "If you don't, it will be too late."

They left immediately.

Meanwhile, many more of the heroic Saints were dying. When the rescue party found them, they hadn't eaten for two days. Only about 400 of the 576 who departed from Iowa City were left. Many of the young men cried when they saw the condition of these people. There wasn't sufficient clothing to go around, but at least they could provide food.

Some emigrants climbed onto the wagons of their rescuers for the remainder of the pilgrimage. Many kept doggedly dragging or shoving their carts as though their wooden Jonahs had become extensions of themselves.

MEMBERS of the fifth company began reaching Salt Lake City November 9, with stragglers arriving for several days. Crowds of Mormons met them and took them to their homes.

A spirited young Scotswoman, Margaret Dalglish, pulled her possessions to the very rim of Salt Lake Valley. She looked down at this place she'd almost never hoped to reach—at signs of people strengthened by food and shelter. Then she looked back at the pitiful belongings in her handcart. Suddenly, she shoved the cart over the edge of the ravine, and watched it roll and tumble until it crashed at the bottom of the canyon.

When Brigham Young found that the fourth company had lost more than eighty people, and the fifth, about one-fourth of its company, he ruled that no more handcarts would start as late as July.

Handcart expeditions continued until 1860, and then stopped for all time. In the Bureau of Information Building, Salt Lake City, Utah, there is a statue of a family pulling a cart.

It is a symbol of the spirit that conquered the West.

Phantom Pack Train

(Continued from page 29)

against Mother for leaving. I said nothing, nor did Father till he asked me, "Please get my field glasses. They're on the table in my room."

When I returned with the glasses, Father stood looking at his big gold watch, and I saw his eyes were filled with tears. He dried them with his handkerchief, and peered through the field glasses for a long time—watching the trail turns where they appeared on the pitch of a hogsback. Then I heard him sob. "They're safe. I see your Mother. She and Mike—over yonder," and he handed me the glasses, so I could see them too.

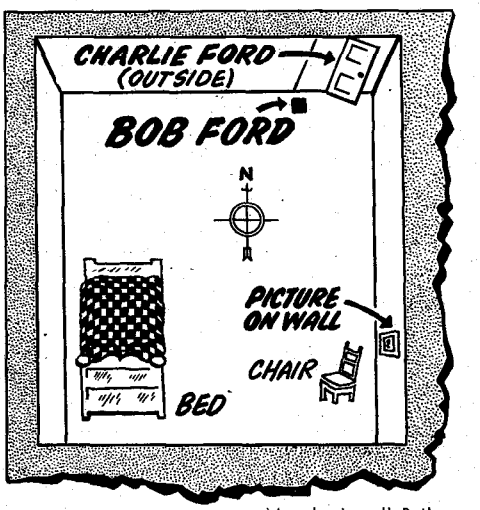
That night at supper I heard Mike tell his story like this: "It was only God in His mercy spared us. The pack mules were all gone around the slope of the hogsback, when of a sudden the Missus and I felt a quake and heard a roar like thunder from the mountain just above us. Here she come a-roarin' and a boomin' like all hell cut loose. We was maybe a hundred yards from the pitch of the ridge, when I heard Old Molly's bell, clear as a Heavenly chime. It said plain as a voice: 'Whoa, Mike. There's death ahead'.

"So the Missus and me pulled up and waited, while the thundering avalanche grew closer and louder 'till we thought sure it was on our heads. Then of a sudden it took a sharp turn, and swung down the far side of the ridge. We rode ahead so we could see a bit. It was like a glacier of snow and ice, rocks and trees all mixed and traveling like a rocket. Not a mule of the pack train was in sight. All gone down with the wash. 'Twas a miracle of Molly's bell that saved us. And they say animals don't have souls. They're same as humans—only they can't speak our language."

FORTY years later, I saw Mother in Yakima, Washington. We had been separated all these years, for although she came back to the Hollow, she remained but a short time. Now she was married to a second husband, reasonably happy, and in fairly good health.

Over the days of my visit, I asked her many things, and found her replies frank and fair. She wanted to clear the film of our misunderstanding as much as I. When I asked her version of the avalanche, and if she heard Molly's bell of warning—she smiled wistfully and shook her head.

"No, I didn't hear Molly's bell; but Mike always swore that he did, as you know. They say dumb animals are psychic. Perhaps Mike took on this characteristic—he being the best mule skinner in those parts."



Map by Lowell Butler

I Photographed Jesse James' Body!

(Continued from page 9)

James' negatives when the studio was sold a few years after the shooting, but the Ford picture went to the new owner and was later reported stolen.

In the photo I made of Jesse James—just thirty minutes after his death—bloodstains can be seen on his shirt front. Thousands of the prints were sold. A small one such as reproduced here went for twenty-five cents, and a larger one sold for fifty.

The day I "shot" Jesse James was a day I'd never forget.

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In the special "arithmetic" of the Westerner

Busting + Tailing = Bulldogging

Texas Negro cowboy Bill Pickett's method of throwing a steer was unusual—he bit the animal's lip. Here, Pickett throws a steer bare-handed at an early day picnic on the 101 Ranch.

By L. H. BOUCHER

BULLDOGGING was not directly connected to the cattle industry in the early days, although many people believe it was. Bulldogging, or a form of bulldogging, was used but not as we know it today. The range cowboy roped his steer and threw him by a process known as "busting." From this and another form of cow handling known as "tailing," modern bulldogging was evolved.

A critter too large to "throw" by hand was dumped by busting. To accomplish this, the cowboy roped the animal, tossed the rope over its back on the side opposite the rider, who spurred his horse ahead of the steer allowing the trailing loop to jerk the animal's feet off the ground. At one time busting was a part of many rodeo shows, being used in the steer roping and tying event. Today, it has disappeared from rodeos. This writer, at least, has not seen busting performed at any rodeo for a number of years.

"Tailing" was a form of bulldogging used by the Mexicans during the early days and subsequently adopted by the Texans. Texas longhorns were wild and easily spooked. They were quick as cats on their feet and would gore a cowpony without warning. In order to subdue these unruly beasts, the Texas cowboys resorted to "tailing." It was brutal, but got results. To put an unruly steer in its place, the cowboy grabbed the animal's long slender tail and took a turn around the saddlehorn. Then he'd spur his pony ahead and a little to one side of the animal and the steer went sprawling. After a spill like that, the steer was pretty well behaved for the rest of the day. Next day, however, he might have forgotten the drastic lesson and it would have to be repeated.

In 1839 a man named Josiah Gregg saw Mexican vaqueros giving exhibitions of tailing, and as a result the practice made its way into the rodeo arena at Denver, Colorado. It proved to be too brutal for rodeo fans to stomach and was quickly abandoned as a rodeo attraction. Tailing had its place on the range where cowboys dealt with wild cattle but with the advent of heavy beef cattle the practice was discontinued. The new stock was much more placid than the old longhorns and did not require the same harsh discipline. Also, their tails were shorter and heavier, making it difficult to take a wrap around the saddlehorn.

A new technique called "bulldogging" developed from tailing, and this event is now a standard attraction at any rodeo. It takes a horse that can stop while at a dead run or turn on the proverbial dime, and a rider with plenty of guts and stamina to participate in bulldogging.

Nobody knows exactly where or when or by whom bulldogging was originated. Many old-timers have claimed the distinction, but so far no one man has been awarded the title of the first bulldogger. Alex (Owl Child) McCoy, a Yakima Indian, could have been that man. It is claimed that McCoy invented bulldogging while working as a cowboy for Ben Snipes, pioneer Yakima Valley cattleman. It is quite possible that the Indian cowboy did introduce bulldogging to rodeo in the Northwest. If so, he had a rugged competitor in the Texas Negro cowboy, Bill Pickett. Bill made his jumps as exhibitions and his method of throwing a steer varied somewhat from those of today. Instead of twisting his steer down, he would turn the steer's head upward and then bite the animal's tender lip. Apparently the poor beast couldn't stand the pain, as he invariably keeled over.

PICKETT'S fame spread far and wide and he did his spectacular stunt as a contract act in Colorado and in various arenas throughout the country. He toured the country with the Miller Brothers Wild West Show and in 1900 the Denver *Republican* headlined his act as "The Struggle of Man and Beast," with a glowing account of Bill and his bulldogging feat.

According to Dr. Westermeiser's book *Man, Beast, Dust,* Pickett was injured during one of his exhibitions and a cowboy named Lon Seeley was substituted, and thus became the first white bulldogger. Eventually bulldogging was added to rodeo as one of the five standard events and a hazer was paired with the bulldogger. The hazer's job was to keep the steer running in a straight line, thus lessening the danger as it prevented the steer from suddenly twisting away as the bulldogger made his jump. This tricky move on the part of the steer cost many an early day cowboy a nasty spill. So the hazer was added to the stunt.

Bulldogging in the early days had no time limit and lacked the precision timing of present day contenders. There were no horses specifically trained for bulldogging. The addition of trained horses and a hazer to this event removed much of the guesswork and a cowboy making his leap could expect to land about where he aimed. Horses used in bulldogging today need to be well trained; quarter horses are usually selected because of their speed at short distances. A steer that gets the jump on the horse costs the rider valuable seconds and day money. Therefore, a contestant usually has his own trained horse or uses one belonging to one of the other contestants.

Extremely popular with rodeo fans in the United States, bulldogging has also been adopted by Canadians. The Canadian form of the sport is a modified version of the U. S. variety, being referred to as "steer decorating."

To many fans, bulldogging is the

(Continued on page 60)

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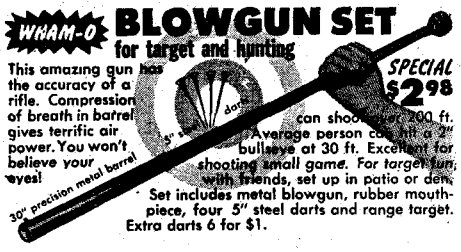

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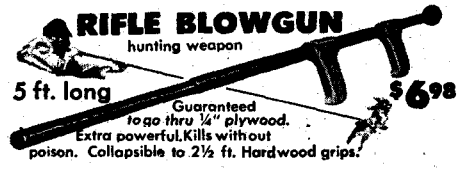

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The Man Who Found $85,000,000!

(Continued from page 8)

gnawing at her innards, the burro was not smelling Indian horses; she was stopping frequently to grab at tufts of wild rye grass.

"Come on, Cactus," he said patiently each time she stopped, and she would dutifully start forward again, but not before grabbing a last mouthful, her nose working feverishly as she chewed it, the ends of the grass standing out from each side of her mouth like whiskers on a walrus.

They began to climb the next ridge, avoiding the trail, and an hour later Schieffelin made camp on a little knoll where he had a commanding view of the valley.

It had been a long time since he had come that close to a run-in with the Apaches. Always he avoided them like poison by maintaining a sharp lookout for them, and frequently it was Cactus who warned him when they were near.

With the excitement that surged through him like a swollen stream going over its banks, he had little room in his mind for the Indians just now, except to maintain the usual surveillance that had become a habit with him. He kept thinking of the pile of ore that matched the piece in his pocket, final proof at last that somewhere within the area a great bonanza was waiting to be rediscovered. With ore as rich as that it would be a whale of a strike, something to make the country sit up and take notice. You didn't find ore as rich as that in very many places. It would have to be a whopper.

He had made many a start in his long quest for the source of the float. He could still remember vividly his finding the float, and how it had set him on edge, and now it seemed like a long time ago. It had been seven years to be exact and part of that time he had gone hungry. Most of the time as a matter of fact. There had been times when he started out on prospecting trips with only enough flour to see him through, and a little baking powder, counting on killing enough meat to live on. Antelope and deer were plentiful, but difficult to approach.

TOWARD morning there was a change in the wind. It no longer was a wind born in the near mountains, cold with night and altitude, but a wind from far places, full of damp chill that crept through his ragged blankets and into his bones. Trouble was, he didn't have enough blankets to keep a bedbug warm. In Arizona blankets were not always essential to a man's comfort and winds from far places were rare, but tonight it was freezing cold. A spring snow, he thought, would just about do it. The Apaches would get him for sure. Even Cactus, hardy as she was, was thumping about protestingly, rattling her hobbles.

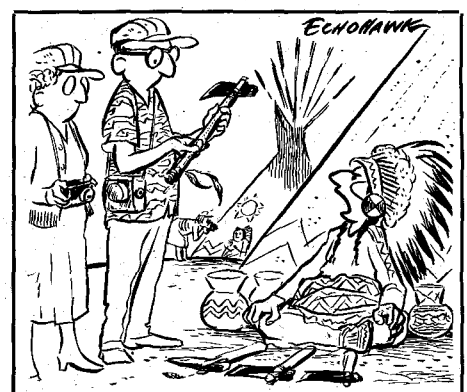
He tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. All he could think of were piles and piles of silver ore. He would almost drop off to sleep and then the pile would grow and grow until it was higher than his head. By then he was too excited to sleep.

At last he got up and made a fire. Because of his limited supply, he had rationed himself down to coffee only once a week. He wasn't due for coffee again until Sunday and this was only Thursday, but this was a special occasion. He made coffee.

Cactus had wandered off a distance to browse. He did not disturb her until the first faint hint of dawn, then he put the pack on her and headed back for the country he had crossed last night to get away from the Indians. As cold as it was, it would be unusual to find an Apache anywhere except in his teepee.

Starting at a place well above the spot where he had found the float seven long years back, he struck out north, intending to go higher this time than he ever had before. He reasoned that ore thrown off from a ledge or pocket would travel down hill for quite a piece during a millennium, or ten millenniums for that matter, no telling how long.

This trip was a little different from most, though it had started the same as usual. He recalled that never before on any of his trips had he taken his long-handled shovel, or his drill and hammer. For some reason he could not now recall he had put them in the pack. The long-handled shovel was a handicap really, for the handle sticking out of the pack had caught on bushes so that Cactus had to stop and back up many times to free it before making a new start.



"Don't go looking for 'Made in Brooklyn,' that's genuine Sioux War surplus!"

He couldn't think of any real reason for bringing it along, unless a kind providence, an all-wise providence, had nudged him into it. Maybe the power that moved men to perform unusual feats had planned it that way. If he made a strike he would need the shovel, and the hammer and drill no doubt.

The chilling wind of the night had now passed and the overcast was breaking up as it frequently did when the sun came out. The Apaches had gone with the night apparently, for he saw no sign of them.

Three miles west of him lay the hills that had so long intrigued and baffled him. Before him the wide wash led up to the heights now bathed in sunlight. He had never ranged that high before and therefore it was virgin territory to him.

Though the chill had gone from the lower ridges, the higher he climbed the more he felt the cold. His corduroy britches, threadbare at the knees, and the old buckskin jacket that had a big hole burned in the back, were little protection in that higher altitude. His grimy slouch hat that was five years old had a worn rim that flopped over his eyes when the wind pushed against it and an old boot that was run down at the heels started a blister on his right little toe. His red flannel shirt afforded him little comfort in the biting wind. His

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face was half hidden by a heavy curly brown beard and a mass of dark, tangled, unkempt hair with burrs in it fell to his shoulders. His appearance, he was to confess later under more luxurious circumstances, would have frightened crows out of a cornfield. But there was something about him that touched his rags with a certain nobility. His serious deep gray eyes reflected the courage of a vivid personality. A man of destiny, about to set the world agog with one of the most fabulous discoveries since Columbus, had stepped out of a dinghy and onto a new world.

He had climbed no more than a quarter of a mile into the unexplored area when he spotted a piece of float. Along a seam that shot through it from end to end he detected the unmistakable presence of pure silver. It matched the ore he carried in his shirt pocket and it was not unlike that he had found by the skeletons.

He raised his voice in song:

Darling, I am growing old,
Silver threads among the gold,
Shine upon my brow today,
Life is fading away fast—

This was more like it; he was getting somewhere. No telling how long ago some terrific upheaval of the earth had cast off shattered pieces of a main ledge and sent them on their downhill journey. It might be very high up, near the summit.

AT LAST he came to where the wash divided. He was uncertain as to which branch he should follow. He would have to try one side, and if he found no more float, he would try the other.

As he stood contemplating his next move, a jack rabbit popped out of a clump of mountain cedar and scurried away—up the right-hand branch.

That was good enough for Ed Schieffelin. He'd been following hunches all his life and if a rabbit wanted to give him a nudge, that was just fine.

He unloaded the pack and put the hobbles on Cactus, who gave him a grateful push with her cold nose. She always did that when relieved of her burden.

"All right, old girl, go find your breakfast."

Above there the hillside flattened out into a tiny plateau before it again rose to the heights, with little tables and hollow saddles where float might collect.

He found several pieces of ore, some heavy with silver and his spirits soared. He felt like singing again, but was afraid the Apaches might hear him.

Higher toward the summit where the wind came over the ridge and chilled him to the bone, he saw something in the distance that looked like a streak along the hillside.

He climbed faster now, watching it. It appeared to be of grayish rock of an irregular shape with reddish-yellow streaks through it. He estimated it was about fifty feet long and a foot wide.

He had to fight his way through thickets of cat-claw and wild pear that tore at his threadbare britches, but he didn't mind. He felt something tear and saw that one leg of his pants had a rip a foot long; the cat-claw had brought blood, but this he did not mind either. Nothing mattered now, for this indeed might be it! This could be the end of the trail for him.

At last, breathless and soaked with sweat, he stood before the ledge. He could see the streaks of pure silver and

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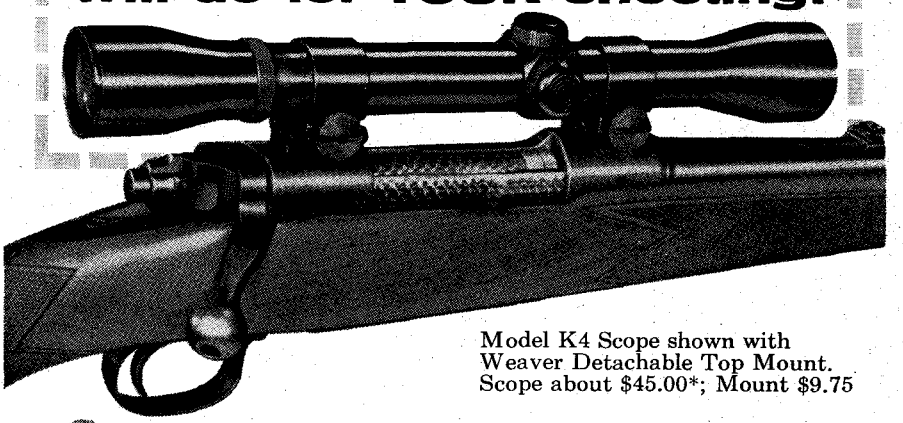

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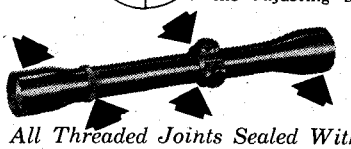

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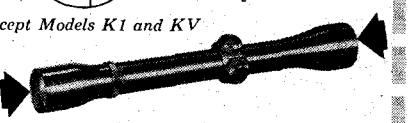

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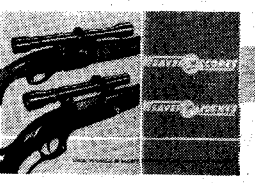

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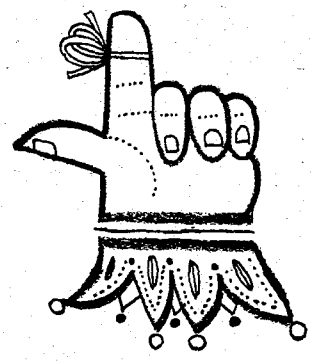

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The ague was upon him again, the fever that made his hands shake like leaves in a stiff breeze. His fingers shook so violently that he dropped the specimen at his feet, unable to hold onto it. For a moment or two he thought he was going to pass out from sheer joy. He felt dizzy and had to rest a minute.

He picked up another hunk of the stuff and his brain reeled with the richness of it. Was he having a dream, or could this be true?

Suddenly he was babbling like a fool. "This is it, boy! This is what you've been looking for all these years, you old sonofab....! You found it at last." He wasn't old, really; he was just turning thirty.

He thought he could see where another pick had been plunged into the vein. Maybe those men whose skeletons he'd found. Who else? Had someone been there before, the country would have heard of the discovery long before this. It had to be them.

He was alone to enjoy this moment. Only a bluejay, he recalled later, shared the glory. It had perched on a limb above him and scolded raucously in protest of his presence there. It had a nest nearby.

It was a moment in history, as things turned out. No one but Ed Schieffelin knew the thrill and romance of it. Not even his faithful burro, now knee-deep in luscious grass, had been there to witness it.

The silver in the vein was so pure and soft that when he pressed a twenty-five-cent piece against it real hard, it left the imprint so clearly defined that he was able to decipher the national motto, "E Pluribus Unum."

The quarter happened to be the last cent Ed Schieffelin had to his name. It represented his next sack of plug-cut.

He thought of Al Sieber's jibe—"all you'll find in them thar hills is your tombstone."

Well, he'd found his tombstone all right—a whole mountain of silver, it looked like. He could see outcroppings of the same vein, farther along, and again where it broke over the ridge.

"By golly," he said, "I'll call her Tombstone, that's what I'll do. The Tombstone Mine."

He didn't know it at the time, but he had christened not only the mine but the hills as well, a whole silver field, and an unborn town whose story was to become one of the west's most picturesque and dramatic chronicles, a story that for nearly a hundred years has entertained millions of readers, movie fans and TV audiences, and it probably will go on entertaining them for another hundred years or so.

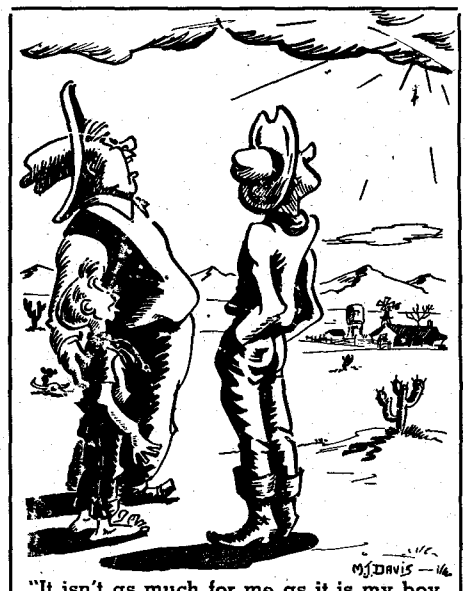
But it was not the end of the story for Ed Schieffelin, not by a long shot. There was more to come, some of it rather heartbreaking.

FILLING a sack with as much of the ore as he could carry, Schieffelin erected a rock monument to mark his claim, then went back to collect his burro and pack.

Striking out across the hills, and with an eye out for Injun sign, he headed for Tucson, living on game he shot along the way, for his larder consisted of a small bag of salt, some pepper, an ounce or two of coffee and some baking powder; his flour had petered out several days before.

He arrived in Tucson while the Mexican population was celebrating one of its several fiesta days and filed his claim, spotting it on the crude map the recorder kept for that purpose. There had been no survey of the region as yet and a claim could not be located by sections and townships, but it had to be described accurately.

Schieffelin had to borrow the filing fee from a friend and while he was about it he borrowed enough for stage fare to Globe, up in the northern part of the state. He wanted to contact his brother Al and cut him in on the find, if he'd finance the development of the vein. Al was working and had a little money.



"It isn't as much for me as it is my boy. I've seen rain."

Cactus was put out to pasture in a field near Fort Lowell while her master was away. Finding herself free of her hobbles at last, she kicked up her heels and ran off into the cactus and greasewood. It was to be the last Schieffelin ever saw of her, for his affairs did not bring him back that way for a while.

In Globe he learned that his brother had moved on to another mine at Signal, and he was almost a week getting there, begging rides with ore wagons and the like.

He found Brother Al's interest in his discovery only lukewarm. Al insisted that Ed show his rocks to the foreman of the mine, a man named Hewelett.

Hewelett looked at the ore briefly. "Mostly lead," he said and handed the pieces back.

During the next two or three days Ed showed his specimens to other mining men who should know silver when they saw it. But none waxed enthusiastic. "Just medium ore," one old pro said. "Not worth bothering with."

"Better forget it and go to work," Brother Al suggested.

Ed went to the door of Al's shack and one by one he hurled the ore pieces

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down the hillside as far as he could send them. He saved but two pieces of the stuff and laid them on a shelf.

The next day he went to work in the McCracken mine.

During the next few weeks Ed Schieffelin met the McCracken mine assayer, Dick Gird.

"I got a piece of ore I'd like to have you assay," Ed said. "When you got time."

"Bring it over," Gird said. He was a dour, hard-featured man who had little time for anything but his duties at the mine, but he had been friendly to Ed Schieffelin, and for the remainder of his life he was to be glad he had, for his assay of the specimen gave him goose pimples.

Ed was asleep in the shack when Al burst in one morning and shook him vigorously. "Wake up, Ed! Mr. Gird wants to see you right away in his office."

Ed got over there as fast as he could.

"Where did you say you found this rock?" Gird wanted to know.

"Over on the San Pedro."

"That's not very definite."

"I could make it more definite if you'd tell me what this is all about," Ed said.

"How much money have you?"

"Not much till payday."

"If you'll cut me in on this I'll buy some mules and grubstake an expedition back to where you found this stuff."

"Did you find that rock worth much?" Ed fished, suspiciously.

"It's fabulous, man! You've found a bonanza and I want in on it."

It finally was agreed that all three would be in on it—Ed, Al and Mr. Gird. There was no written agreement, just a handshake all around that was to hold inviolate by the three partners to the end.

"What about your job here at the mine?" Al wanted to know of Gird.

"To hell with the job! With something as big as this, who needs a job?"

When he handed in his resignation the company offered him the general superintendency, but he refused it with thanks.

Gird bought mules and a wagon, loaded up with guns, ammunition, food, tools, a surveyor's transit and level and his own assaying outfit, ready to pull out, but at the last moment Brother Al lost his nerve; he said he couldn't pull away from a job that paid him $4 a day for something so uncertain as a ledge of rock in a hillside.

"All right," Ed said, "that leaves all the more for Dick and me. Goodbye, Al!" He pulled out without another word.

WITH A camp finally established just below the discovery, Gird began taking samples and making assays. He found that the rich ore extended for only a few feet and the vein was not deep. At sometime back in the dark ages most of the vein had been thrown off down the hillside, scattered hell-to-breakfast and there wasn't enough of it left to make an operation worth while.

Unfortunately, Brother Al had shown up that very day, having finally thought better of his decision and decided to come along.

"Now look what I've gone and done!" he said with tears in his eyes. "I've quit a good job for nothing. I was afraid of this from the start."

"What about me?" Gird said. "You're not the only one."

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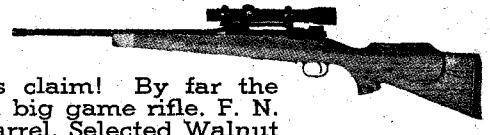

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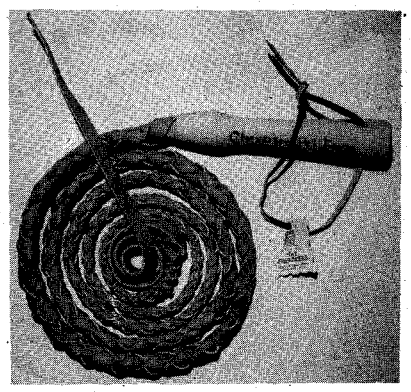

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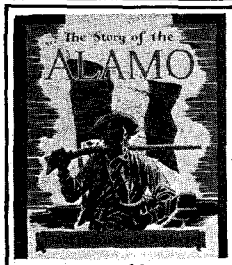

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But it was small comfort to Al, who stayed up all night pacing back and forth and bemoaning his misfortune.

"There's silver here in this mountain somewhere," Gird said. "It may take a little time to find it."

During the next few weeks the hunt settled down to a systematic routine, directed by Gird, who was after all a mining engineer and knew his stuff.

Gird did the searching, Al, the skeptical one the cooking and Ed kept the larder supplied with meat.

One morning Al came upon Ed in the hills.

"Look at this," Ed said, "a rock that's almost pure silver. I think I've found it this time for sure."

Al looked at the rock. "You're a lucky cuss," he said.

"By golly," Ed said, "that's the name of my mine—the Lucky Cuss. What do you know!"

Gird assayed only one piece of the ore and that was enough. Figuring the ratio in ounces and pounds, it would go pretty close to $10,000 to the ton.

This time Ed had found it!

Three days later a couple of mules belonging to Hank Williams and John Oliver, two prospectors who were in the region but who knew nothing of the Schieffelin find, wandered off and while looking for them Williams saw a gleam of metal in the trail that had been gouged out by the dragging halter chains of the vagrant animals. He recognized it as virgin silver and began looking around. Above the trail he found the ledge and named it the Grand Central.

The next day Williams saw smoke and wandered into the Schieffelin camp to reveal his discovery. Gird claimed it was on the Lucky Cuss property and in fact it appeared to be. So as a friendly gesture they divided the new claim, the Schieffelin camp taking half and Williams and Oliver half, which retained the name, Grand Central. The Schieffelins and Gird named theirs the Contention because of Gird's contention that the Grand Central claim infringed on the Lucky Cuss property.

All three—the Lucky Cuss, the Grand Central and the Contention were to become the three richest silver mines ever found on earth.

The two Schieffelins sold out cheaply —for about a million dollars. Gird hung on and amassed a huge fortune. He became so wealthy that at the age of fifty he could not tell within a million dollars what he was worth without consulting his bankers.

WEALTHY, famous and still young, Ed Schieffelin wanted to see what the world was like beyond his mountain of silver. He traveled extensively and for a time lived in New York City where the best restaurants gave him the red-carpet treatment and cabbies knew him by his first name. One Sunday morning when President Rutherford B. Hayes took a walk in Grand Central Park, the police and secret service agents expected a crowd would follow him, but were amazed to find the crowd on the other side of the park gawking at the man who had found a mountain worth eighty-five million dollars. Ed Schieffelin had also taken a walk that morning and a cab driver had pointed him out to the crowd expecting the President. There were only a few scattered cheers for Hayes.

Schieffelin went to Chicago and to Washington. He was not a showman and tried to avoid attention, but wherever he went people turned out to get a look at him. In Washington he was the guest of western senators and men in high places. But society and politics had no appeal. He hated the adulation and the fuss people made over him. Actually there was little change in the original Ed Schieffelin who was by nature a kindly, simple-hearted soul.

"I don't care for all the fuss and feathers," he told Governor John Charles Fremont in the fall of 1879. "Who am I to bend a knee to, anyway? Just a plain old prospector from the hills who's been a little luckier than most, that's all. I wish people would let me enjoy myself."

To get away from it all he had a boat specially built and cruised Alaskan waters with only the crew as company.

Brother Al's death in 1885 left him lonely and he longed for the hills and solitude where nature provided companionship. He could go for weeks and months on end without seeing a human being and loved it.

He met Mary E. Brown, a comely widow of Alameda, California, and married her. His wife took a keen interest in his welfare and tried to plan his life for him. But it did not work out well. There were too many parties and social events that bored him.

Born in Pennsylvania he had gone with his parents to the wilds of Oregon while still a small boy and it was there he wanted to return to try and recapture some of the happiness of his childhood. Oregon had been a wild country, and still was, as wild as the deserts he knew, and there he thought he might find the solitude he longed for.

"I will go with you," Mrs. Schieffelin said.

"No," he replied, "you'd better not. You wouldn't like roughing it, my dear. You stay here till I come back."

Before going north he went back to Tucson and Fort Lowell to see if he could find old Cactus who had been his daily companion for nearly seven years. Now almost fifteen, she would still be a good pack burro.

But Cactus had taken off into the hills long ago, he found. No one knew where she was. Schieffelin made several trips into the hills searching for her, but without success.

IN OREGON, Ed Schieffelin dropped from sight. Only a few people knew of the remote cabin in the coastal area where he lived. He was still a young man, only forty-two, and seemed in the best of health; but one day a logger who passed his cabin every day on

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his way home from work noticed no smoke coming from the chimney. Always at that hour of the day Schieffelin was cooking his supper and the logger wondered if the recluse might be ill.

He found Ed stretched out on the floor, dead. He had been hiking in the woods that day and apparently had overtaxed his heart.

Ed Schieffelin's funeral in Tombstone was the largest ever held in that town. Saloons, stores and county offices closed and people came from all parts of the territory to take a last look at the man who had found a hill of silver that already had produced eighty-five million dollars. The funeral parlor was crammed with flowers, many of them remembrances from men in high places.

The body was dressed in Schieffelin's old flannel shirt, bright red after its last trip to the laundry, and his prospector's clothes. Beside the coffin rested the pick and shovel, and the canteen he had carried the day he made his strike. All that was needed to recall the past was old Cactus, but she was off somewhere, presumably galivanting around with other creatures of her kind, enjoying a new freedom.

Today a towering monument marks the resting place of this man who, with steadfast faith and courage, followed a dream and won everlasting fame.

Lost Spanish Mines of the Burro Mountains

(Continued from page 25)

desert and mountain driver I have ever seen. After about thirty minutes, he pulled out of the arroyo onto a high desert saddle between the Langford Mountains and the Burro Mountains and there, almost hidden by the desert's myriad growths, were great tailing piles. Before us lay the tangible evidence of the painstaking work done by miners who had lived long before our time.

We fired questions at John and he admitted that he knew little about the mines' history. No one seems to know just when the Spanish operated the mines, but they—or perhaps the Apaches later—had taken great pains to conceal the shafts. It is known that about the turn of the century an old Swede discovered the existence of the mines and was able to locate and open one of the shafts. From all reports, he took several thousand dollars worth of gold from them. It is known that the Swede carried his ore to a gold stamp mill in the famous old Gold Hill area of the Burros, operated by a Mr. Cline. Mr. Cline stamped out some fourteen thousand dollars in gold for the old man. Not wanting to keep such a large amount, he turned it over to the old man, who carried it back across the mountains to his rock-lined dugout near the mines. The next day the Swede stopped by the stamp mill on his way into Lordsburg for supplies and was questioned as to whether he was carrying his gold. He informed Mr. Cline that it was well hidden and that he was only carrying enough for his supplies. That evening the old Swede was killed in a knife brawl in Lordsburg, and the location of his mines died with him.

John had located the mines about a year previous to our arrival, while attempting to cross the desert from the Langford Mountains to the Burros in

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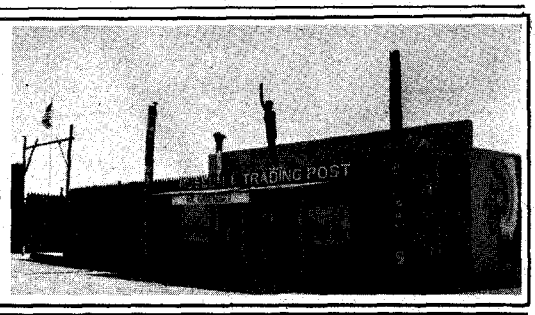

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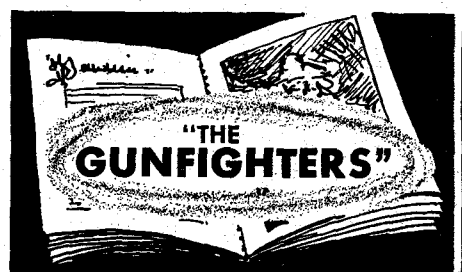

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company with a friend and had filed on them.

The seven shafts are located directly beneath the tailing dumps and the open shafts were timbered over some fifteen feet beneath the surface and the tailings poured in on top of them and smoothed out. Slight depressions—from erosion and settling over the years—were probed by long steel probes and the timbers located. Two inch pipes driven down to the timbers and charged with dynamite blew the old timbers out and, although many tons of tailings poured into the now open shafts, there lay exposed the old lost Spanish mines. It was a thrilling moment!

Our next move was to explore the old shaft, which was on a forty-one per cent incline. While Joan remained on the surface securing the safety rope, John and I slipped into the mine opening. As we went deeper into the shaft and explored the various old stopes and drifts as we came to them, we could not help but marvel at the immense amount of work those old-time miners had done with their primitive hand steels and tools.

As we moved along we cut samples from each stope and drift, so that we might have an overall picture of the value of the ore through assays.

FOR SEVERAL days we repeated this process until one day curiosity got the better of us as to what might lie behind six well-sealed-off stopes that angled off the main shaft and were sealed by large rocks in brick wall fashion.

Deciding to open the one nearest the surface, I tied the safety rope around my waist and descended into the shaft while John, for safety reasons, stayed at the mouth. I was able to dislodge enough of the rocks so that several tons of ore rushed out, along with so much dust that I was compelled to return to the surface.

After the dust had settled, John and I changed places and he was able to open the whole stope wall. As the ore out of the stope poured down the old shaft, a clear and beautifully toned bell began to ring deep down in the old mine. Three times during the day we heard the bell tones. From this eerie experience came the name of our present operating company, Three Bells Mining and Milling Company. Although we have cleaned out most of the old mine, we still have not found the source of the mysterious sound. At night our security officers have heard the old bell ringing deep in the shaft from time to time. From this it appears evident that there are as yet undiscovered openings which allows the wind—when from a certain direction—to move the old bell and thus produce the sounds. This theory is confirmed by the fact that the air at the bottom of the shaft is pure and sweet.

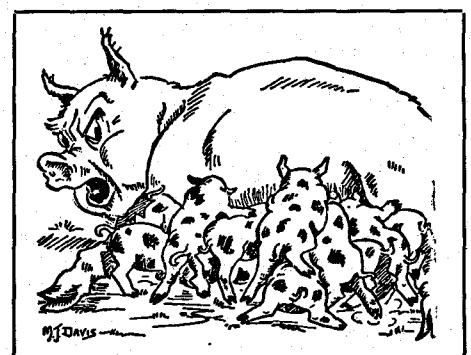
Numerous relics of the old Spanish miners have been found from time to time in our cleaning-out procedure. Of special interest to us are the old candle holders which held the Spaniards' only source of light for their operations underground. Many small pieces of the candles have been found, as well as an old pick and some hand steel.

On the surface are the crumbling ruins of what appeared to be guard houses that surrounded the mine area. Directly in front of our present working shaft was the old Spanish arrastre, where they crushed the ore. Time has not erased the well trodden path of the burros as they went round and round, pulling the crushing stone. These things, along with the old-style step-type mining of the shaft, left no doubt that John had found seven old lost Spanish mines.

It was then that John offered us a partnership; an offer immediately accepted. The cost of developing the properties would be more than the two of us could swing, so at once we began incorporation proceedings, making the organization a closed corporation with only 100 shares of working interest. A few Texas friends readily purchased the twenty-five shares we offered for sale. The company then was on its way.

We located a complete mill for sale some forty-five miles away and bought it for a song. Then began the laborious operation of dismantling and moving it to our properties.

During the construction period of the mill, one of our Mexican employees came to us with a new piece of information about the mines. His grandfather had told him of the existence of seven lost mines in the Burros, that the original owners were the Incas, and that they called their mines "The Seven Cities." We have been unable, of course, to verify this, but from a purely romantic viewpoint and to add color to the old diggings, one can easily imagine Coronado searching for seven fabulous cities of gold when actually the Incas were referring to seven mines.



"Okay! Okay! Break it up!"

To date we have opened, explored, timbered and are operating only one of the mines, with the remaining six still to be cleared out. Our modern mill is grinding out the concentrates that centuries ago were so laboriously done by manpower and burros. Where only hand tools were used in the past, powerful air hammers, stoping machines and explosives are chewing away the ore while the back-breaking work of bringing it to the surface has been replaced by modern methods.

Thrilling evidence of the old days show up regularly in a bit of candle, an old candle holder, an old tool or pick to remind us that another civilization worked these same mines centuries ago.

Our surveys indicate a possibility that behind the sealed stopes and drifts may be passages to the other mines, but since they are so closely located in distance, it is our plan to drift from the 100 foot level in each direction and attempt to contact and open them from below, using the present Number Five working shaft as a focal point.

WE have proved that lost Spanish Mines do exist, although neither John nor ourselves were looking for

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lost mines. We had no old parchment maps to follow, no words of a dying prospector to lead us to the mine. A simple short cut across the desert by Jeep from one range of mountains to another just happened to be directly in line with the mines that the desert had hidden long ago with vegetation. Had that line extended a hundred yards in either direction, the mines today would probably still lie undisturbed as an unknown monument to its owners of yesteryear.

To you folks at home with an irrepressible urge to prowl the hills, the deserts, the mountains and the canyons; to knock rocks, to pan the creek beds, to listen for the exciting buzz of an activated Geiger counter, we do not advocate taking the same bold gamble that we did. We can only say we did it and are mighty happy that we did.

We would, however, like to give a few tips to you who may some day follow that urge to hit for the rough back country and seek your fortune in the earth.

First: It is absolutely essential that you have at least a working knowledge of minerals and their occurrence and appearance in the field. Many helpful books have been written for the layman on this subject.

Second: Check on possible locations and the availability of filing mineral claims.

Third (and possiby the most important): Remember that prospecting is no picnic. You are subject to heat prostration on the desert, pneumonia in the mountains, the ever present danger of snake bite in either locality, the danger of broken bones far from medical aid, the chance of mechanical breakdown of your vehicle far from help. These things must be kept in mind and plans laid in advance to take care of them.

Fourth: If you intend to rough it by setting up a camp, the altitude and location have to be carefully considered and all supplies carefully checked. It's a long way to the supermarket or corner drugstore!

Fifth (This is extremely important.): ALWAYS let someone know the vicinity you'll be prospecting in, and set an estimated time of arrival back in town or camp so that in case of an accident or sudden illness, a search party will be able to find you promptly.

Sixth: If you are prospecting on a day basis from a town or city, always have your vehicle in top mechanical condition and equipped with blankets, water, flashlight, extra gasoline, oil, an extra set of spark plugs and points, and be sure your spare tire is aired and serviceable.

Seventh: Essential equipment includes a snake bite kit, a canteen, a small first aid kit, several cloth bags for samples, a notebook and pencils, a compass and prospecting pick. I would also suggest a light side arm.

A trip to the local Chamber of Commerce is the best way to begin a prospecting trip, as they usually have reliable data on the local mineralization and can put you in touch with local prospectors. At the county clerk's office, you can find out all the locations open for filing. But heed this word of warning: There are many local characters in every mineral area just waiting for a new prospector to arrive. These gents will have samples from their claims beautiful to behold; samples they'll be willing to peddle to you. If such a char-

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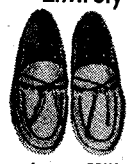

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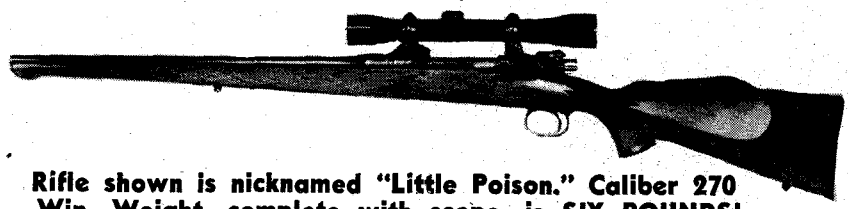

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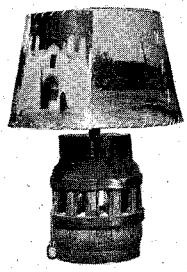

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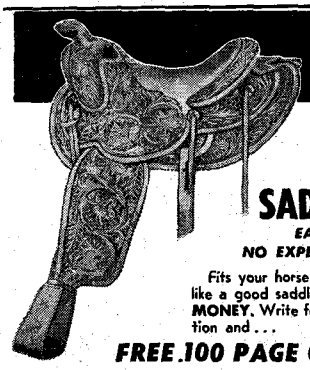

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acter takes you out to his claim, the samples he picks from his tailing piles will turn out to be high grade ore. (I have even seen pieces of high grade ore lying on the floor of the shaft.)

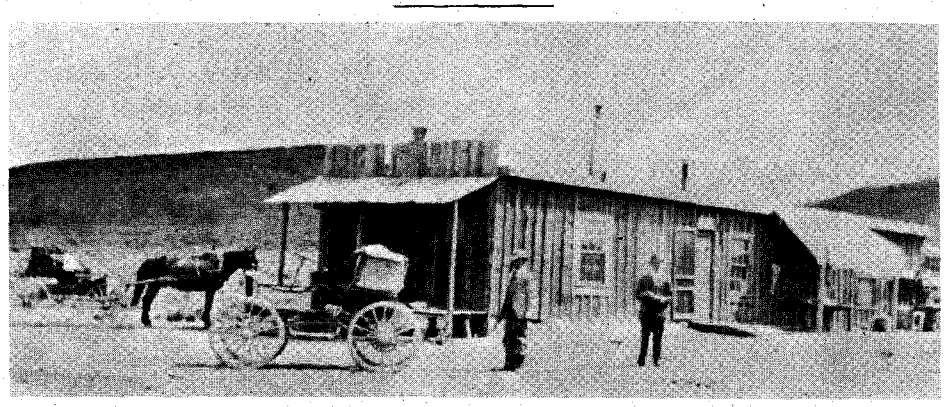
The trick to fool such sharpshooters is this. Take your own samples directly from the exposed vein material (if any) and have your own assays run. Remember, if his claim was as rich as he says it is, he could get financial backing himself to mine it. Even in these modern times there are crafty operators not averse to "salting" their holdings. Beware of the loudmouthed individual who spouts profusely about his holdings—it's usually hot air that he has. Much valuable time can be lost fooling with these fellows.

Don't misunderstand or allow these facts of life to unduly discourage you. There are still thousands of acres of land laying open for prospecting and claiming, and a lot of it contains good commercial minerals. It's there for you to find and take. Even in our locality there are still many open claims. Our thirty-nine claims stretch out across the south end of the Burros and contain in commercial quantities gold, silver, lead, thorium and other rare earths, as well as copper and molybdenum.

Prospecting is rugged work but also fun. You may not find paying mineral in a few weeks or months as we did, for there are not many John Baileys and few people have the blind luck we did.

But to all you folks who yearn to follow in the steps of the old forty-niners, I'll say this:

"Back your ears, podner, and start prospecting!"



Change station known at Halfway House at summit of Trinity Range between Lovelock and the Seven Troughs' District.

Seven Troughs' Bonanza

(Continued from page 19)

mail contracts; and because they scared the daylights out of any draft or saddle animals they chanced to meet en route, a toll road exclusively for their use was built a short distance south of the main stage road.

Rivalry ran high and in April, 1909, when fifteen autos were in service on the Lovelock-Seven Troughs run, owners of the several competing lines agreed to a road race. In view of the deep sand and alkali dust through which those primitive machines were obliged to fight their way, it seems almost incredible that Dick Keyworth's Packard completed the thirty-mile course in one hour and three minutes. Bert Bailey's Franklin crossed the finish line one minute later, and Stanley McIntosh's Schandt Roadwagon was only twenty minutes behind!

ASIDE from occasional claim jumping, camps of the district were remarkably well behaved. Few men carried guns; there were few known "toughs," and only on rare occasions did violent death lay its hand on the camps.

But Death wasn't taking a holiday—it was only conserving its main thrust for the tragic Third Act, of which Mazuma would be the setting. . .

Of the district's four towns, Mazuma possibly was the largest. In addition to her stores, newspapers, bank and fraternal organizations, she had a well-equipped fire department, a board of trade, mining engineers, attorneys, brokerage houses, a bath house and a good hotel. She also had several realtors and townsite promoters, and one of these, in 1908, was advertising; "Buy a lot in the East Addition to Mazuma and be Comfortable in Old Age. East Addition is Situated at the entrance to Seven Troughs Canyon, the Ideal Place to Live. Lots Reasonable in Price. Elegant in Location. . ."

Less than four years later the persons who read and answered that advertisement would have good reason to remember it.

ALTHOUGH the air was hot and a trifle sultry, Mazuma saw nothing unusual about the morning of July 18, 1912. Merchants, as usual, opened their stores and swept out. The baker began mixing bread dough. Men called and waved to each other as they streamed off to work in the mines and mills. Housewives washed their dishes and made beds, and planned what they'd cook for dinner. Children went out to play; and the postmistress, Maude Ruddell, postmarked the outgoing letters and when the stage arrived from Lovelock, distributed the mail to its respective boxes.

It was about noon when big white thunderheads began rolling up over the Seven Troughs range; but that wasn't unusual either. It had been happening almost every afternoon. Sometimes such clouds brought a light sprinkle of rain that spattered on the hot rocks and sent little puffs of dust rising from streets and yards. More often they brought only lightning and thunder and continued drought, so no one at Seven Troughs paid much attention to the threatening skies.

All afternoon the clouds gathered and rolled, and by four o'clock the sky was growing dark and ugly in appearance

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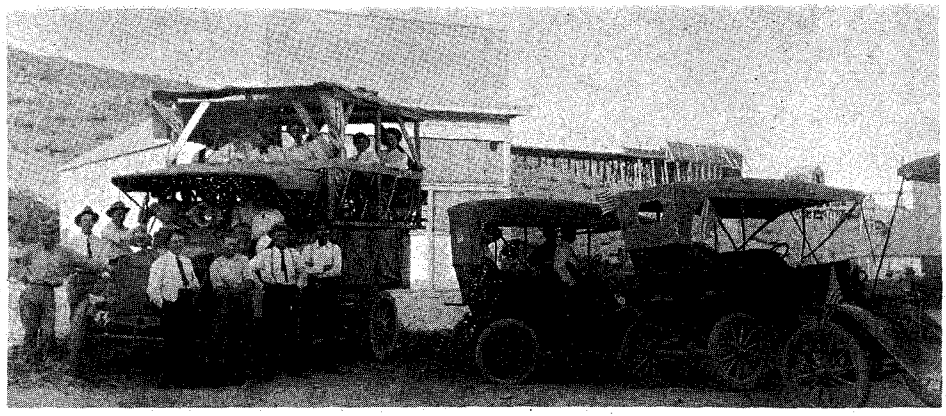

Fourth of July celebrants in Mazuma, 1911. Residents from all over the district gathered in Mazuma on holidays for races, boxing matches, dancing and fireworks.

and lightning was snapping wickedly, but still no one got excited.

Possibly the first anyone realized that this particular storm meant business was when two men, sitting in the office of the Coalition Mining Company, glanced out the window to see water roaring down Seven Troughs Canyon!

"Cloudburst!" Ellsworth Bennett may have shouted it first—but neither he nor his office companion, a Mr. Kalenbaugh, needed a second look to know that one of those rolling thunderheads had split its seams somewhere near the top of the canyon; and neither needed a blueprint to know what would happen when that roaring tide hit the down-canyon town of Mazuma. Grabbing his desk telephone, Kalenbaugh tried frantically to warn the lower camp, but for the one time he could remember, no operator's cheerful voice answered his desperate ringing.

Thundering through the dry wash with the speed of a cannon ball express, the cloudburst-driven flood deepened as the canyon narrowed and by the time the water reached the lower section of Seven Troughs and the upper part of Mazuma, it was traveling as a furious gray wall, its frothing crest riding high as the roof of a two-story building!

Nothing could resist that terrible tide. Automobiles were rolled over like toys, cabins were sent whirling off their foundations, stout store buildings were reduced to kindling wood. Patrons in the post offifce saw the flood coming in time to flee for their lives, but as Postmistress Maude Ruddell reached the street door she remembered the post office money and whirled back to save it. She had barely reentered the building when the battering-ram of the water crashed upon it, bursting its walls inward as a man might drive his fist through a taut sheet of tissue paper. With the splintered walls of the post office swirling down the wash, the flood roared on to annihilate the bank, the brokerage office, the hotel, the stores, the homes. . .

QUICKLY as it had come, the flood subsided. One moment the street of the busy little mining town had been dust dry. The next moment it had been buried under twenty feet of water—and by the third moment, literally speaking, the town had vanished.

Through all that horror-ridden night searchers probed into mud-layered heaps of splintered wood and broken brick and glass, and through all those long hours, voices choked by grief and dwindling hope shouted into the darkness the names of missing loved ones.

Not until five days later was the last body located, seven miles down the wash from Mazuma.

Dead were the three small sons of Mr. and Mrs. William Keheo—Jimmie, "going on seven"; George, four years; and Ronnie, nineteen months. Others who had failed to survive the desert deluge were ten-year-old Perry Gillespie, son of the superintendent of Mazuma Hills Mine; Postmistress Maude Ruddell; Mike Whalen, who had died while trying to rescue Ronnie Keheo; Margaret O'Hanlon, a clerk in McLean's store; John Trenchard, owner of Mazuma's leading hardware store; and Mrs. Julia Foncannon of Burnt Canyon. Mrs. Trenchard, who had been in the store with her husband when the flood struck, was located more than a mile from the spot where he was found mortally injured. Half buried beneath splintered boards from the wrecked store building, and with her long hair densely matted with fence staples and nails from the hardware stock, she was more dead than alive. One of Edna Rossmore's legs was so badly crushed that only by amputation could her life be saved, and many other persons were seriously injured.

The only buildings in Mazuma that had escaped destruction were Fred Preston's hotel, Bill Kromer's store, and a few miner's cabins perched too high on the canyon side for the flood to reach. The entire cyaniding plant of the Coalition Company had been swept away. The lower two floors of the Mazuma hotel had been smashed to kindling wood, while the third floor had been severed from the remainder, carried down the canyon a mile, and set down gently—its beds still made and starched curtains still hanging at its windows. So great had been the force of the water that heavy steel vaults had been carried down the wash for a distance of two miles—where they still rest today.

If there was any thought of rebuilding Mazuma, it was discarded when four more cloudbursts roared over the townsite during the next ten days.

Mazuma was through.

Seven Troughs and Vernon continued to operate for a few more years, but with the inevitable depreciation of ore and rising costs of operation, they too, gave up the struggle. Due to the great richness of the ore pockets, and the vast amount of high-grading that had taken place during the camps' best years, it is impossible to determine the full extent of their production, but conservative estimates place it between three million dollars and four million dollars in gold, silver, copper and lead.

IN addition to talking wth nearly a dozen persons who had taken part in the Seven Troughs boom, I was especially fortunate in having placed at my disposal complete files of all Seven Troughs, Mazuma and Vernon news-

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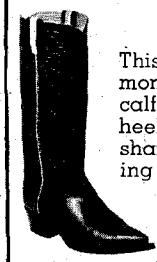

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This handsome 14 inch diamond stitched top boot has calfskin vamps, comfortable heel, narrow dressy toe, steel shanks, leather-lined. A-1 styling and workmanship.

Style 600—Glossy Black $18.45

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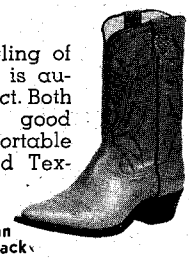

The True Western styling of this 11 inch top boot is authentic in every respect. Both tops and vamps of good quality calfskin. Comfortable heels, narrow squared Texas toe, steel shanks, leather lined.

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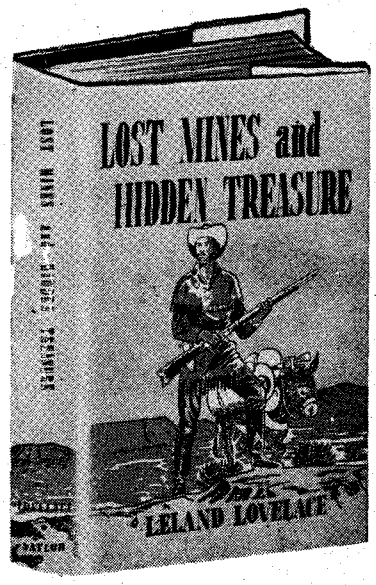

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Freight wagons leaving Lovelock for Seven Troughs' District about 1906. There were thirty stores in the district and several stamp mills where ore was processed.

papers—a treasury of information now owned by Paul Gardner, publisher of the *Lovelock Review-Miner*. After two days spent pouring over these fascinating old journals I felt as if I had known personally half the men and women who had taken part in that long-ago boom. But I still wanted to talk with Link Nickerson, so-called "Sage of Seven Troughs."

On each of three earlier visits, spread over a period of eight years, I had failed to find Link at home—he was always off in the hills working mine assessments, or something—but before writing the story of these camps I was determined to make one more attempt to locate him. My friend, Ed Green, who had driven stage between Lovelock and Seven Troughs during the early part of the boom, agreed to ride along with me and tell me what he could about the old diggings.

After a gradual twelve-mile climb to the juniper-feathered crest of the Trinities, Ed pointed out the green seep where had stood "Halfway House"—single change station on the old stage road between Lovelock and the camps. Then we dipped down through a wide valley and climbed another long sunny slope to Vernon, where the only remaining buildings were a few small cabins and the old concrete jail—complete with barred windows and doors.

"The hotel sat here," said Ed, indicating a plot of desert identical with all the area surrounding it. "Preston's general store, and Trenchard and Carey's hardware, were on the flat yonder. And the Northern Saloon stood near the head of that ravine. After the town died, I got permission to tear the saloon down for the lumber, and under the floor and back of the building were hundreds of empty champagne bottles!"

Searching through the dense sagebrush, we found five of those old bottles whose contents had been used more than half a century before in celebration of events deemed worthy of imported champagne. Made of heavy green glass, with deeply recessed bottoms, three of the five had their lead seals still in place and pressed into the soft lead we could read, "Vintage of 1904."

From Vernon, a steep, narrow rutted road took us up a canyon a couple of miles to the old shaft of the once-famous Fairview Mine. Later, we skirted the brown hills to the site of Seven Troughs, where gray mine dumps spilled down both sides of the canyon. A few ghostly headframes stood guard over inactive mines, and up near the end of the road, three wooden cabins drowsed in the afternoon sun.

As we drove back down the canyon, bumping over rocks and ruts and dodging giant sagebrushes that disputed our way, I reminded Ed that I wanted to get some pictures of Mazuma.

"You do?" said Ed, grinning. "Then you'd better stop quick—because we're right in the middle of it!"

It didn't seem possible that any town—even a cloudburst victim—could be so completely obliterated. If there was one fragment of wall, one cellar, or even one cement foundation remaining, I failed to find it.

NEAR the canyon's mouth we turned on a branch road that led south toward a clump of trees and some wooden buildings. A man seated on the steps of the first cabin regarded us quizzically as I halted the car in his front yard.

"You've hit it this time," said Ed. "Here's the old boy, now!"

The man who came forward to greet us was thin and wiry, his eyes brimming with good humor, his step still holding the enthusiastic spring of youth.

Born at McMinnville, Oregon, Link Nickerson answered Adventure's call to Nevada when still in his teens. After a short period spent in the booming camps of Tonopah and Goldfield, he followed the rush to the Seven Troughs District in 1907—and here he had lived all these years! After the original towns died, he moved to what is known as "New" Seven Troughs—a small camp that came into existence about 1927 when a tunnel was being driven into the mountain to connect with the original Fairview shaft. Also at New Seven Troughs stood a large cyaniding mill built in 1929 at a reported cost of $201,000. After operating only a few months the mill closed and eventually was sold to a rancher from Hagerman, Idaho, who bought it for back taxes.

Link owned the little cabin where he lived. From an old iron pipe beside his front door poured an unfailing stream of clear, cold spring water which supplied his domestic needs and ran on down the slope to water the cottonwoods in his front yard. A kerosene operated refrigerator preserved his meat and other perishables; and about once a month he journeyed thirty miles to Lovelock for groceries and his mail.

After Link had helped me with several details of the camps' history, and Ed and I were about ready to leave, I looked out over the wide dry desert valley that separates the dry Seven Troughs Range from the dry Trinities.

"This seems like a strange sort of place for an Oregon 'Webfoot' to have lived for more than half a century," I remarked.

"Ain't it the truth?" the desert man chuckled and shook his head. "I think

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the 'webs' dried up and fell off—about forty-nine years ago!"

As we started back toward Lovelock, Ed and I halted at the little graveyard on the slope below New Seven Troughs. Its fence was lying prone, and the dozen rocky mounds it contained were barren of flowers or grass. On only four of the weary wooden markers could we decipher time-faded inscriptions. One headed the grave of Frank Reed, killed by a gambler; another marked the resting place of James R. Ratliff, died January 5, 1909; and two wooden crosses identified the mounds of James, George and Ronald Keheo—the little boys lost in the tragic flood of 1912.

Except for this old cemetery, three cabins and a few idle mines in Seven Troughs Canyon, the old jail at Vernon, and a few old newspapers and photographs, the four great boom towns of the Seven Troughs District have all but vanished from the earth.

Hopi Snake Dance

(Continued from page 27)

ladders which led to second and third story roofs. Long strands of red, white and blue corn, clay water jars, rabbit, badger and coon skins swung from hand-hewn beams which protruded about two feet beyond the front walls of each building. The faint thud of drums and the drone of native chants were audible.

A throng of curiosity seekers from distant places were seated about the large, open plaza. Many Indians were gazing from peepholes, windows or doors. Others were sitting or squatting on the ground, all waiting patiently for the impending drama. Indians were standing like packed sardines on the flat, sun-baked roofs; their red, purple, and orange blankets standing out in bold contrast to the sun-baked adobes and deep blue sky.

Pueblos, Zunis, Hopis and Navajos, groups of Apaches, Papagoes and Yumas comprised the vast throng. Many of the brown bodies were bare except for coyote skins about their waists. A few scattered Sioux, Cheyennes and Yakimas from distant tribes wore white buckskin. Others were attired in the contrasting colors of green trees, desert flowers, birds and fruit; beaded moccasins of every hue; trousers fringed and ornamented with white, red and blue beads, seashells, porcupine quills.

Most of the Hopis wore hand-hammered silver bracelets, rings and beads strung in intricate design. Their bodies were half robed in blankets of brilliant orange, red or white.

To our left stood a group of beautiful Comanche maidens, wearing necklaces of seashells, silver bangles or polished squirrel teeth. Others wore gleaming strings of blue and purple beads around their throats. Tall, lean Navajo men, bare above the waist, wearing red and white beaded bands around their foreheads, sat astride gaunt ponies or desert burros on the hill immediately above the dance arena, as if to guard the sanctity of the ceremony.

As we sat waiting and watching, a profound silence fell upon the throng as the village crier, a colorful figure in bright blue shirt, drab brown trousers and red beaded head band, moved up a ladder to the third story roof. There he took his majestic stand and, with both hands upstretched, broke the attentive stillness with a weird native call that could have been heard a mile away.

The atmosphere was tense as eight broad-shouldered, six-foot Antelope Priests emerged from the sacred Kiva and entered the plaza, striking in their regalia of gunny sacks, corn shucks and dried grass. Their bodies were splashed with white paint and their heads wrapped in rabbit skins and dried corn shucks.

(Parenthetically, at this point, it is well to note that—contrary to rumors that interest in the Hopi Snake Dance is fading away—the present day Snake Clan is more deeply concerned with preserving its tradition and the authenticity of each year's performance than were their people who performed in August, 1540, when Don Pedro de Tovar of Coronado's expedition first visited the Hopi villages. Each year the Hopis initiate more young men into the fraternity and each year they become more secretive about the mysterious rites.)

THE Antelope Priests first circled the plaza four times and offered silent prayer; to the east, south, west and north. Then they took a stand beside the Kissa, on the east side of the plaza. The Kissa, a pyramid about six feet wide and eight feet in height and put together like a farmer's corn shock, had an opening on the east side. Inside was the depository for fifty or sixty rattlesnakes.

Now, in marked contrast to the Antelope fraternity, came the wooden-faced Snake Clan dancers. Eight in number, single file, they moved in unity from the underground Kiva to the plaza. Each dancer's headgear was a bunch of turkey feathers, corn shucks and quills. Knee-length moccasins fashioned of rabbit fur and dried skins encased their thudding feet. Long grey and brown fox skins dangled from their waists. Keeping in step to the beat of buckskin drums and rattles in the hands of the Antelope Priests, the dancers began circling the plaza, swaying back and forth, bending and rising, their elastic bodies in perfect rhythm to the continous beat of drums and the swishing rattles of gourds containing pebbles or dried beans.

Three groups were involved in the dance; those who seized the snakes and held them in their arms or between their teeth as they pranced about the plaza, the huggers who followed the dancers and offered sympathetic protection by stroking the snakes' heads with silky eagle feathers, and the gatherers. The latter group picked up the snakes dropped to the ground at the conclusion of the dance and scuttled toward excited spectators, then raced out of the plaza.

Among the first white men to witness the Hopi Snake Dance were a few amateur photographers who, years ago, secretly took the only known photographs of the strange ritual. Since then all cameras have been barred. In present-day ceremonies, Indian police are always on guard throughout the ritual. If a spectator attempts to take a photo, his camera is seized and the film ripped out. The camera is returned with a courteous but firm warning to the offender. Should a second attempt be made to photograph any scene, the camera is seized, smashed to bits, and its owner ordered to leave the village by the stern defenders of Hopi law.

We found ourselves fascinated by the supple precision and rhythm of the

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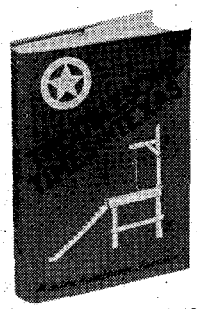

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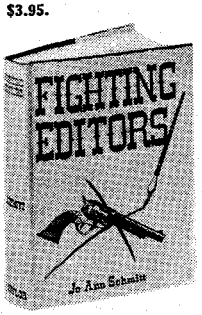

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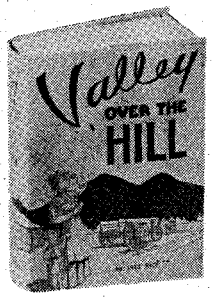

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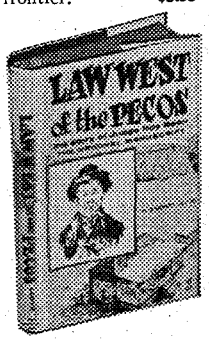

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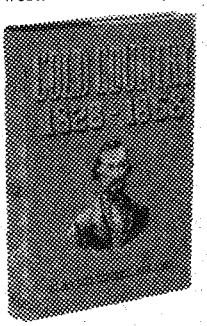

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dancers as they circled the plaza. Apparently devoid of fear, they held the rattlesnakes in every position—by the head, the body, the tail. As each dancer approached the Kissa, he paused a moment as his hand shot down into the pit of wriggling snakes in the depository. At the same moment he seized a snake, he stomped a pine board called the Sipapau adjoining the Kissa, which is supposed to bridge a hole to the underground spirit world. Then he continued in the solemn dance around the plaza. Once around, he paused again to pass the wriggling, vicious reptile to another dancer who wound it around his own neck, arm or leg. As he fondled the snake, the dancer immediately behind him reached down into the pit, seized another reptile and continued to dance.

To our surprise we noticed among the dancers an undernourished boy of about seven years, a son of one of the clan who had recently died. This boy must bear the tradition of his tribe and

Hopi maidens with their sacred baskets of corn meal make a ring in the Dance.

carry on in his father's place. About this little fellow's neck were two snakes larger than his arm. In each hand he held a snake by the neck. Its squirming body was in continuous movement, from side to side.

Some of the more stalwart dancers carried four to six snakes. Two tottering ancients of perhaps ninety years and a boy of twelve were in line. Seeming to clasp the serpents with a tender and magic touch, they flung the snakes over their heads, wrapped them around their waists and frequently gave them a cheek caress.

MEMBERS of the Snake Clan believe the eagle carries a message to the spirit world above and that snakes take messages to the spirit world below. Since the snakes are captured and brought in from the four cardinal corners of the earth, they must listen to the voices and songs of the Hopis. After their release, they are believed to return to the underworld and reveal their treatment in Hopiland.

Some fiction writers depict this event as a colorful but harmless dance, with whip, bull or even garter snakes. Others claim that some of the dancers are bitten and soon die. We, however, have witnessed the Hopi Snake Dance on four different occasions, and from close observation have seen only one dancer bitten by a reptile. Following the incident, he immediately rubbed the spot with the healing salve prepared by the Antelope Priests and continued dancing. Hopi head men declare that none of the poisonous fangs are ever removed from the reptiles before or during a Snake Dance ceremony.

After an hour's dancing and just as the tourists were wondering what would happen next, the dancers suddenly broke apart and formed a half circle at the northwest end of the plaza.

Suddenly six Hopi women, wrapped in red and black striped blankets, rushed into the scene. They made a ring with corn meal and sprinkled the ground with more meal. Quickly the dancers raced into the ring, flinging all their snakes upon the ground. The four lead dancers plunged their hands into the mass of writhing reptiles. Each dancer seized three to six snakes, whirled and dashed away. Bewildered spectators scrambled for safety.

One of the dancers ran north, another south, the third east, and the fourth hurried out toward the setting sun. In the distant desert sands or on the sloping hillside they released the snakes and bade them farewell until another August sunset.

So ended the Snake Dance ceremony, but the startling result was yet to come. For nine months previous to this ceremony there had been no rain in this Indian village. Only a few scattered clouds had crossed the sky and passed away, but still the Hopis had kept faith that the traditional Snake Dance ceremony and prayer would bring rain.

So strange, colorful and mystifying had been the dramatic scene before we white tourists on this occasion that we had not noticed the dark clouds gradually forming overhead. Suddenly flashes of lightning split the clouds and thunder boomed over the hills. Before our party had crossed the plaza to enter our car, a terrific downpour of rain was soaking the village and surrounding arid country.

The ancient Rain Gods had again answered the prayers and eerie ritual of the Snake Clan of Hopiland.

Snowdrift—Lonest of the Lone!

(Continued from page 21)

followers was Bob Kennon, packer, cowboy, forest ranger, trapper, friend of Charlie Russell's. One winter while I was in Great Falls, Montana, on Charlie Russell's trail, I fell in with Bob Kennon and from him learned the main parts of this history. For a long time he hunted after Snowdrift with Barney Brannon.

They wore sheepskins over their shoes to hold in the human scent. They boiled sage and soaked their boots in the tea. They smeared cow manure over their boots and tried in other ways to make their trails smell only of the range. Barney Brannon found some enormous hoofs slipped from a steer's skeleton. He fastened them to the bottoms of his shoes so that his tracks looked like cow tracks, and thus followed Snowdrift to study his habits and learn his ways. He thought that if Snowdrift doubled back, as he sometimes doubled, he would be thrown off guard. He never was. A wolf is likely to use a certain beat over and over if he is sure that a man is not after him. After Snowdrift had marked a route, a long time had to pass before he considered it safe. He had plenty of room and he knew every feature over it.

He would not approach a place, particularly a pass, that his senses told him

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had been touched by man. His intuition often seemed keener than his keen senses. Maybe two or three days after he had passed a certain way he would sneak back to it, only from one side or the other, to see if a man were tracking him. He took towards all men the advice that Jim Bridger gave on Indians: "When you see sign, look out; when you don't see any sign at all, look out sharper than ever."

Once men rolled up the wire of about a mile of fence that he was used to going through. Old posts left in the ground continued to mark the line. Snowdrift always went around the mile-long scar; he was never known to cross it again. Something had been there; men had come and done something. He did not understand exactly what, but he understood the deadliness of men.

In 1922 government surveyors worked for several weeks on Baldy Mountain in the Highwoods. This mountain had been one of Snowdrift's resorts. It was three years before he came nearer than three miles to the pegs the surveyors had driven down, the trees they blazed, the lines through the underbrush they had cut.

When the fall roundups, lasting a month or so, were on, Snowdrift altogether avoided the range they were working. He was not daring but discreet. "Safety first" seemed to be his motto.

A wolf caught in a trap chained to a log dragged it quite a distance before getting hung up. Snowdrift came along, followed the drag only a few steps, then circled around the trapped wolf, near enough for his senses to tell him all that he wanted to know. He kept far enough away to be safe from machinations that might be allied to the man-trapped animal.

It is wolf nature to follow the tracks of another wolf. When Snowdrift came upon the tracks of another wolf, he, instead of following them, crossed them at right angles or veered away, changing his own course if necessary to avoid proceeding with them. Constantly and unceasingly he did all he could to avoid calling attention to himself. Coming to a small branch of water, he would hunt a narrow place—or go directly to it, for he seemed to have a memory of every feature of the land—and jump it, so as to not make plain tracks in the mud. He never crossed twice at the same place. To defecate, he walked out into brush, made his deposit unobstrusively, and circled back to his route.

WOLVES have a great amount of curiosity, but Snowdrift never allowed curiosity to get the better of his judgment. Once Bob Kennon and Barney Brannon tried the flag trick on him. They tied a piece of red cloth to a green bush in a place he was almost certain to pass. He, as tracks told, passed some distance to one side but made no investigation. Two other wolves that investigated stepped into traps.

It is the nature of wolves to gnaw on old bones, chew on the tops of cow and buffalo horns lying on the ground. Bob and Barney collected bones of cattle that had died on the range and piled them into a conspicuous mound on an open flat. The bone pile attracted the attention of a number of wolves. One would circle around it, at first staying maybe a quarter of a mile away, gradually over a period of nights drawing nearer and nearer though few would get too near. One night four young cross-breeds, half wolf and half dog, got close enough to be caught in the maze of traps. Snowdrift saw the bone pile all right but never swerved from his direction, more than a quarter of a mile away, to investigate it. He ignored mounds of rocks—an often-used decoy—in the same way.

A bear will tear the bark off a fallen log, even claw the log to slivers if it is decayed sufficiently, looking for ants. Using sticks, instead of their odoriferous hands, to gather bear-torn bark, trappers mounded it up in places to attract wolves. More than once they enticed a wolf into a trap by this method, but never even interested Snowdrift.

The wiliest wolves succumb eventually to curiosity concerning a scent or to its magnetic power. Barney Brannon dug holes, sprinkled the bottoms with his most potent scent lures, fixed traps over the holes and covered them with leaves, twigs, and dry horse manure. Some smart wolf might try to dig under the trap to get to the smell and catch a paw in the steel jaws. Snowdrift would run from any such scent as if it were as dangerous as a man shooting at him.

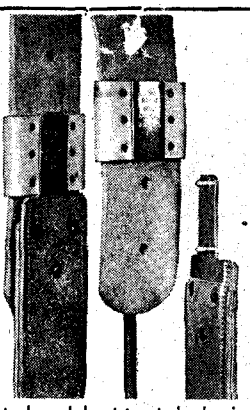
In winter Barney would shoot a rabbit with a .22, bend his ears back, where they remained frozen stiff, as if the rabbit were asleep, and place the body in snow near a tuft of grass. A coyote or a green lobo might be fooled, but Snowdrift disdained investigating any such falsity.

Trappers put out dummy baits, balls of cow or horse tallow, getting wolves used to them before inserting strychnine in similar balls. Snowdrift was never known to notice such a bait, though his tracks passed right over it.

Snowdrift lived on fresh beef for at least thirteen years, despite all that trappers and ranchers could do. No king of the middle ages with an official taster was more distrusting of food set before him than Snowdrift was. No connoisseur of wines could be choosier.

He killed on high ground, and he killed on low ground. He killed only when he was hungry, never wantonly, and he habitually selected his fare. If he had a craving for strong meat, he did not hesitate to bring down a cow or a steer weighing a thousand pounds. He could top a herd as accurately as a stockyards butcher. After his prime was passed he generally took younger animals, but never a cull. If fat meat was available, he had it. He preferred killing far out on the range, but he ate from cattle on feed, near human habitations, and took his toll from farmers as well as from big ranchmen. There were farmers in the Judith Basin who almost nightly for years hung lighted lanterns in their cow lots to ward off the light-fearing bandit.

The wolf method was to find an animal out from a bunch, run at it, cut its hamstring, and eat either the hindquarters or the vitals. After he had taken his fill of meat, he was through with a carcass. He did not return for a second meal as most young wolves and many grown ones do. Some wolves will approach an old carcass apparently only for a delicious whiff; some will chew like a coyote on a piece of dried hide. Snowdrift was a patrician. He would not approach to smell and would not touch in any way any carcass but a fresh one of his own killing.



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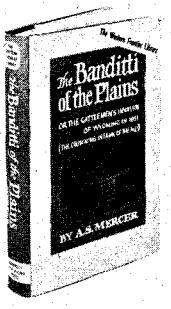

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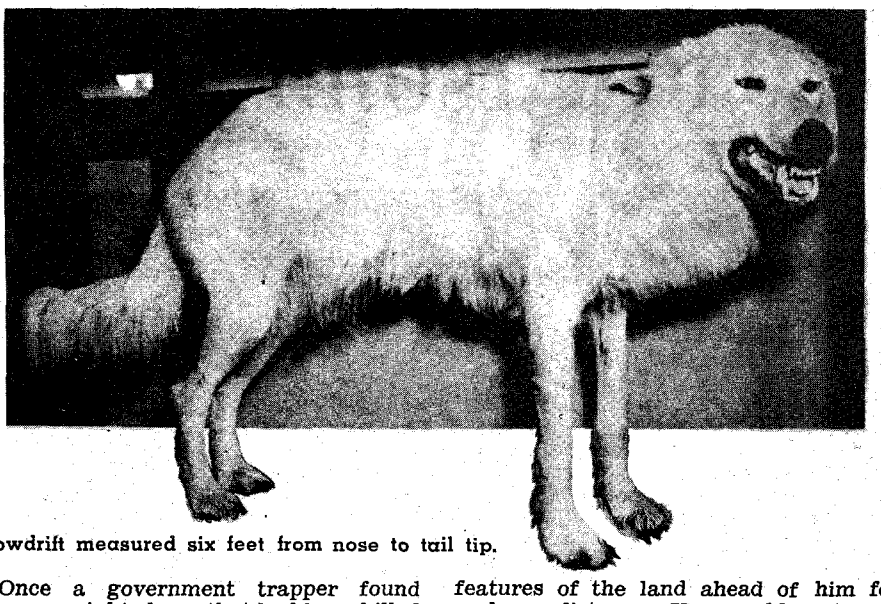

Snowdrift measured six feet from nose to tail tip.

Once a government trapper found seven or eight sheep that had been killed by some predator, only one of them eaten. Without examining closely for tracks, he suspected Snowdrift. He was in Snowdrift's country, and Snowdrift and the reward for him occupied his mind. Bob Kennon, happening by, told him: "Snowdrift never kills sheep. He is a beef-eater. He never kills for the game of killing—only to eat. A bear did this." The government trapper was convinced, but he piled up logs to attract attention on a hillside not far from the dead sheep, put out a quarter of a horse for bait, and set traps about. The arrangement was conspicuous; the odor of the horsemeat drifted far. Two or three times, as sign showed, Snowdrift passed between half a mile and a mile and a half away from the logs, stopped and looked, and kept going his way. Nor was any bear caught.

As soon as he ate, Snowdrift left the telltale carcass for some hiding place he had in mind, there to rest. But he would not rest long. He seemed to require as little sleep as Napoleon. Moving or in hiding, he kept alert. For months at a time there was not a day when some man was not on his trail. He knew that he was hunted. Year in and year out, he lived on the dodge.

ONE SUMMER morning while Bob Kennon was packing salt on mules, to be distributed over the range, he left his rifle in camp. That was the morning he sighted Snowdrift lying down beside a knoll of rocks on a ridge, a long way off. Bob turned back for camp, released the mules, and put the rifle in his scabbard. Of course Snowdrift had disappeared long before he returned to the resting place. Bob trailed him all day without finding where he stopped again. He did find a kill the wolf had made not far from where he was sighted.

Trappers on high points sometimes caught glimpses of Snowdrift through field glasses, generally far off. He would walk slow, stop, sit on his haunches and look around in all directions. If all was clear, he might pick out a spot whence he could see and there lie down and put his ear to the ground to listen.

He liked to travel ridges, against rocky bluffs, in brush, but up where he could look out. He never followed a trail or road. In day time he would hardly cross an open draw, where a man on horseback could get a run at him. He had been chased by cowboys and once by a car. He chose rough ground where a horse could not make time. He always seemed to know the features of the land ahead of him for a long distance. He would not run blindly into unfavorable ground. Although his habitual posture was upstanding, he could crawl on his belly to keep hidden. He would go a mile out of his way to get up on a high point with a clear view of all directions. Here he would lie down in sagebrush, unseen but seeing.

He had favorite lying-up places, scattered over the country, but would never go directly to one of them. He would go to some point, look long at the place where he wished to hide, and then, if it seemed safe, go to it. When he got there, he would not lie down under a bush where he had lain before.

Once while Snowdrift was still in his prime, a man got a shot at him, about 500 yards off, in the breaks of the Missouri River. He had just filled up on yearling meat and was making for the far-away Highwoods.

As he grew heavy-footed from age, the long delayed shot of finality was almost inevitable. It came one spring morning in 1930 from a rancher out looking through his cattle. Snowdrift was eating from the carcass of a fat calf when he heard, too late, the hoof beats of the rancher's horse. The years had no doubt deadened his hearing.

He had to run across a little open flat and was about two hundreds yards off when the bullet overtook him. He was so old that all his hairs had turned white. His back teeth were gone and the front ones were worn down. His left hind leg bore the scar of a bullet that another ranchman had fired in 1926.

When the rancher brought the carcass into the town of Stanford, it created the kind of sensation that the exhibition of Billy the Kid's head would have made in Sante Fe in the 1880's. The wolf looked as big as a weaned calf. He measured six feet from nose to tail-tip. The shape of his head made some people say that he was part dog, but this could not be proved. His intelligence had been that of a wolf. Despite all the meat he had consumed, he was gaunt. During a six-weeks period of the preceding winter he had killed ten head of registered Herefords. Only the gaunt run and watch, stay alert on the dodge, for years.

No hunter during his long life had ever outwitted Snowdrift. It is doubtful if any other wolf had such a long and continuous record for cunning. Old age and chance combined to end his career.

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Fightingest Man of the West

(Continued from page 15)

per big as a barn door, an irresistible smile—and copper was king. The mighty Anaconda in Butte was turning out millions of dollars of "red gold," the Copper Queen in Bisbee was pouring out more millions. Already on the stock market a hundred different copper stocks were being bid up to the blue Arizona skies. Bill Greene's promotional genius sold 138,000 shares, retaining 364,000 for himself and the control.

BACK at Cananea, long lines of twenty-mule freight wagons with their clanking trace chains and the blasphemous curses of the whiskey-drinking skinners to urge them on, brought in timbers, machinery and supplies. Greene freighted in coal and coke, a water-jacket furnace in which to smelt his ore. There was no water, so he installed a huge pipeline and pump. Lime and silica—for flux—had to be hauled in. But with thousands of dollars going out, not one dollar was coming in. Nor would, until the smelter was blown in. Stockholders began to clamor for a return on their investment. Greene was gambling daringly and held them off. He needed a railroad, for the freight was eating them up. The Southern Pacific refused to build him a branch line.

"I'm not a man to haul my supplies thirty miles over a cut-up, boggy road," he told them. "I'll build it myself."

The spur cost him $500,000. A few years later, the Southern Pacific was anxious to buy it from him for two million dollars.

Greene continued to gamble. From his mining camps strung along the Cananea Range, he sent down to the reduction plant in Ronquillo low percentage ore, to help out the lean shipments of copper ore. At the smelter it was turned into matte, the crude product of copper furnaces from which metal is extracted.

Before long the company was broke and Greene was paying his debts in papered stock. And one day, just as things were beginning to look a little brighter, Ed Massey, his underground super, pulled himself up out of the shaft and spat venomously.

"We've run out of ore," he growled.

"Say that again, slow-like," Greene prodded him. "If it means what I think you said—"

"You heard me. This damned ore don't lie between walls, like silver and gold."

"Where the hell *does* it lie?" he demanded.

"In big pipes in the limestone."

"But it's there!" Bill yelled. "All right—send out for some diamond drills."

"Using what for money?" Massey drawled.

GREENE made another trip to New York, by way of El Paso. In El Paso he paid a printer $4,000 to make up a prospectus showing completed tunnels of his mine with great ore stopes opened. Greene took the prospectus, along with his audacity and smile, into Wall Street. This time he was gambling that the ore would be found.

It took raw frontier courage to look a group of money-wise financiers in the eye and sell them stock—with the bottom all but dropped out of Greene's mine. Greene invited a select group of his backers—including Hetty Green, the world's richest woman—to inspect his diggings.

"My private car will take you to Cananea," he advised them.

He hurriedly hired a private car. With millions invested, big industrial plants constructed and manned, thousands of miners boring into the hills, half a score of towns and mining camps and saw mills dotting the Cananea Range, the swashbuckling rawhide miner was betting everything on the high card.

At the end of the rail line, the fastest carriage-teams in Bisbee took his party dashing away to Cananea, sixty miles south, where Bill saw his orders had been carried out. He had wired from New York for George Mitchell to rerun the copper matte and feed the furnaces their richest ore. Through the hazy distance Greene saw the green ribbons of smoke belching from the furnaces. It could have meant his colossal copper kingdom going up in smoke.

But his astounding luck held. The stope that in the beginning existed only in a brilliantly pictured and worded prospectus, and in the fervent imagination of the West's most daring promoter, was actually encountered by the diamond drills 200 feet beyond where the capote's tunnel end was being blasted while Greene was returning from New York.

Deep into the bowels of the red earth, Greene's party saw men shoveling out ore faster than the timbermen could

George Metcalf was murdered in the lumber yard riot. The Metcalfs tried to hold the mob with fire hose, but the mass of anger bore in.

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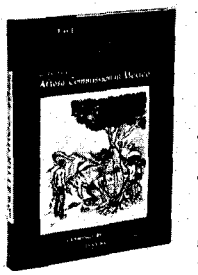

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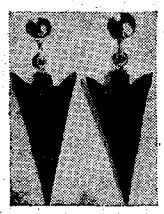

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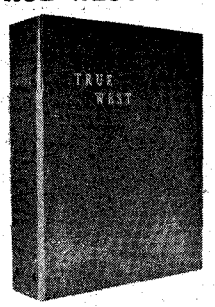

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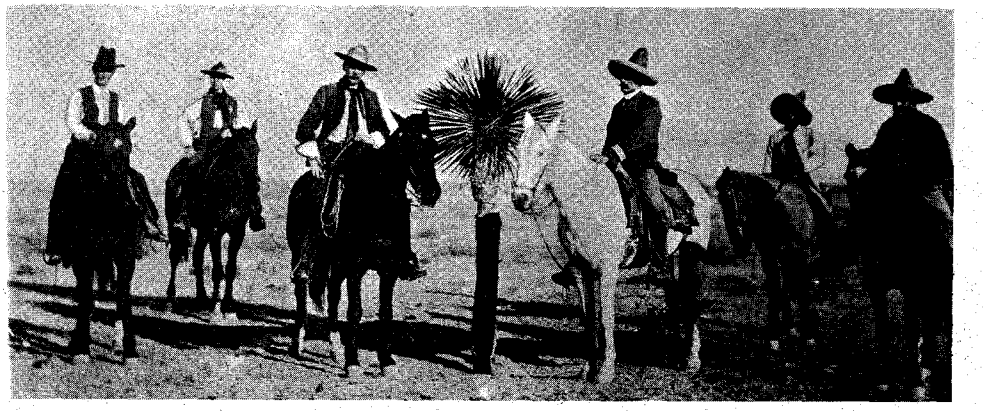

Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky (center right) and Officer O'Jada (far right) led Rurales who suppressed Cananea War with Arizona Rangers headed by Sam Hayhurst (left) and Captain Tom Rynning (center left).

shore up the country rock around it.

"See!" Bill exclaimed with his flashing smile, "they're running into it everywhere."

NOW he held the fate of the copper world in his hands. He turned to cattle, as a hobby. It was Greene's announced ambition not only to become the copper king of the world but the cattle king as well. With Ed F. Williams of Blythe, California, he established the Greene Cattle Company. Greene's home ranch and outlying cow camps became nationally famous. Celebrated cowmen, with Tim Mix as ranch boss, marshalled Greene's vast herds.

The copper boom reached its height. The magnates behind Amalgamated Copper, the holding company seeking to gain control of the copper mart—H. H. Roger, William Rockefeller of the Standard Oil Company (which dominated most of the mines in Montana), and Thomas W. Lawson—came down from New York to look over Greene's properties.

"We are prepared to meet any price you name," said Lawson, promotional wizard of Wall Street. Lawson also wrote the newspaper column, "Frenzied Finance." Anyone who followed the stock market in the early 1900's knew Lawson.

Greene refused to sell.

"We're prepared then," declared Lawson, "to wipe you off the face of the earth."

"I've never learned to turn my back on a fight, Lawson," snapped Greene. "Good day, gentlemen."

Nothing happened—for awhile.

GREENE went back to his mines, and flooded the market with his "red gold." Using modern machinery and methods, but employing cheap Mexican labor, he was able to undersell his American competitors by offering copper at seventeen cents a pound. All his shift bosses and timbermen and many of his smelter hands were Americans, drawing union wages in gold; but working side by side with them were several thousand Mexicans who received their pay in pesos. The obvious injustice created a smoldering discontent. This discontent was soon intensified by a mass of "red" literature which was secretly distributed among them. Greene's vast mines were struck.

In his Locomobile, Bill Greene stood boldly erect daring the Mexicans to make a move.

"I'll kill the first son of a b.... who starts anything," he warned them.

As he harangued the blood-thirsty mob in their native tongue, one of them fired from ambush. The sneak shot missed. Greene drew his gun and fired. The would-be assassin fell dead in the gutter.

But Bill Greene had underestimated the fury in the Mexicans' hearts. Already a savage mob of several thousand miners, inflamed by mescal and American whiskey, were leaving Ronquillo to march upon the town. They entered John Metcalf's lumberyard, where Metcalf repelled them, temporarily, with a fire hose. But the whiskey and mescal was burning their brains, the injustice their souls. The revolutionist-miners swarmed over the piles of lumber, setting them afire, then murdered Metcalf and his nephew. The strikers raged up the street firing the buildings, led by a revolutionist waving a red flag. Soon they spotted Bill Greene making an impassioned speech in the Plaza.

As the mob bore down on Greene, he drew his gun again, simultaneously with the eleven Americans crowding his big touring car. A volley of twelve bullets decapitated the mob leader's head and all but cut his body in two.

"Give 'em hell!" Greene roared, as he turned his big car around and headed down the street. He drove with one hand, shooting his pistol with the other, cutting a bloody swath through the mob.

The outbreak settled down into a small-scale war. Wholesale killings scourged the border mining town. Opposed by overwhelming numbers, Greene wired for help from Bisbee. Tom Rynning and his Arizona Rangers responded and joined in the deadly gunfire being poured into Ronquillo, across the tracks.

At the end of the second day of murderous fighting, Colonel Emilio Kosterlitzky and his dreaded Rurales came riding from the south and ordered death to any striker who resisted. Shooting ceased. Both sides counted their dead—sixty—with more than 100 wounded. Greene turned his back on the rows of the dead and dying, and drove bitterly up the hill to his mines.

The last of the resistance was stamped out and the strikers went sullenly back to their jobs. Greene, a very disillusioned man, finally met their demands for equal pay.

MEANWHILE, he found himself being unwillingly drawn into a far bigger battle in Wall Street for he stubbornly refused to join the "Trust."

Lawson, in a brief note, began his scurrilous attack on Greene. He mentioned neither mine nor its owner, but so cunningly was the item worded that the stock of Greene's biggest producer dropped from $33.50 to $17 on the big board, within the brief period of

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two weeks. The contents of the article gave some hint of the battle ahead for Greene. But he was a fighter, and a gambler. So was Lawson. Lawson exposed to the public one of the most flagrant (to him) pieces of swindling ever attempted. He showed how a mine in Mexico, pronounced worthless by mining experts (Phelps-Dodge), was exploited and the stock sold for millions of dollars. The year was 1907 and already there were rumblings in the stock market. Jitters hit the investing public. Since there were only two mines in Mexico, and only one of Greene's listed on the stock board, the public decided that was the one in question—and sold.

Greene's empire began to tumble. He was in Bisbee when the telegram came; his bank needed more collateral.

Greene sold his interest in the Greene Cattle Company, and threw in the money. That helped for awhile. Lawson kept up his relentless attack, all the while selling Cananea Consolidated short, and the panic of 1907 was gaining momentum. Greene put up as further collateral the unlisted stock in his smaller mines. More margins were called for. Already Greene had thrown in twenty million dollars. He tried to borrow more, but was refused. Greene found himself on the brink of financial ruin, because of his gambling and reckless ways. He vowed to kill Tom Lawson . . .

THE train rumbled eastward and Greene, all but shorn of his industrial empire, felt suddenly alone. His fist tightened around the handle of his six-gun, then loosened. Strange, as he gripped it, Jim Burnett's terrorized face should come before him. The way he looked when Greene pumped lead into him; his anguished cry, "Don't, Bill! For God's sake, don't!"

Greene let the gun drop to the floor. He buried his face in his huge hands. If he shot down in cold blood another unarmed man—this time one of Boston's most prominent citizens—a jury would surely convict him. This was the civilized east, not the untamed west where a man could back up his threat with gunsmoke.

Greene wondered if he might not be playing into the "Trust's" hands for his complete elimination. Maybe. Greene had one more ace up his long arm.

"If it's a finish fight they want," he mumbled, "that's what they'll get. But on my terms, damn them—not theirs! I'm a fighter, not a killer."

In New York, Greene caught a train back to Mexico where he still had powerful and loyal friends. He secured options on gold and silver properties, timber and other concessions. Vain hate and regret left him once he swung back into dynamic action, and he was the Bill Greene of old. And then—while he was planning his greatest deal—his team of fast mares overturned his light buggy and dashed him against a rock wall beside a mountain road. Death was instantaneous.

To this day, old-timers stand on street corners and in the bars of the copper towns of the great Southwest and as far north as Montana and talk about Bill Greene.

What a brawl it would have been had not the Great Dealer turned down the box on the fightingest and gamblingest man of the West!

Secret of the Lost Nigger Mine

(Continued from page 13)

of bandits to cross the river into Mexico. For a year he chipped rocks up and down the river clear down to Terlingua—always on the Texas side.

He said there could not be gold in that country. It was all limestone.

On the Mexican side, however, there is at least one volcanic neck, or chimney, within forty miles of Reagan Canyon. Many kinds of mineral may be found in a chimney. And gold is where you find it.

LOCK CAMPBELL was ready to give up. Finally, after two years, he tried one last measure. He brought the Reagan brothers into his confidence. Nigger Bill had told them, two years before, of his gold mine—but they had not listened. Now they were excited.

"Gold!" shouted Frank Reagan. "You mean that crazy nigger knew what he was talking about?"

Campbell showed him the samples, and a report of the assay.

The Reagans were dumbfounded. "We never paid no attention to Bill . . . Nobody figured he had any sense. Gold. . ."

Lee Reagan was the most excited of all. He had been with Bill that day when the Negro discovered the vein. Bill had tried to lead him to it, and, failing that, to point it out to him. Now Lee was sure that he could take the searchers to the exact hill on which he and Bill had first discussed the mine. Bill had said it was less than half a mile from there, and he had pointed in its direction. Now all they had to do was find a small canyon half a mile to the east of that little hill.

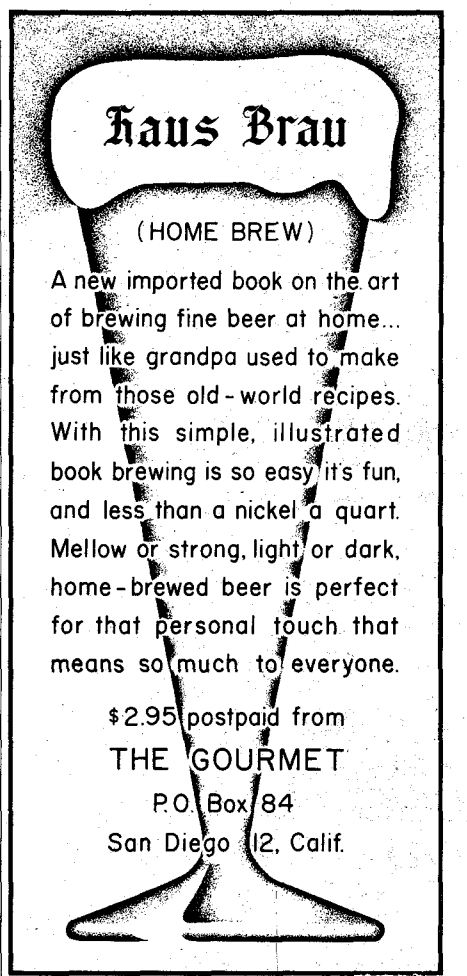
Finding the hill was easy. Lee took them to it in a three-hour ride from the mouth of Reagan Canyon. Then they struck out east to find the small one. But there was no small canyon. The general direction which Bill had pointed brought them back to the river. They back-tracked. Lee began to get panicky.

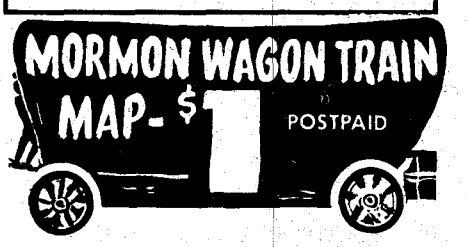
Maybe it was the wrong hill. Maybe two years had made him forget. Another hill looked familiar. Campbell and the Reagans searched the country for several days. No gold. They went back to Sanderson. There was only one logical thing left to do.

Find Bill Kelly. He knew where the gold was.

They went all out. They asked questions, they advertised in newspapers, they wrote letters. They did not find Bill Kelly. Maybe he was afraid of them. Maybe he was dead. They even offered rewards for information leading to his whereabouts. They got plenty of information, but they did not get Bill Kelly. Letters came in from fifteen states and Mexico by people applying for the reward. Jim and Frank Reagan heard that his mother was still living in Coahuila, so there they went. Yes, she said, Bill had been home. He brought some rocks full of gold. They were lost now, she guessed. Bill had stayed about a week, then left—where, she didn't know.

THE Lost Nigger Mine got found again. The Reagans and Campbell brought in from Arizona another expert prospector—Jim Finky by name. He was a sour old man with an innate distrust of people, but he was a good rock hound. He found the lost mine.





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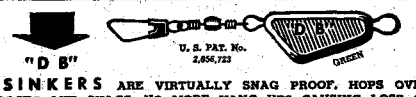

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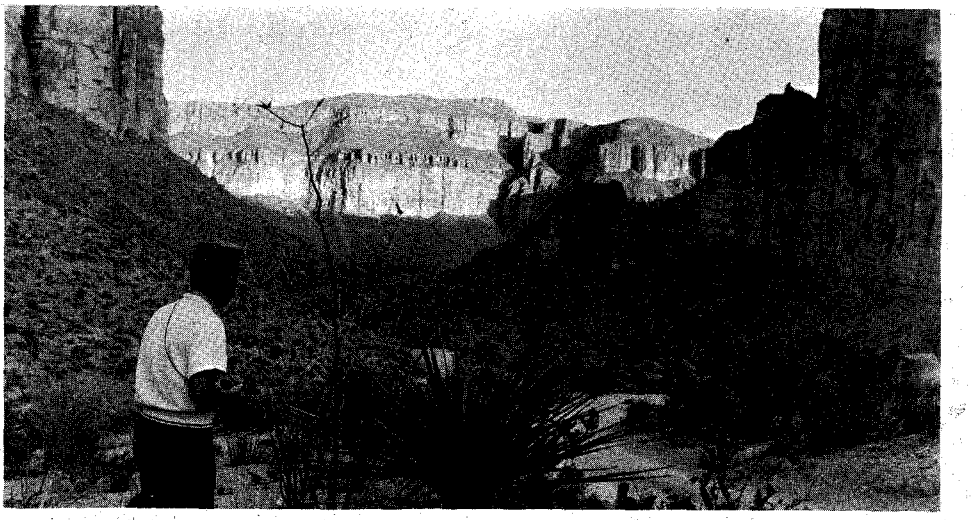

These 1,500-foot limestone cliffs in Reagan Canyon contain silver and mercury; no trace of Bill Kelly's gold. The Reagans camped three miles down the canyon.

He, Jim Reagan, Lock Campbell and two neighboring ranchers had formed a business partnership. The other four men furnished the money and materials, and Finky did the hunting. For months he hunted, exploring from end to end every draw and canyon and ravine within a day's ride from Reagan Canyon. Finky was thorough. One day he came upon a skeleton lying among the rocks.

The old prospector was excited. Redoubling his effort in the vicinity, it was no time till he found an outcropping of high-grade gold ore. He filled his morral full of samples and headed for camp.

There seems to be a curse on lost gold mines. As luck would have it, Finky did not get back to camp with the samples. The excited old man, trudging along a draw toward the river, suddenly realized he was not alone. A band of five desperate-looking, armed Americans were practically on top of him. They clattered to a stop around him with drawn weapons.

Finky panicked. He fell down and begged for his life, he offered them the gold he had; he even told them where the mine was. He could have saved his breath. The surprised men were not after Finky. They were a gang of horse thieves, and they were more anxious to get out of Mexico than Finky. They were not the kind to turn down opportunity, however. They got a map of the mine, then frightened the poor old man nearly out of his wits. He would not tell anyone of the encounter.

In fact, this meeting was not learned of until years later, and then from one of the gang. But that is another story. Meanwhile, Finky, after getting back to the main camp, had his own troubles. There was trouble among the partners, due to Finky's distrust of them. He refused to divulge the secret until he was more certain of a better deal.

After a big argument, the old man hurried away to El Paso to find partners more to his liking. While there, he went on a drinking spree to end all drinking sprees, which is what it did. He was dead within two weeks of alcoholic poisoning. The Lost Nigger Mine was lost again.

DID the mine ever exist? Some very good prospectors say that gold is unlikely in that limestone country. Silver and quicksilver occur, but there should not be gold. However, volcanic necks—or chimneys—are not uncommon in that area. If the Lost Nigger Mine exists, it is probably a chimney outcropping.

One possible explanation of the mine concerns a broken-down old prospector who had moved to West Texas for his health. After a lifetime of chipping rocks all over the North American continent he settled down in a shack near the mouth of Reagan Canyon. The old man had samples of practically every kind of gold ore known to occur in nature. He died, finally, and the years passed. His cabin fell and rotted.

Two local ranchers, poking around the area, found some of the samples. What would be more natural than a practical joke? They broke up some of the rocks and planted them, then waited. Results of the joke were impressive, to say the least.

There is one trouble with that version. The Lost Nigger Mine was found again. This time it was by Will Stillwell, a Texas Ranger along that strip of the border. He was one of the Stillwells who had been at the Huerfanito thirty-one years before, when Nigger Bill stopped there after fleeing the Reagans.

Will Stillwell was with a small party hunting some stolen horses in Mexico, not far from the border. It was the year 1918, and a revolution was brewing in Mexico. Will and his party were not far ahead of a posse of Mexican Rurales, and they were trying to make it back to Texas. In the edge of the Ladrones Mountains a few miles from Reagan Canyon they came upon an old Indian woman who had been left behind by her tribe. The tribe was leaving that harsh country, looking for better.

Stillwell gave the old woman aid. To show her gratitude, said Will, she told him of a wonderful gold mine. "Go that way," she pointed toward the river, "till you come to a long canyon. Down the canyon there will be a huge rock in the path. On one side of the rock there will be a shovel. On the other—a bag of gold ore. A short distance on down the canyon there will be signs of digging—a pit, with timbers over it. That is the mine."

Will found the canyon, and the rock, and the shovel—and the bag of gold ore. The Rurales were close behind, however, and Will and his party were hard-pressed to reach Texas. But he knew he could find it. Probably he could have, if he had lived.

After getting back to Texas, he began plans for denouncing and mining the gold. He had the samples assayed, and found it to be the same type and quality of Nigger Bill's. Excitedly he wrote his brother Charlie, who was in California at the time. They made plans.

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At about the time Charlie was preparing to leave California and come home to Texas, Will was murdered. He was shot in the back by a Mexican outlaw just across the river from Castolon.

NOT many people hunt for the Lost Nigger Mine anymore. The country is hot, and rough, and nearly inaccessible. There are no roads—only a jeep trail that twists its way through Reagan Canyon to the river. Across the river—nothing. No roads, no towns—just nothing.

Except a fortune in gold for somebody with the guts and endurance to find it. It may be covered up now, or it may not. Somebody will probably find it again, but it will be by accident—maybe by someone looking for a string of horses in that wild, lonely country. The mine has been found before, but it has never brought good luck to the finder. No one has ever made a cent from it.

Truly Western

(Continued from page 5)

Well, Bob, the idea is fine! The whole problem revolves, of course, around the ever-pressing lack of space in TW. In the past we've had to reluctantly pass up several excellent ideas just for this pesky reason. Let's put the matter up to our readers. If they express sufficient interest in a department such as you suggest, dadgum it, we'll make room for it! Fair enough? And muchas gracias, compadre, for a mighty interesting letter. —Joe

The Lost Dutchman Pops Up Again!

Gentlemen:

I read the June 1959 issue of *True West* containing an article by Tom Bailey in which he stated his disbelief in the Lost Dutchman Mine in the Superstition Mountains of Central Arizona. Also, Mr. Bailey stated that he intended to give his reasons for such disbelief in a future issue.

Surely it is time for the facts to emerge, but I am inclined to believe that Mr. Bailey does not know the full story . . .

Doubt has often been expressed that there actually were mines discovered by the Peraltas—of which the Lost Dutchman is one. Doubt has also been cast upon the existence of the bullion cave described by Geronimo and the concentrates cave described by Jacob Walzer. Reliable information on both mines and caves have been in my possession for two years now . . . My information tallies with the descriptions and proper locations of natural or historical landmarks, including those on the Spanish map originally designed for carreta and pack train directions.

The old trails can still be traced: Ramoolf Canyon—which is the first canyon of dimension from the west end on the south side of the mountain when coming north from Tubal; Casa Grande to Weaver's Needle as directed, then on up the canyon and crossing over the high Falda Ridge, which is a plutonic upthrust of the Great Sonoran Fault. The ten Spanish mines are mostly located in silver-bearing crevice dikes in this area.

The old road passes over the ridge down into the long canyon. Running north, the trail passes a peak exactly resembling a peaked Spanish sombrero with even rims. (This peak cannot be confused with Sombrero Butte, Weaver's Needle, etc.)

Past this sombrero-shaped peak is Five Forked Canyon. On the canyon's benches are located the old rock and brush corral of Spanish origin, and the horse corrals of a somewhat later period. Just across from the remnants of these corrals is the narrow box canyon containing the ruins of the old fort and settlement, now proven to have been Spanish but later used by renegades. A permanent water hole is located at the site of the old fort.

Here the canyon takes an abrupt turn, surrounded by towering cliffs. The road ends here, except for pack trains . . . The crumbling abutments of two long-vanished wooden bridges are passed, and then the canyon widens out into a brushy timbered valley. The old trail goes past a hovel under a huge rock in the wash, which was walled up and used as a shelter by the Dutchman. Continuing past a vast natural rock formation resembling a mustang's head with one drawn-back ear, the trail turns up a draw into very brushy country. Here large man-made piles of debris indicate a well worked out placer. Nearby is the ruin of a house that Walzer and Weiser built, also the remains of an old corral and shed. From here, looking up the trail, you can see an eight-foot-high hoisted shrine rock, and just below it a three-mounded breastwork with human bones reminiscent of some ancient massacre.

In the draw below the rock is the Dutchman's shaft, which descends seventy-five feet. Its funnel-like top was deliberately buried long ago and remained buried until we recently reopened it. Below this shaft, down the draw, is the old Peralta tunnel which collapsed at least fifty years go.

The reasons have been many and varied as to why this information has not been made public knowledge . . . Why haven't I developed the mines myself? Again the reasons are many and varied. Mining is restricted to primitive means in a restricted wilderness area. I have spent over $5,000 in this venture, which so far is down the drain. Now that the two cache caves are in my possession, I believe that there will be few, if any more, killings and secret mining or black marketing of pillaged concentrates. Time will tell . . .

As for murders due to Apache renegades or to civilized Apache tribal enterprise, by a crazed hermit, etc.—well, that makes a fascinating if fantastic story . . . In this connection, I would like to contact Mr. Bailey.

I'd like to close my letter with this observation: There is nothing mystic or sinister about the Superstitions and the only curse hanging over them is the age-old greed of man for gold.—Quentin T. Cox, 1211 West 226th Street, Torrance, California.

Dear Sirs:

Would it be possible, even in view of your mail pile-up, to forward this letter to Tom Bailey?

I would like to know, after reading his article "The Lost Bonanza" in the June 1959 *True West,* two things that are of interest to me. First: Mr. Bailey mentioned that, as he was familiar with most lost mines, he had written a pamphlet naming mines that did exist and those that did not. Would it be possible

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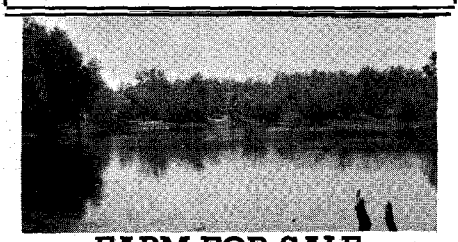

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for me to purchase one of the pamphlets? Second: He mentioned that the "Lost Dutchman Mine" in Arizona in his opinion is pure bunk but "that's another story."

Would Mr. Bailey be kind enough to tell me this story and to explain why he thinks there is no truth in this? My reason for wanting to know this is that I have read many stories by several authors proving the existence of the mine, and I would like to hear Tom Bailey's side of the story so as to compare data of each story.—John A. Green, 129 Front Street, Scituate, Mass.

Answer To the Above by Author Bailey

Howdy, Mr. Green:

The supply of pamphlets was exhausted some months ago. A revision of the pamphlet in question will appear in a future issue of this magazine.

I once gave credence to the Lost Dutchman story, but since then a well equipped body of men with the most modern equipment for the detection of metals has gone over the Superstition Mountains from one end to the other without finding anything to justify the Dutchman's claim. It's the opinion of metallurgists from the University of Arizona who accompanied the group that no such mine as the Lost Dutchman ever existed.

There is one other thing, too, that tends to disprove the Dutchman's claim. During the latter part of his life he lived in poverty. If there was so much gold back in the Superstitions, why didn't he arrange with someone to bring it out, if he was too ill to do it himself?

If there was no mine there, where did the gold the Dutchman did get his hands on come from?

Probably by hijacking prospectors who came in from the northern part of the state with gold in their packs. Several mysteriously disappeared during those times. It is believed by many that the Dutchman concocted his mine story to cover up his crimes.—Tom Bailey.

Normnote: The above dissertation on the *Lost Dutchman Mine* is a classic example of the difficulties encountered in publishing a magazine dedicated to telling the true story of the Old West. Here we have a gentleman who flatly and unequivocally declares that he has found the Dutchman's Mine; a writer of unquestioned veracity and long experience who doesn't believe the mine exists; a reader who simply and quite understandably wants to know the truth. What IS the truth? Well, as our Mexican neighbors would say in a like situation, "quien sabe, senores y senoras!" And below we have yet another viewpoint:

Editor, *True West*:

I discovered your fine magazine only about a year ago and enjoy it thoroughly from cover to cover.

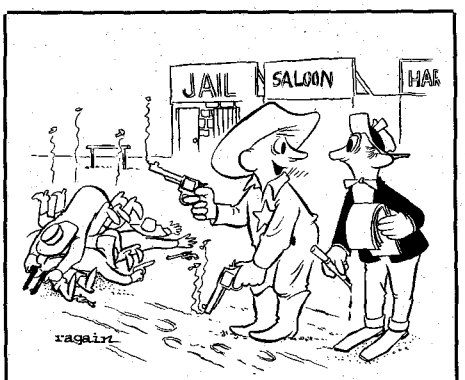
As a long-time resident of Arizona, however, I would like to take issue with A. D. Clemens and his account of "Old Hank" and the Lost Dutchman Mine in the June, 1959, TW.

1. The Apache massacre of the Peralta mining expedition occurred in 1848 or 1849. If Old Hank happened along in time to talk to and obtain a map from a wounded woman of this party, he (Old Hank) would have been at least seventy years old when he searched for the mine in 1912. If Old Hank is still living near Apache Junction, as Mr. Clemens states, he must be around 120 years old now!

2. The map Adolph Ruth used was obtained from a Peralta descendant at the time of the Carranza rebellion in Mexico by Dr. Erwin Ruth, Adolph's son. This was in 1912, somewhat prior to the time Old Hank's map was supposedly stolen.

3. If Old Hank was shot and wounded in the Superstitions, he managed an incredible feat in traveling in a weakened condition across barren desert over 150 miles to Nogales. Why didn't he stop at Florence or Mesa instead?

In brief, there have been too many "Old Hanks" in the Lost Dutchman stories. The Peralta mines did exist, and some of them have been found and photographed. Whether the Dutchman himself ever had more than a few samples of ore, perhaps picked up from these old diggings, is very uncertain.—Chester K. Davis, 1001 Seventh Street, Las Vegas, New Mexico.



"Jail's Full."

Great Guns!

Dear Norm:

I am hoping that in some future TW magazine you'll publish articles on the guns of the Old West—how they were carried (the tie down as seen on TV or just strapped on), methods for fast firing and other information along the same line . . . I can't begin to tell you how much I and my friends have enjoyed your magazine. I take it to school and by the end of the day, it looks as though it's been through the Civil War.—John Wootten, P. O. Box 2015, Wilmington, Delaware.

Normnote: Johnny Boy, just turn the pages to "Wild Old Days" and see "More on Wyatt Earp"—there's some old gun data there that's sure to interest you. P. S. Glad you enjoy True West, but sure hope you fellas get in a little studying in school. We'd hate for you to get A's in history of the Old West and flunk math!

Editor, *True West*:

After reading the fine Texas articles in May-June issue of *True West*, an item in my gun collection came to mind. This is a fine powder horn in good condition and rather nicely decorated with carved pictures of ducks, a deer and a dog, plus some other decorative embellishments and in bold letters TEXAS and the name AMOS BARGDOL. In somewhat smaller figures is the date 1812.

It occurred to me that Amos Bargdol might have been some well known early Texan and that "1812" might refer to the year of his birth.

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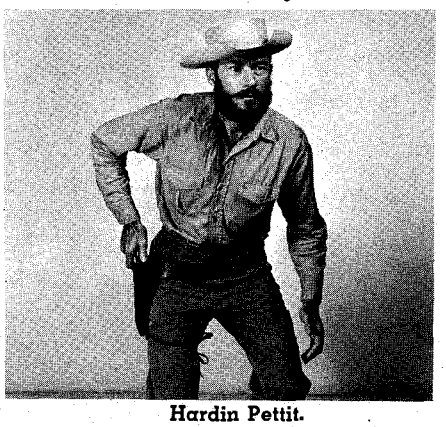
Do you suppose any reader of *True West* might have some information on Amos Bargdol?—Lee H. Cornell, 604 Orpheum Building, Wichita 2, Kansas.

Dear Sir:

I have been an ardent reader of your magazines since the first one was published, and each of your publications has a place in my large library of Western Americana . . . I received the June issue of *True West* and read the article "How Fast Are They?" by George Byram. I also saw Art Linkletter's "People Are Funny" program, and by very close scrutiny of each draw it was easy to see that Nicastro and Redwing both drew before Art released the button.

I have been a gun collector and shooter for twenty-five years, and have underway at the present time several safety programs in progress. I am an instructor in all types of shooting, and believe me this fast draw is a very dangerous business . . . I have outlawed the use of live ammunition in all clubs that I have started . . . My official time



Hardin Pettit.

drawing and firing a single-action Colt .45 caliber revolver with hand four inches from gun, and hitting a target at a distance of eighteen feet is 14/100 second off the button. My average time is 18/100 second all with direct hits at eighteen feet.

I have never made the accusation that I was a top gun, but I believe I can truthfully make this statement: I am the only known fast gun that is a direct descendant of John Wesley Hardin.

Dee Woolem is a good friend of mine, and I believe he is tops in his profession. He is also a genuine and fine person to go along with it.—Hardin Pettit, 626 North Sixth Street, Paducah, Kentucky.

Bricks 'n Bouquets

Dear Norm:

I've stood it as long as I can. I've read all the *True Wests* I could beg, borrow or steal, except the ones you guys so aptly list as unavailable. What in the hell do you mean, unavailable? Are you out of paper and ink? In every issue you state that you have stacks of letters wanting the so-called unavailables. Why don't you get up off of your lazy fat fanny and go to work and reprint the missing issues?

I wouldn't be so hard on you, if you hadn't insulted the whole United States east of the Mississippi. You put out a wonderful magazine of the Old West some years back and then keep it hid for years, or at least until you run out of some of the copies; then you let us tenderfeet in. Anyway, you finally let us read some of them. Thanks . . .

How's that for some brickbats? All this just means one thing. I'm jealous and hurt because I haven't been able to get all the copies of *True West*. You can bet I've got all the copies of the *Frontier Times*. Keep up the good work, and if you can see your way clear to reprint the copies you're out of, I'll bet you wouldn't be sorry.

Thanks for two great magazines.—Ralph Runyan, Greencastle, Indiana.

Dear Sir:

I want you to know I have never bought many books of this kind, but I have most of yours. I do hope it never changes; I'd gladly pay a dollar for your book.

Can you tell me how I can get the rest of your books (now out of stock) . . . I'll pay almost anything.—Mrs. Patty McCollum, 4080 Beta Street, San Diego 13, California.

Well, folks, we sure sympathize with your problem, and hope you sympathize with us—just think of all the money we'd make if we had some of the most-requested back copies of TW to sell. As far as reprinting them: Man, you just can't imagine what a job it is—putting out ten issues of Frontier Times and True West a year. We think we're doing mighty good to keep current—too late to back-track! And it would cost us a dollar a copy to print just a few thousand!

We read the classified ads in this rag, and sometimes notice a feller offering out-of-stock old issues for sale. Why don't you take a peek in that section?

—Calamity Jane

Dear Mr. Small:

I just finished reading your January-February, 1959, issue of *True West* and I thought it was great. I liked the idea of reprinting some of the back stories from not available issues . . . I was pleased, except the back story I wanted to read was not reprinted ("The Mysterious John Ringo" by Ed Dickey in the No. Two issue).

I have an idea that might please all the *True West* readers. My idea is since you are adding sixteen more pages (hooooray), thus more departments, why not add an old story (back story) department? Say reprint one old story an issue (starting with the story above, preferably).

What do you think of the idea?—Doyle Logan Jr., 4201 Deerfield, Wichita, Kansas.

Dear Norm:

I am an ardent reader of *Frontier Times* and *True West*—enjoy them both very much.

I wonder if you knew that one of our young old-timers has passed on . . . Mr. Elmer Anglin James died April 22 (1959) at Toronto where he had lived for the past fifty years. Mr. James was the son of Frank James.

Keep up the good work with FT and TW.—Phil Durling, 313 Stewart Street, Peterboro, Ontario, Canada.

Gentlemen:

Greetings from an eastern westerner! I've been a subscriber of yours almost from the beginning and I congratulate you on your consistent policy of presenting facts with not a lot of twisting to the sensual and the dramatic. You've got the other so-called true western magazines beat a country mile in my book. Just yesterday I saw *True West*

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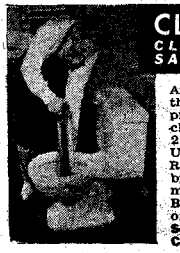

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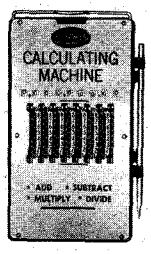

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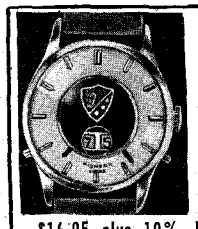

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on a magazine stand for the first time. Glad to see you getting coverage back this way. There's a lot of "western" buffs among us eastern dudes—and I don't refer to the pack of birds who think fast-drawing is fashionable because it's on TV.

As a gun collector and a black-powder shooter . . . I'd like to correspond with anyone with any information on any of the guns used in lesser-known killings.—Dick House, 25993 Sprague Road, Columbia Station, Ohio.

Dear "Hosstail":

Your books *True West* and *Frontier Times* are top-notch with me. However, I'd like to ask you if you ever read them yourself? If so, how do you know when you're at the end of a story? If you arrive at said conclusion (as I do) you have to thumb through several pages, look around and—finally come to the conclusion that you may or may not have arrived at the end.

Would it be agin your principles to give us some kind of a connotation . . . it could be a pair of spurs, and ol' biscuit, or even just a plain asterik, square, etc. . . . Then, I could get some sleep nights . . . and please manage (in said stories) to completely eliminate any mention of TV, movies, Walt Disney, Machine Gun Kelly, or anything that might lead us to think we're not (at the moment) living in the era pictured. After all, once you inflate a balloon, you like to play with it awhile before puncturing it.—Ol' Hammerhead (Clem Hutchins), 531 East Monroe, Phoenix, Arizona.

Well, "Hammerhead," we'll have to think of a "whoa" sign for you. But until we do, just be sure when you come to the end of a page, and there's no "continued" note, and another story starts on the next page—you've had it. We don't aim to hide any part of our True West stories from you, partner, and we darned sure don't want to have you losin' sleep.—Hosstail

Publisher's Note: This editing and gathering material for a magazine is the most interesting part about publishing. I have been doing more of that than anything else, it seems, in the past year. Even though we are cram-jammed with material, now and then an idea comes along that seems so fascinating and so irresistible that we can't help following up on it.

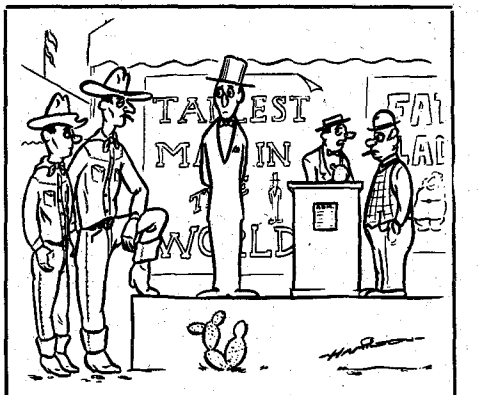
Old friend Danny Grover, who left this land of ulcers and hypertension with his wife Nell to live in the worry-free land of manana, wrote me about a most unusual town in Mexico called Sultepec. He wrote me that it was actually the Old West, still alive! This was a bit out of our Western territory, but it sounded so fascinating that I told him to tell us all he could about it and we'd see if it was worth his going over and getting the story firsthand.

Then he comes back with the following letter, plus a newspaper clipping. We may come up with a story on this later and we may not—quien sabe? Says Danny:

THE overall picture, as I get it so far, is that these Sultepecas have been feuding for years in the classic U. S. hillbilly style. A couple hundred years or so back, somebody shot somebody. Then the dead man's relatives killed the brother of the assassin. Then the assassin's uncle put a knife in the belly of somebody's cousin in the other family. Next thing you know, old Grandpa on one side called in help from a neighboring family, and there was a village shooting match with more clans in front of the plaza—and the undertakers did a thriving business. It's been going on ever since.

"Sultepec is a district (county) in the extreme south of the state of Mexico in a wild mountainous region, with many little villages, where only recently roads have penetrated. In fact, the natives there saw airplanes before they did automobiles, so impassable was and is the terrain.

"I've heard of machete killings there, of club bludgeonings, of big and little knife stabbings, and—more popular today—pistol smoke from .22's, .32's, and .45's. The .38 caliber, for some goofy reason, is banned.



"The giant act sorta falls flat out here, doesn't it?"

"Here's a side element: Friend of mine named Bill Canon, an anthropologist, went to the county seat of the district, and was taken in by the village priest who has a cozy pad with a big courtyard adjoining the church. After a fine lunch, followed by a siesta, the padre suggested to Bill that they adjourn to the garden for a bit of recreation in the cool of the evening. In that holy atmosphere—where Bill expected a game of chess—the Padre produced a .45 revolver, put up a target on the stone wall and proposed a shooting contest!

"Long story short: Bill, a crack shot, made the error of outshooting the priest. When El Padre saw the losing results of the match on the target, he ran back into his house and reappeared shortly with a .30 caliber Winchester rifle with which he proceeded to outshoot Bill. Needless to say, Bill did not attempt any more marksmanship. Such is Sultepec. Even the clergy are gunmen.

"Here's a place where they've been dueling it up for several hundred years (before Tombstone and Tucson were on the map) and still are, but the new president is sending in his Rangers to clean it up. The last of the Old West, truly—South of the Border, that is.

"Down there, they drink pulque, tequila, mescal and sometimes beer for breakfast. And, I hear, some still speak a dialect of the ancient Aztec tongue, Nahuatl.

"Well, there I go getting longwinded again, but that's my weakness. I'd rather write about writing than write it, I'll have to admit. But, muy bueno, compadre, you call the shots and I'll fire 'em from here."—D. Danny Grover, King of the Ridgerunners, Antonio Sola 41, Colonia Condesa, Mexico 11, D. F.

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Now, here is the newspaper clipping:

SULTEPEC, MEXICO, EMPIRE OF THE WORST CRIMINALS
There Are So Many Assassinations That They Don't Even Take The Trouble to Report Them

The District (county) of Sultepec, populated by 200,000 Mexicans, lives ravaged by crime.

It (crime) flourishes splendidly. The inhabitants don't even take the trouble to inform authorities when a murder has been committed. They take action like this: They bury the dead, and plan to take revenge—through flowing blood.

Graciana Becerril, deputy of this district for the State of Mexico, asserted today:

"Without effective law, with political tyrants, without schools, without teachers, without highways, without neighborhood roads, without electrification—so they live in Sultepec.

"They pour down alcohol in great quantities. This is their No. 1 thought in this Eighth District.

"The revenge killings are multiplying. Each day there are more crimes and the authorities cannot restrain them. The population has realized that the only way to get official action is applying the old principle of an eye for eye, tooth for tooth . . .

"It's possible that this occurs through the ignorance of this extensive zone. Of the 200,000 inhabitants that live here, more than 120,000 do not know how to read and write.

"And those children that start out with the alphabet do not seem assured of the future because there are almost no schools and the teachers don't even have the elementaries. There are towns where they study under the trees."

Graciana Becerril said that a study is being prepared about this situation, to be sent to President Adolfo Lopez Mateos.

Reader Remembers Jennings

Editor, *True West*:

Am a constant reader of *True West* and in your last publication is an article by Mr. Fred E. Holdredge. I was personally acquainted with all the parties he mentions, except Mrs. Zoe Tilghman and himself. His name brings back faint memories because the name could have been on the mailing list of the *Woodward Bulletin* where I was employed as a printer.

There are quite a few mistakes in Mr. Holdredge's article that need correcting for being, as he says or implies, an out-of-town resident, he did not have the opportunity to come in almost daily contact with the main participants in the events that happened. I think I can prove just who killed Ed Jennings and how. Also who and how his brother John (called Frank by Mr. Holdredge) was wounded.

Practically the entire events are as clear to me as the day they occurred . . .

And by the way, Ben Tilghman's niece was my sister-in-law and now lies buried in Louisville, Kentucky—Clark R. Hayhurst, 208 Cody, Houston, Texas.

Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 31)

Along toward morning, when the game started breaking up, I noticed that both Johnny and his enemy had

(Continued on page 62)

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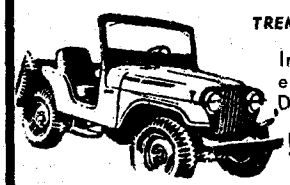

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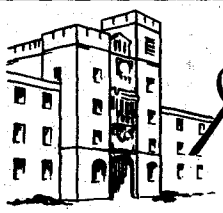

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We've really filled this one with choice material. Take a look at this partial list of contents:

THUNDER ON THE ARICKAREE. Colonel Forsyth and his forty-nine scouts on Beecher's Island surrounded by a thousand whirling, whooping redskins!

"GREATER THAN THE COMSTOCK!" the electrifying cry that enticed people to Panamint City, California. The sky was the limit and the skies brought destruction.

MASSACRE AT WICKENBURG, by Nell Murbarger. Dutch John's lead horses swung around a blind curve in the road—and the next instant all hell broke loose.

RATTLESNAKE! by J. Frank Dobie. Do they really swallow their young—these dreaded reptiles that inhabit our West?

POSSE FOR THE PADRES. Don Antonia de Espejo volunteered to find three lost padres but he was really seeking gold and favor and blazed another trail in the New World.

WAGON YARDS by Florence Fenley. The cow country's first hotels—where horse trading and horseplay were everyday affairs.

THE LOST DUTCH OVEN MINE. Tom Scofield was lucky enough to get lost and find it; but even more, unlucky enough to forget where he got lost!

KING OF THE KLONDIKE, by Norman B. Wiltsey. That was Mike Mahoney, "ten feet tall with his feet in the earth and his head in the clouds."

JESSE'S TROUBLE MAKER. Bill Ryan, "whiskey-head" and bad boy of the James' gang.

DOWN HORSETHIEF TRAIL, by Tom Bailey. Tom Wesley takes a long and dangerous ride when Marshal Hickok didn't want to clear up the mystery of missing Bill Fenner.

BANDIT-HUNTING BLOODHOUNDS. — led by the railroad's "robber routers" take out after outlaws.

We haven't room to list more — but there's plenty more! If you can't find it on your newsstands, use coupon below.

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WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

RANGE LIFE

The West That Was—From Texas to Montana (Southern Methodist University Press, $5) is John Leaky's story as he told it to Nellie Snyder Yost. John's grandfather founded Leaky, the county seat of Real County, and John grew up in Southwest Texas where his family was friendly with the noted gunman and peace officer, King Fisher. Like many another Texas youngster, John trailed north with brush-country cattle at an early age. He was a cowboy in New Mexico, North Dakota and Montana and the owner of a fine ranch in North Dakota, where he helped found the Stockmen's Association. His picture hangs in the Hall of Fame at the College of Agriculture in Fargo. This is a matter-of-fact account as John does not over dramatize the incidents of western life in which he had a part for so many years. Some good photographs, many printed for the first time, support the text.

Cattle and trail fans will be pleased to own a copy of a *Guide Map of the Great Texas Cattle Trail from Red River Crossing to the Kansas Pacific Railway — 1875* — reproduced by artist-writer Bill Leftwich (Pecos Press, $1). There's a concise description of the route showing distances, streams, crossings, camping grounds, wood, water and grass, supply stores, etc. from the Red River crossing to Ellis, Russell, Ellsworth, Brookville, Salina, Solomon and Abilene. This is a good deal for one peso.

A LOST ART

Train robbing was once a frontier western sport carried on by brazen desperate men for profit. Exceptions were California train robbers Chris Evans and John Sontag, who despised railroads and preyed on trains as much for personal revenge as for profit.

Twenty of the most famous train robberies are the subject of the book, *Great Train Robberies of the West* (Coward-McCann, $5) by Eugene B. Block, city editor of the *San Francisco Call-Bulletin.*

There are famous case histories of robberies carried out by Butch Cassidy, The Dalton Gang, "Big Nose" George, Al Jennings and other headliners of their trade.

The author has not only given rousing stories of real life adventure but shows how the art of train robbery developed and stopped and why.

THE KID PLUS

Yucca Land (American Guild Press, $3.95) is a collection of the folklore of New Mexico as edited by Annie Laurie Snorf and Hazel Vineyard. Appropriately the book is divided between the three cultures—Indian, Spanish and Anglo—which have given the state such a rich and diverse folklore. This is an interesting collection as nearly every Pueblo had one or more legends to contribute. The Spanish section is titled "Land of Manana" and here the emphasis is on the religious. In the Anglo section, the little outlaw, Billy the Kid, seems to run away with the show as he is apt to do if you give him the slightest opening. Some of Omar Barker's best verse is quoted; there is an illustration by Peter Hurd and one of his wife, Henrietta Wyeth; Frances Hunt, daughter of a pioneer White Oaks family, is represented by several drawings; and short reprints from the writings of Eugene Manlove Rhodes, Will Robinson and Gene Cunningham and many others are included. All in all, this is a right good symposium.

GREAT WESTERNERS

John E. Sunder's *Bill Sublette, Mountain Man* (University of Oklahoma Press, $5) is, so far as this reviewer knows, the first book length biography of this great explorer and trapper. Bill Sublette was an associate of Jed Smith, Jim Bridger, Black Harris and other great mountain men. He blazed the wagon trail through South Pass; made a trading trip to Santa Fe; was in the Indian fight at Pierre's Hole; and for five years was one of the most noted of the Fur Brigade. When he settled down in St. Louis, he became a merchant, banker, corporation executive and progressive farmer and accumulated a sizeable fortune. He died in 1854 and 105 years was far too long to wait for a biography of this colorful character. In addition to some good photographs, the book contains illustrations by Miller, Bodmer and Bingham.

Thunder Rolling (Putnam, $3) by Helen Markley Miller is the story of Nez Perce Chief Joseph, the Red Napoleon of the West.

Nez Perce remained longer at peace with white men than any other western Indian tribe. Finally forced to fight, Chief Joseph and his small band fought two thousand U. S. soldiers in a running battle that raged for fifteen hundred miles across Oregon, Idaho, Wyoming and Montana.

This is a fine juvenile about a remarkable Indian chieftain and statesman.

Robin McKown's *Painter of the Wild West, Frederic Remington* (Messner, $2.95) is one of the ever-growing number of biographies written for young people. Surprisingly enough, there is not a single illustration in the entire book—the fault, it would seem to this reviewer, of the publisher rather than the author. As a matter of fact, the text isn't bad. However, the author faced an impossible task in attempting to use words only to record the development of the art of one of our greatest painters of the western theme from his first crude sketches to his final great oils and bronzes. Even the dust jacket does not carry a Remington illustration—Lorence F. Bjorklund, no Remington but a competent illustrator, provided a colorful drawing for it.

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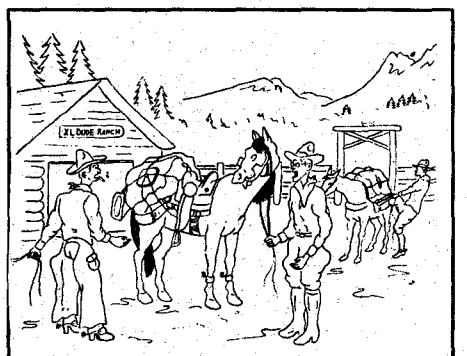
Sell and Weybright's *Buffalo Bill and the Wild West* (New American Library, 50c) is a reprint of the Oxford 1955 edition. The hard-cover edition earned much praise for the excellent illustrations used to help tell the Cody story. This paperback contains more than 175 illustrations and while the type of paper used lessens their effectiveness, they turn out surprisingly well. The authors give much attention to Cody as a showman—the field which made "Buffalo Bill" household words on both sides of the Atlantic. Even if the authors are a little on the enthusiastic side, they have done a good job in bringing out the total picture of the man who became a legend in his own lifetime. This is a lot of book for four bits—320 pages, illustrations by Remington, Russell and Schreyvogel, good bibliography, adequate index—a real bargain.

STUBBORN SAINTS

Mormons belong to one of the most disaster-prone religious sects in America. Without doubt their most classic bonehead expedition was the '79-'80 trek from Escalante, Utah, to San Juan County near the Arizona line. Their route lay over leagues of almost impassable crags, mesas and canyons that thwarted their stubborn efforts to proceed. They chiseled a road through the formidable Hole-in-the-Rock, swam the swift Colorado and hacked dugways from solid sandstone cliffs.

Members of a previous scouting party found two passable routes. One was by the way of Lee's Ferry, Moencopi and the Navajo Indian Reservation and the other was over the Old Spanish Trail via Salina Canyon, Castle Valley, Moab, Dry Valley, Monticello and White Mesa to Bluff. The scouting party reported that no short cut was found and recommended either of the two "round about" trails. However, a ruling Mormon decided there was a satisfactory short cut over the intervening sandstone hogbacks. His decision was accepted and a company of 200 zealous, gullible men, women and children gathered up their courage, wagons, animals and household goods and drifted headlong into a succession of disasters that haunted the survivors for years after they dragged exhausted into the San Juan River Valley at Bluff.

Their trying experiences are dramatically presented in the new book, *Hole-in-the-Rock* (University of Utah Press, $5.50) by David E. Miller. The author writes sympathetically of the people and their driving zeal to help accomplish the church's colonization program despite killing hardships. He gives excellent treatment to this little known gem of American history.



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Wild Old Days

(Continued from page 59)

disappeared. I went out looking for Johnny and found him in a little alfalfa patch, dead, with twenty-two knife cuts in his body.

Most of us were armed, and we started looking for the murderer. Somebody phoned the sheriff at Elko, then we grabbed our horses and started the hunt. The killer had too big a head start; he'd took out on that race horse, heading for Elko, ninety miles away. The sheriff met him and arrested him.

The trial was a joke. The wealthy rancher the killer had worked for spent a lot of money in his defense. Lawyers hammered away at Johnny's character, stating that he was a squaw man, a gambler and a horse thief, and that the killing was merely the result of a drunken brawl between two poker players. The murderer got off with a prison term. But justice finally caught up with him. Later, we heard he'd been killed in Oregon.

OLD WEST SOCIETY NOTE

By S. OMAR BARKER

The following item appeared in the Santa Fe *New Mexican* of June 7, 1870:

"The ladies of White Pine, New Mexico, having adopted the fashion of fainting at balls, always manage to be caught in the nick of time and by the right person. Cologne has been found sufficient to restore them.

"Dan Morgan, while acting the lady in the set, the genuine article being short, fainted also, and was laid out on a bench. Cologne did no good in his case, however, and they had to recourse to whiskey, which fetched him at once."

SCHIEFFELIN'S LAST STRIKE

By BERT KISSINGER

Editor's Note: "These are the actual historial facts as I received them from the late Charles Mason Warren of Woodville, Oregon," says the author of this account of the last days of "Big Ed" Schieffelin, founder of the fabulous Tombstone Mine.

In May of 1897, Ed Schieffelin landed back in Woodville, Oregon, where he had gone to country school and had worked the old Donation Claim as a youth. In his twenty-five years away from Woodville, he had worked on many mines, discovered an eighty-five million dollar silver bonanza and traveled through the states as a millionaire.

Silver had won him acclaim and a fortune to last a lifetime, but at a husky forty-four, his first love was still gold. Once he had written a friend, "I like the excitement of being right up against the earth trying to find her gold."

At Woodville, Ed met a young man with an urge for romance by the name of Charlie M. Warren. Schieffelin offered him a job as camp cook and hostler of a spirited team harnessed to a converted Concord stagecoach, and the young fellow accepted readily.

It was agreed that Warren would be partner in any discovery made by "Big Ed," and after taking on camp supplies at the local stores, the pair first headed east for northern California; then prospected clear into northwestern Nevada.

Now and then Ed would find traces, but didn't consider them good enough to work as he was accustomed to finding really rich outcroppings. The frontier was practically a virgin field for new strikes and he didn't go in for doing more work than indications warranted.

After a year's fruitless search, the partners circled back to Roseburg, Oregon. A year of adventurous roughing it proved enough for Charlie, and he was getting homesick. So he left Schieffelin at Roseburg and went home to Woodville.

Warren supposed that intuition, or whatever you call it, guided Ed Schieffelin to Days Creek, down southeast of Roseburg on the South Umpqua River. He learned of an abandoned homesteader cabin about nine miles up the creek from inquiries at the store and post office in Days Creek.

After moving all his camping equipment to the cabin, he made arrangements to board his team at a rancher's home and told the rancher that he would call for his mail on a certain day. He said that if he didn't show up, there would be some serious reason for not keeping his appointment.

When Schieffelin failed to show at the appointed time, a searching party set out to look for the prospector.

They found him lying dead on the cabin floor, and figured a heart attack had killed him. Maybe this time the excitement of finding the earth's gold was too much.

There was a handful of white quartz gold specimens in the gold pan, and a half-written note on the table to a friend in Arizona, saying "Struck it again, by God." A pan of burnt biscuits was in the stove.

When Charlie Warren heard how they found Ed, the first thing he asked about was a red blanket Schieffelin always carried along.

The searchers found indications that Schieffelin had probably walked several miles from the cabin, taking the red woolen blanket and had left the blanket there. The nearby country was searched but the rich quartz gold ore was not found. Some of his acquaintances reckoned that Ed had cautious covered up the lode. Another theory is that Schieffelin's discoverey was not made on Days Creek—that the general formation is not mineralized.

In the past seventeen years, several strikes have been made in southern Douglas County. It's just possible that one of them is Ed Schieffelin's last.

Busting + Tailing = Bulldogging

(Continued from page 35)

most exciting event of the entire rodeo. Watching a man leap from his mount to the horns of a steer is breathtaking, and a tense silence permeates the entire arena until the jump has been completed and the steer felled. Then, with audible sighs of relief, the spectators settle back in their seats to await the next event.

All in all, those old-time vaqueros and Texans started something when they began dumping the wiry, elusive longhorn by tailing.

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This 1885 photo shows Sim Hart's cigar store on the northwest corner of Commerce and Soledad Streets in San Antonio. Jack Harris' Famous Variety Show was on the second floor in the rear of the "101" Gambling Rooms.

The Fabulous Ben Thompson

(Continued from page 23)

ly stroll towards the swinging doors that led to the theater when Zeno, who had just stepped inside the room, shouted at him:

"Look out, Ben!"

But before Thompson could move, the bartender, Mark Wilson, cut loose with a shotgun he kept on the mixing board back of the bar.

Incredible as it may seem (for Thompson was only ten feet away) Wilson missed him completely.

Ben whirled and shot once.

Wilson slumped to the floor, dead.

Then the gunman caught a flicker of movement farther down where Sam Mathews, a friend of Wilson's, was struggling to get a Winchester in action. As Mathews saw Thompson start to turn, he ducked, apparently with the idea of getting Ben as he rounded the end of the bar, but Thompson was too smart for that. He sent a shot crashing through the woodwork. It struck Mathews in the mouth and killed him.

For this double killing, Ben was acquitted with full honors and was so penitent that he sold his saloon, announced that he had reformed, would never drink or gamble again, and would the good citizens of Austin please elect him city marshal?

The thought of Ben as a law officer appalled enough of them that they wouldn't. He was snowed under. On election night, just to show he had no hard feelings, Thompson started to regulate the town free of charge. Forgetting that he had become a disciple of Anthony Comstock and Carrie Nation, he belted on his guns, tucked a couple of bottles of Old Busthaid under his coat tails, and sallied forth.

He shot up the Iron Front he had sold so recently; blasted a keno hall across the street; shot up a half dozen sporting houses down the line, to the shrill accompaniment of screams from their feminine occupants and curses from the male patrons; ruined an organ grinder's instrument with a couple of well-placed slugs; shot up the office of the Austin *Statesman*; and blasted away at the police force.

Then, realizing that the morrow would probably be healthier if he traveled, Ben draped himself astride the cow catcher of the Katy Flier, just as it was northbound out of the depot, and Texas saw him no more for the next two years.

OF COURSE, he was heard from, frequently and unfavorably. Kansas, Colorado and New Mexico all had the somewhat doubtful honor of being favored with a sojourn, and this foreign travel was evidently broadening and ennobling for when he returned and asked Austinites once more to make him their city marshal they did so by a comfortable majority.

There was one advantage of having Ben in charge, residents of the capital city found out. If anyone was going to do any hell raising it was Thompson, and as he generally went to San Antonio to hang one on, Austin itself suffered a measure of peace.

But San Antonio police did not look on Ben as a favorite son. To be frank about it, they considered him a nuisance. This state of mind was shared by most of the saloon keepers who numbered him among their patrons.

Even so, all would probably have been well had not a long-time friend—King Fisher, the most noted desperado on the border—dropped in to talk over old times around Laredo.

Ben and King, as befitted the occasion, did a little celebrating. It developed into a spree at the height of which they went to San Antonio. Unable to resist the lure of flesh, Ben insisted that they visit a vaudeville theater where a couple of gals had caught his eye a year or so before, when he had killed the owner of the place, a Mr. Harris.

What happened next is anybody's guess, for at this late date there's little chance of unraveling it. From pages of testimony all a researcher can glean is one fact. Five men were grouped together. A violent quarrel arose, and when it ended Ben Thompson, who had killed thirty-five men, "not counting Indians, Negroes and Mexicans," and King Fisher, big-shot badman of the border, were dead.

Thompson was shot nine times; Fisher had thirteen bullets in him.

The coroner's jury, the following day, rendered this verdict:

"That Ben Thompson and J. K. Fisher both came to their death on the 11th day of March A.D. 1884, while at the Vaudeville Theater in San Antonio, Texas, from the effects of pistol wounds from pistols held in and fired from the hands of J. C. Foster and Jacob S. Coy. And we further find that the said killing was justifiable and done in self-defense and the immediate danger of life."

To which excellent sentiment, the bedeviled citizens of San Antonio added a fervent "Amen!"

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Ask True West --

Editor's Note: We get so many questions about the Old West here at True West that we thought it was about time to come up with a few answers. So if you want the facts on the frontier, "Ask True West." We'll probably get about 9,000 questions, so make your question of wide and general interest so we can print it, 'cause we dang sure can't publish 9,000! Address queries to: "Ask True West," c/o George D. Wolfe, 509 East Scott Avenue, Knoxville 17, Tennessee.

The Apache Kid.

Question: In his memoirs, Joe Chisholm stated that John Slaughter killed the Apache Kid. Would appreciate your comment.—Bill Harmon, New Mexico.

Answer: We are decidedly skeptical. To make sure, we wrote Earle Forrest and Jess Hayes (both have written a book on Kid) and both replied that they were unconvinced. Just one of Joe's legends, Bill!

★

Question: Was there a coroner's report or an autopsy made on the body of John Ringo?—Merle Wiley, Tennessee.

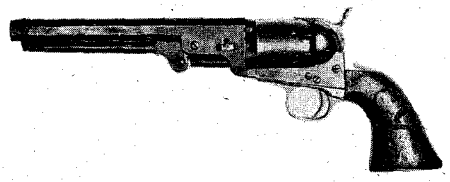
Answer: There was no autopsy. However, the Cochise coroner's report was made and is still on file. It states: "Cause of death unknown but supposed by gunshot wounds."

★

Question: I am interested in the whereabouts of the historic weapons of the frontier, such as the guns of outlaws and famous Indians. Can you tell me if any are preserved and where?—J. Miller, Illinois.

Answer: There are plenty in museums and among private collectors throughout the U. S. and Canada. Here's a few to get you started.

Ben Thompson's shotgun is in the Beeson Museum, Dodge City, Kansas; Miles Standish of Kansas City is the owner of guns of the James and Younger band; in the Museum of Resources, Jefferson City, Missouri, there is another of Cole Younger's weapons—an S. A. Remington; it seems William S. Hart purchased a .41 Colt owned by Billy the Kid; the Oshkosh, Wisconsin, Museum displays an 1851 Navy Colt which was given to Cole Younger by W. C. Quantrill.



1851 Model Navy Colt given by Quantrill to Younger.

Bill Schilling of Northfield, Minnesota, owns a gun which was used in the holdup there by the James-Younger gang, and it is likely authentic for Bill advises us that he has been offered two grand for the gat. The Adams Museum in Deadwood until fairly recently owned a gun of Bill Hickok's but it was sold to a relative in Indiana. This was likely the S&W taken from the body of Charlie Utter, Wild Bill's pal. (Charlie Storm got the other gun and went south to meet Luke Short with fatal results for Storm.)

The Smithsonian has a Winchester owned by Sitting Bull; Andy Palmer of Dearborn, Michigan, has a gallery of historic weapons too numerous to mention—one of the most interesting being the pistol that ended the career of Big Nose Kate, Doc Holliday's paramour. We understand the Los Angeles County Museum has some outlaw weapons once owned by the Daltons.

★

Question: Was it a white man or an Indian that guided Captain Bonneville to the Rockies in 1832?—Ed Flenniken, Idaho.

Answer: Joseph R. Walker, white, of Tennessee.

Curly, scout for Custer.

Question: Was the Crow scout for Custer, Curly, really in the Little Big Horn battle? When and where did he die?—Harley Moyers, Kansas.

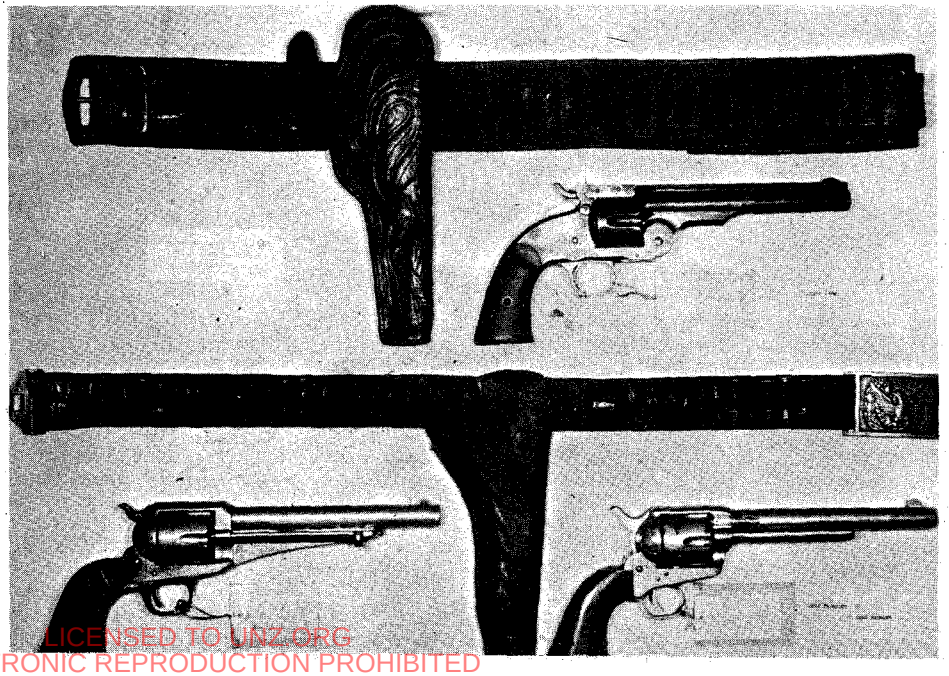
Answer: Curly glimpsed but part of the battle and from quite some distance away, But he is such a controversial character that we went to headquarters on this. We put the question to Captain E. S. Luce, formerly superintendent of Custer Battlefield, who is an authority on the battle and who knew Curly well.

Captain Luce says, "Curly, the Crow scout, died May 22, 1923, and was buried the following day at the National Cemetery of Custer Battlefield. He lived just below the battlefield on his allotted land. His son still lives nearby on the Little Big Horn River. We are convinced that much of Curly's story is legend. He spoke through interpreters and much of what he did say seems to have been embroidered. The attention he obtained seemed to go to his head and his story changed much through the years. Tom LeForge interviewed him and translated Curly's story immediately after the battle and LeForge stated that at that time Curly did not say he was in the battle."

★

Question: Were there any women hanged by the Vigilantes during frontier times?

Answer: There were only two that we know of: Ella Watson in Wyoming for cattle rustling, and Paula Angel in New Mexico for murder.



Famous outlaws' guns: Top, Jesse James' S&W Model 1873; left, Frank James' Remington .44; right, Cole Younger's Model 1875, 7½" barrel.

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25 slugs (5 each of 5 different brands) at 40 yds. from Ithaca Deerslayer. Any **one** of these shots would be in the vital killing area of a Deer, Bear, or Wild Boar! The Mark of the Ithaca Deerslayer!

For the first time—a gun *built to fit the slug load.* Barrel specially bored from end to end gives wallop and accuracy unheard of before with shotguns!

Model 37 Deerslayer (shown) in 12, 16, 20 gauges $105.00
Model 37 **Deluxe** Deerslayer, same gauges, with grooved Beavertail forend, hand checkered stock, pistol gripcap $111.95
Each model has 26 inch barrel only. Extra Deerslayer barrels for any model Ithaca Repeater you may now own, only $46.95 (Factory fitted and we must have entire gun at factory).

Amazing 2-inch slug groups are common at 40 yards and 9-inch groups at 100 yards! (Remember the killing area on a deer is about 12 full inches square!)

Factory sighted at 40 yards, it also shoots dead-center at 100 yards, without changing sight setting.

The Deerslayer is a perfect "combination" gun that can be used for shooting rabbits, quail, grouse, doves, woodcock, skeet, etc., and by merely shifting ammunition to rifled slugs is ideal for deer, bear, wild boar, peccary, woodchucks, etc.

With an extra *regular* barrel (full or modified choke) factory fitted, you have the *ultimate* in 2-Guns-in-1 for only $141.95.

Ithaca X-5 Lightning

.22 Long Rifle caliber, Semi-automatic.

Clip type, 7-shot clip included $44.95. Extra 7-shot clip $2.00; extra 12-shot clip $2.50

Tubular type, new for 1959. 16-shot, $49.95

A HE-MAN'S TWENTY-TWO, really rugged—made of the finest materials for a lifetime of trouble-free shooting.

Built-in accuracy for small game hunting or fun plinking. Shoots standard or high velocity .22 long rifle ammo.

Interchangeable front sights, hairsplitting red Ithaca Raybar and tackdriving Black. Non-shuttling charging handle. Double safe safety that is *really safe.* Easiest takedown you ever saw. Truly the King of all .22 rifles.

The Famous Ithaca Model 37 Featherlight®

Pioneer and still Champion of lightweight pump action shotguns, the Model 37 Featherlight gets into action faster for perfect pointing—and you'll finish fresher after a long day afield.

12, 16, 20 gauge; full, modified or improved cylinder—from $94.95 to $2,500

Has famous Ithaca Raybar, light gathering sight and only bottom ejection on the market (protects gun and shooter—perfect for left handed shooters when ordered with left handed safety.)

ASK for "Ithaca" at your local dealers. If he does not have, write direct.

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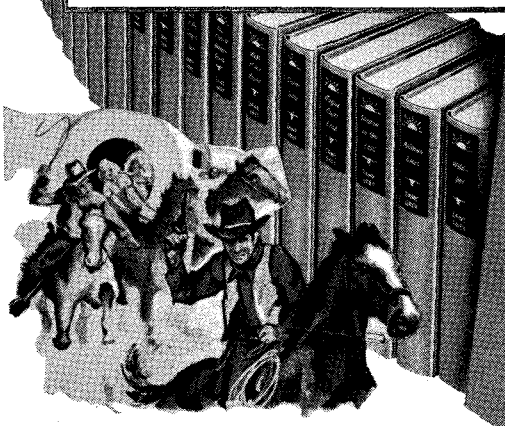

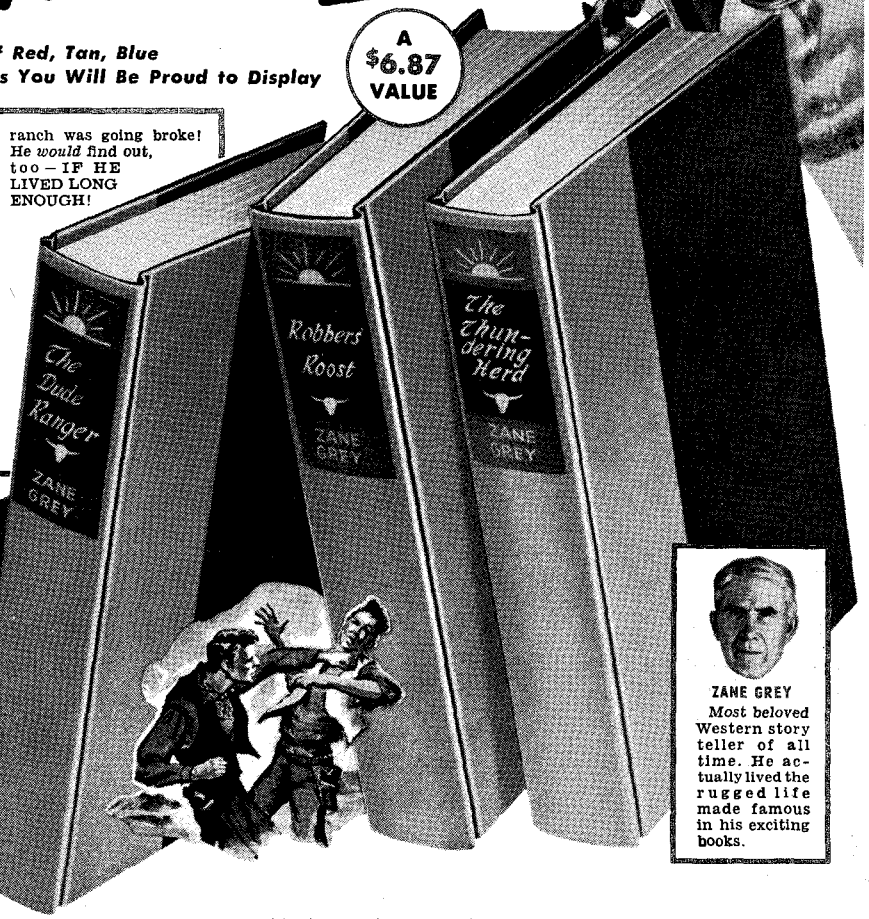

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